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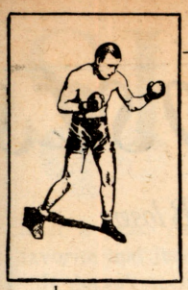

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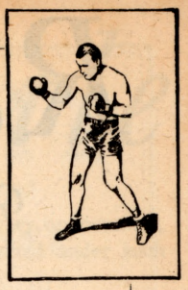

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In Our Next Issue

Did it ever occur to you that women have played a most important part in the success of the greatest fighters? From Figg to Sharkey takes in a long span, yet in the history of pugilism we find scarcely a warrior of note whose career has not been shaped by the fair sex. George F. Nock has many surprises for you in an interesting article, “Cherchez La Femme”.

The heavyweight championship fight is over. The winner has been proclaimed. What is in store for him? You'll find the answer in “The Carnera-Sharkey Aftermath”.

Muscle Building and Body Building are drawing the attention of the fight and wrestling public. In order to give our readers first-hand information on a subject, which, judging from letters received by the Publisher, is receiving considerable attention, we have interviewed the world's most perfectly developed man—Charles Atlas. You'll find valuable information in his statements.

These and other features including wrestling stories, fiction and gossip from around the world, by The Ring's famous staff of experts.

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Recklessness Costs

Gob Throws Caution to the Winds as He Tries to Swap Blows With Carnera and Is Knocked Out in Sixth Round

By NAT FLEISCHER

A FOOLISH display of recklessness—pride, you may call it—cost Jack Sharkey the world's heavyweight championship at the Madison Square Garden Bowl, on June 28. Of course, added to that, there are other important factors—the tremendous bulk of Primo Carnera, the Venetian's strength and the rustiness of a fighter who had taken life too easy since winning the crown—that must be considered; yet an analysis of the heavyweight championship tilt between the Boston Gob and the Italian Behemoth, brings out that most vital point—recklessness—as the most costly. When a fighter gains a huge margin in four out of the first five rounds, and is breezing home, there seems no earthly reason why he should suddenly shift to a new style of attack and play right into the hands of his opponent to lose the battle.

Yet that is exactly what Sharkey did. I'm not taking any credit away from Carnera, for whom I predicted a championship two years ago, but I am harping on the fact that Sharkey deliberately threw caution to the winds and tossed off a splendid lead foolishly, just because his pride got the better of him after he had learned that he was up against a tough opponent, not the crude, raw giant whom he had beaten two years ago. By stopping Sharkey with a most powerful right-hand uppercut in the sixth round, Carnera earned the right to wear the world's heavyweight crown—a title, I think, he will hold for some time because of his physical makeup. I believe that, had Sharkey fought throughout the contest as he did in the first five sessions he would have had a far better chance to retain his crown.

He tore into his tall opponent soon after he was almost pushed out of the ring by Carnera in the first round and, until the fatal sixth, he outhit, outboxed and outmaneuvered the Mastodon of Maul. Then suddenly something had happened. The break had come. Every ringside critic noticed it. It couldn't be missed.

* * *

CARNERA had come out of his corner with the urging of his seconds to "go to it and give him everything you have. Finish it if you can." He rushed forth and hooked a right to the body, and another to the head. Sharkey ducked and, while against the ropes, he slipped and fell just as a right-hand swing grazed his cheek. Some thought he had been hit and felled, but it was only a slip.

Sharkey's pride was at its height. Instead of collecting himself, he jumped up and rushed madly at his opponent, Primo hooked his right and it caught Sharkey with force. He winced. Jack swung himself almost bodily from the ground and delivered a crashing right to the chin that would have downed any other fighter, but the man who opposed him. That whizzing right would have knocked out any heavyweight in the world but the abnormal Venetian upon whom fate was to smile so kindly.

Then and there the fight was lost. Sharkey, the deliverer of that punch, had lost his heart. He knew that if he couldn't down his man with such a wallop, his title was gone.

The punch wheeled Primo around and when he faced Jack again, it was with his peculiar smile. The champion had struck with every ounce behind his shoulders, and nothing had happened. His opponent was unhurt and laughing at Jack's best effort.

Then came the change that brought on the finish. Sharkey immediately lost control of his senses. He leaped in and decided to show that he was the master. He threw aside the caution that had been his for five rounds despite the fact that he had led throughout the bout, and decided to mix matters with his opponent. There was his fatal mistake, and he was kayoed.

* * *

HE changed his style. He came in to swap blows with a man sixty pounds heavier and one whose strength was almost supernatural.

That was just what Carnera and his handlers had been expecting and were awaiting. No sooner did Sharkey decide to fight in that manner, than Carnera became the infuriated beast. He tore in and slashed away not knowing where his blows would land, but determined to obey instructions and end it if possible. And end it he did.

Sharkey saw red. He knew he was doomed but he would try once more to give the giant all he had in an effort to stop him. He whirled about at the huge hulk before him and sent a whizzing right for the chin. It missed by an eyelash. Had it connected, it might have changed the result—though I doubt it. But it didn't and Sharkey's face turned ashen.

From my seat at the ringside, I could almost read every word he was thinking. He knew he was doomed. There was a dynamite delivery gone for naught and with it, Sharkey's chance to keep the title went a-glimmering. When he missed that second right, he knew it was all over.

His pride had been stung. With fire in his eyes, he decided to trade punches and in that decision, he had paved the way for the knockout punch which came soon after. Carnera, with Sharkey in close, lifted three right-hand uppercuts to the stomach. Sharkey tried to come in weaving, but up came Carnera's right and it crashed against the chin with powerful force.

There was no denying that the punch hurt. It was a terrific wallop and Arthur Donovan, the referee, remarked after the fight that it was one of the hardest delivered punches he had ever seen. The blow dropped Sharkey in his tracks. Under the impact, he stretched face downward on the canvas, limp and immovable. As Referee Donovan kept tolling off the count, there wasn't a movement on the part of the champion.

Not even when the final count had been reached was there a quiver. With the toll of the doleful decimal over, his crestfallen handlers leaped into the ring and carried the helpless form to his corner. There administratives brought him to and he then realized that his days as a champion were over. A new title-holder had been crowned. Primo Carnera was now the king, the first Italian to reign over the heavyweight division. Again the title had gone overseas and for the first time since Corbett's reign, a champion had lost his laurels in the first defense of the crown.

* * *

WITH his victory, Carnera attained heights undreamed of three years ago. The Italian didn't show anything in the first five rounds, other than his strength and towering height. But what he unleashed in the sixth, convinced the skeptics that he had improved a thousand fold since he last fought Sharkey, and that it will take an exceptional heavyweight to dethrone him.

The victory was a clean-cut one and entitles the Italian to all the credit that goes with such a triumph. There was no suspicion attached to the win, because everyone plainly saw the knockout blow and there could be no talk about it being a fluke. The Venetian's victory was such as to make most experts feel that Carnera can hold the crown for a long time. The only person in the limelight at present who has a chance of dethroning him is Max Baer, and it is doubtful if they will come together for at

SHARKEY *Title*

least a year. And when they do, Carnera will be installed a favorite and justly so.

It doesn't seem likely that Carnera's handlers will consent to an early defense of his crown. They have other irons in the fire—a trip to Italy and a pick-up of some loose change in exhibitions and in the movies. You can't blame them for that, for the combination of world champion heavyweight plus the greatest freak of modern times, makes a great headliner for Carnera.

* * *

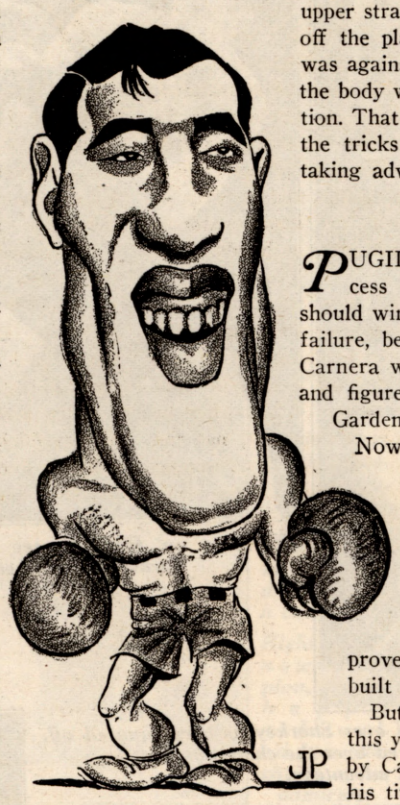
THE fight itself was a good one. It met with popular approval. Had the final blow not been seen, there would have been the usual talk of fraud.

Sharkey boxed nicely until he rushed pell-mell into his doom because of his pride. True many of his punches missed, but that was unavoidable fighting against a giant like Carnera. On the other hand, many hit the mark though they were of the long-range variety.

On four occasions Jack's right struck Primo's chin with force and shook him, but the Italian didn't seem to mind that. He fought coolly and cautiously.

Not once until the final session did he even attempt to do the leading. He let Jack do all that. Frequently he looked to his corner for instructions from Bill Duffy to whom he gives full credit for having developed him from a crude novice into a world champion in a year and a half.

So powerful was Carnera, that time and again he handled his 200-pound opponent like a child would a toy balloon. He just whirled him around at will when in close and pushed and shoved him all over the ring when pressed. That continued until the sixth when the tide turned and the Italian became a ferocious gladiator. Then the big fellow suddenly went on a rampage. He simply wouldn't be stopped. He sensed victory and he was there to take full advantage of every opportunity presented. In that, he was following instructions from his corner to "make it this round."



Primo Carnera

* * *

WHAT has transpired since Carnera was put on his own proves that it was silly to have had him campaign through the country for a year against setups. There never was the necessity for handling him with such care. Sharkey fought as well for five rounds as he has ever appeared against any opponent, yet Carnera tossed him around like a child, and fought more like a veteran than many heavyweights who have been appearing before the public for five or more years.

Carnera lacked the science that was Tunney's or the sting that was boasted by Dempsey, yet he showed sufficient to make the folks realize that he is no dub. He can fight and he packs a wallop.

He can take it and he can give it. That is all any one cares about when discussing a fighter. He lacks class, that's true, but if he could absorb so much new stuff in one year as he placed on display against Sharkey, there is no telling what he may flash in addition, when he next comes out to defend his title.

Standing 6 feet 6 and weighing 260½ pounds as he did against Sharkey, he is the heaviest man that has held a world title since the days of Charley Freeman a century or more ago. Compared with him, Sharkey and the other champions, except Willard who was 6 feet 6¼, looked like pygmies.

Sharkey in defeat, was as much a champion as he ever appeared. After he was tossed about like a child in the first round, he showed his mettle by coming back with bells on. His huge opponent clubbed him and pushed and shoved, at every opportunity, yet Sharkey didn't step back as would be expected under such circumstances.

With rapier-like stabs to the body and flying hooks to the jaw, many of which landed, he kept driving the Venetian backward in every round. There was plenty of fearlessness in that attack of Sharkey, a fearlessness that was commendable considering the odds he was facing in bulk, reach and height.

Every time Primo got Sharkey to the ropes, he clubbed him almost out of the ring. He drove Jack's head back through the upper strand four times and once almost shoved him off the platform. On several occasions while Jack was against the ropes, he received crashing blows to the body which he couldn't stop because of his position. That in itself, proved that Carnera had learned the tricks of his trade from Bill Duffy and was taking advantage of every opening he obtained.

* * *

PUGILISTICALLY, the bout was a great success because it ended as heavyweight fights should wind up—by a knockout. Financially it was a failure, because the average fan didn't believe that Carnera was the proper opponent for the champion and figured he was simply in there to enable the Garden to stage a championship affair.

Now that Carnera has gained the title by the knockout route and Max Baer has eliminated the former champion, Max Schmeling in the same manner, a Baer-Carnera bout will be a natural. It will revive interest in boxing and will bring back to the sport at least the half-million-dollar gate. Both are colorful. Each has proved himself a hitter. Both are tall, burly built men who appeal to the average fan.

But I doubt that such a bout will be staged this year. There is too much money to be made by Carnera without taking any risk so far as his title is concerned, and his mentors will see to it that he takes the easiest way at least for a year.

As for Sharkey, his days are over. He announced after the fight that he is not yet through with the ring. He now wants a shot at Baer to prove his right to a return battle with Carnera but such a bout would mean nothing to boxing. It would simply aid Sharkey to make a little more money. As for Baer, it might put him out of the picture. Now that he is the ranking challenger, he would be foolish to risk that status for he is the logical opponent for Carnera—the only man in the game who can bring out throngs to see him and the Venetian.

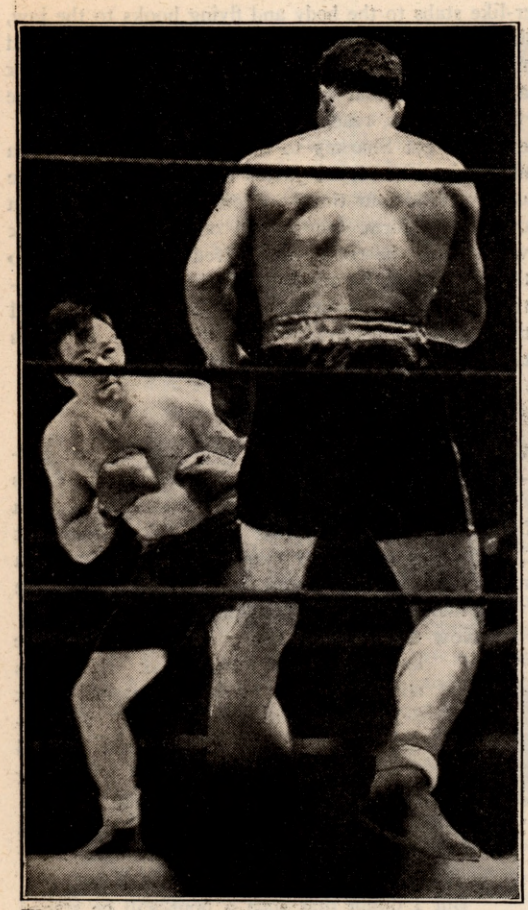
Sharkey took his defeat like a good sport. He praised Carnera and remarked that he was satisfied that he had done his best but that the better man had won.

Carnera is the first champion who has reached the top rung of the pugilistic ladder by way of the circus side show. Others have followed the circus after winning the crown but he is the first to come from tents. He never dreamed of becoming a boxer until he was discovered by Paul Journee with a travelling circus four years ago. He was born at Sequala, Italy, on October 25, 1907.

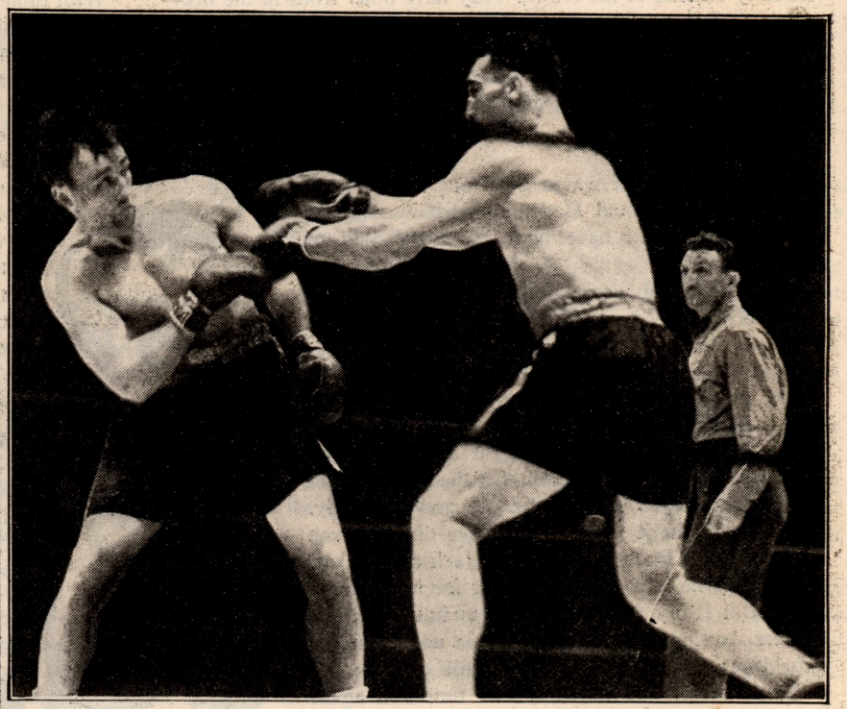
Carnera's first fight was on September 29, 1929, with a 200 pounder, Leon Sebillo, whom he knocked cold.

A string of ten knockouts and three victories by decisions followed and he was matched to fight Young Stribling. He won on a foul, but in a return match, held in London, the verdict was reversed, with Stribling winning on a foul. Following this bout he came to this country where his size and weight gained for him considerable publicity.

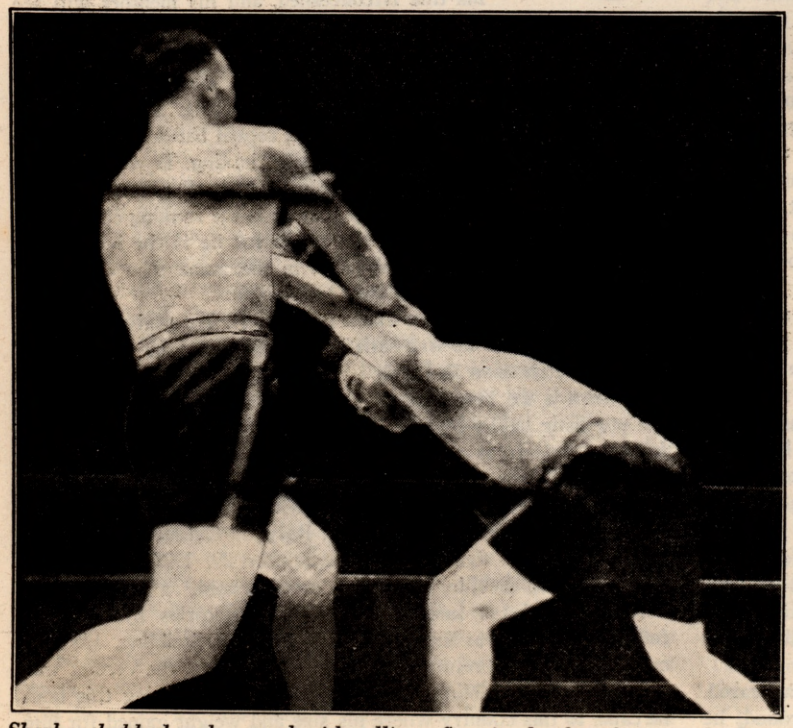
When Primo's Size Beat Jack's Skill



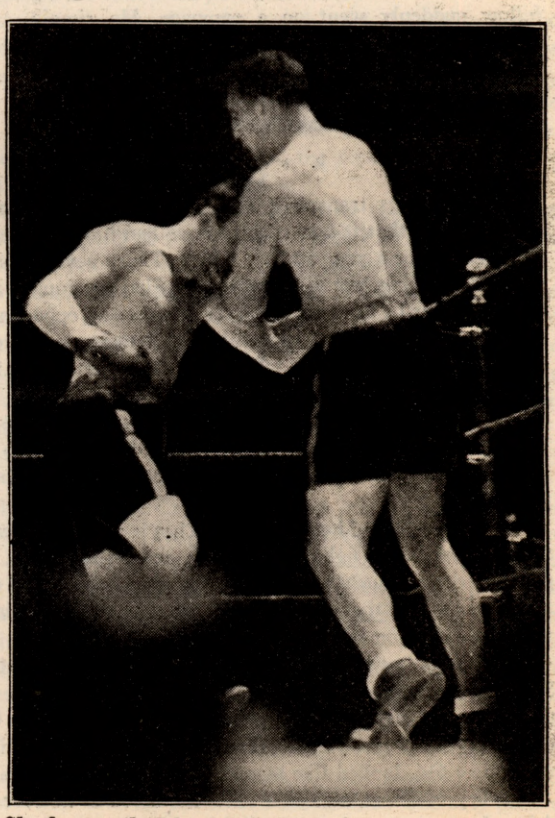
The camera illustrates how Primo bulked over Sharkey as they squared off. The Human Alp not only towered over the champion but had a sixty-pound advantage.



Warming up. Here we see Sharkey seeking an opening in the first round. Carnera's great reach bothered the Boston Gob no little.

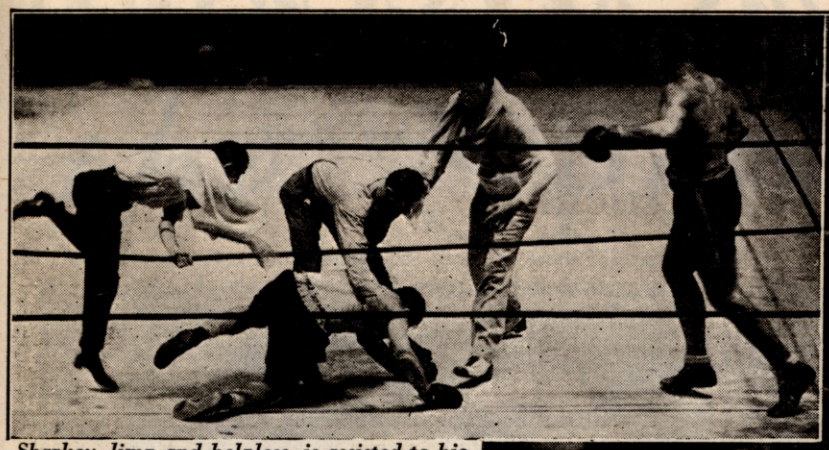


Sharkey bobbed and weaved with telling effect in the first five rounds. Here he is shown bobbing under a right and sending a left to the body.

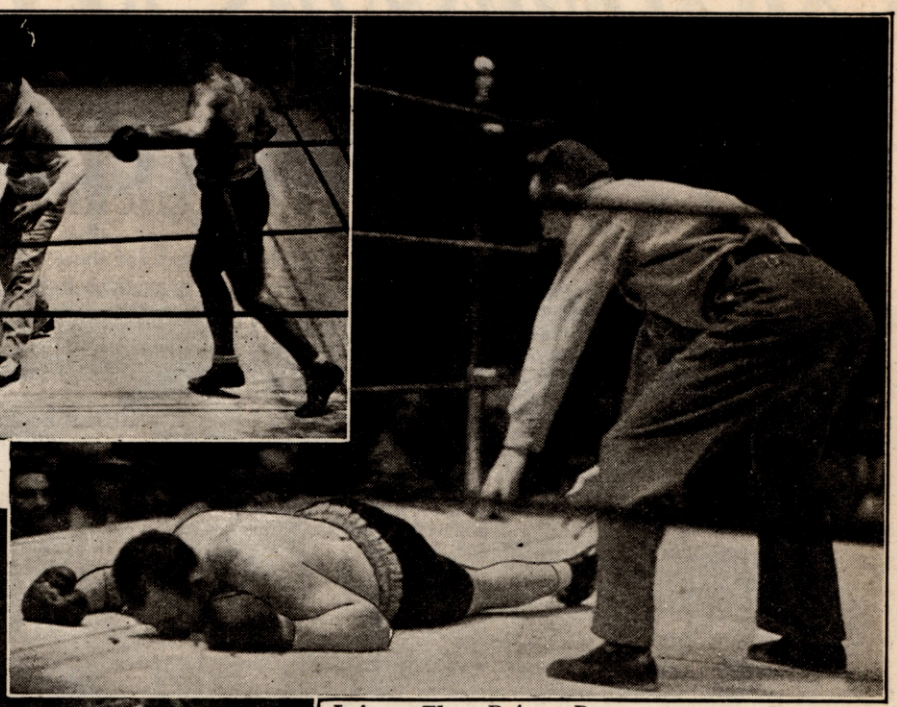


Sharkey crashed his left to Primo's body in the fourth round. Note the expression on the Italian's face as the blow sank into the body.

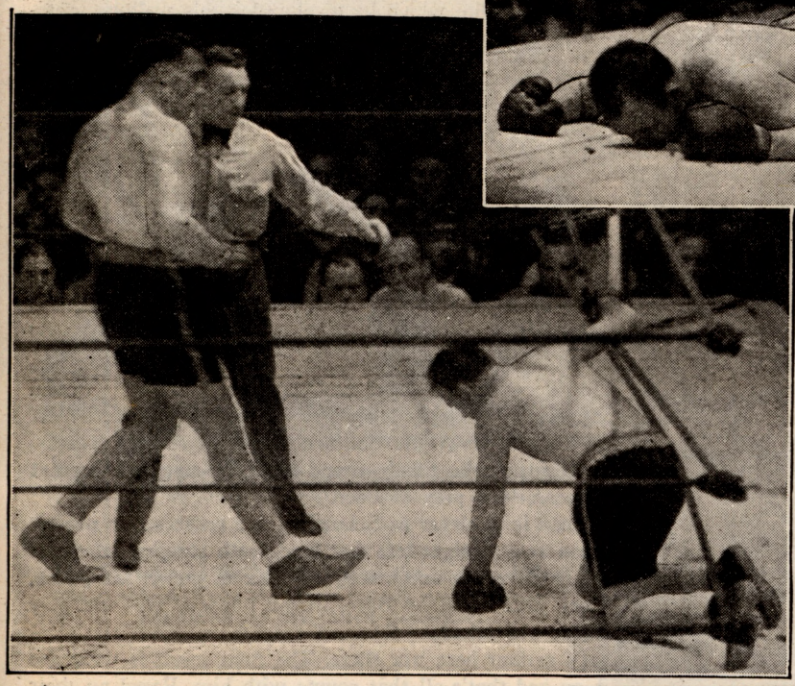
HOW A TITLE SWITCHED



Sharkey, limp and helpless, is assisted to his corner by his seconds.

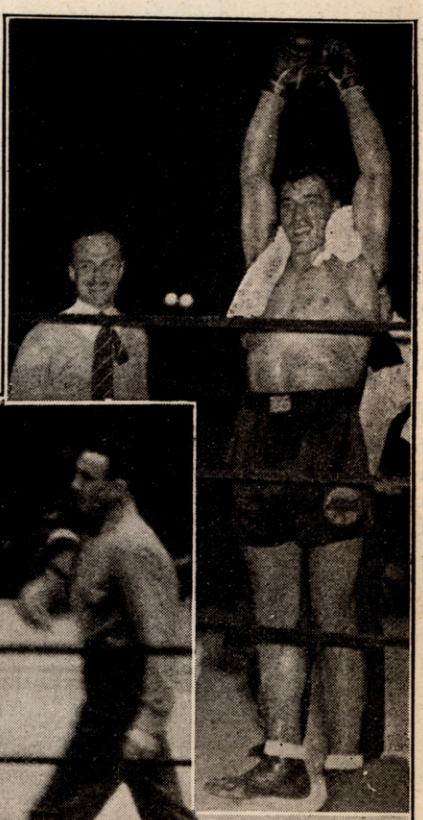


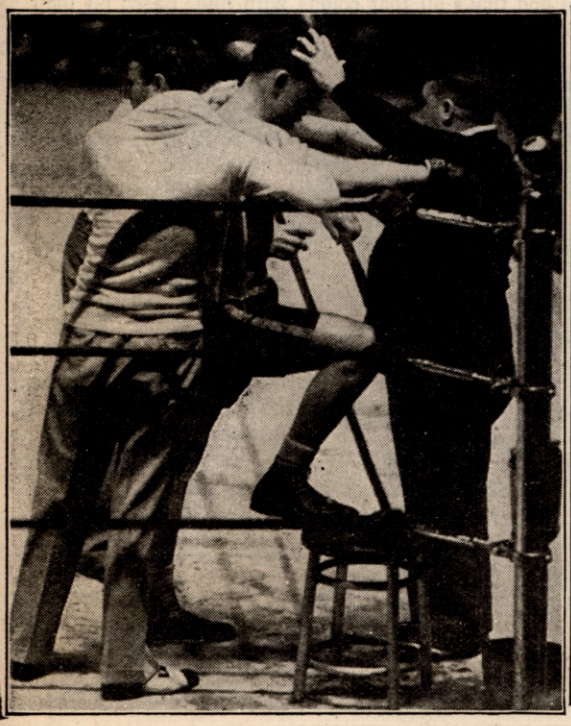
Referee Donovan counting Sharkey out in the sixth round.



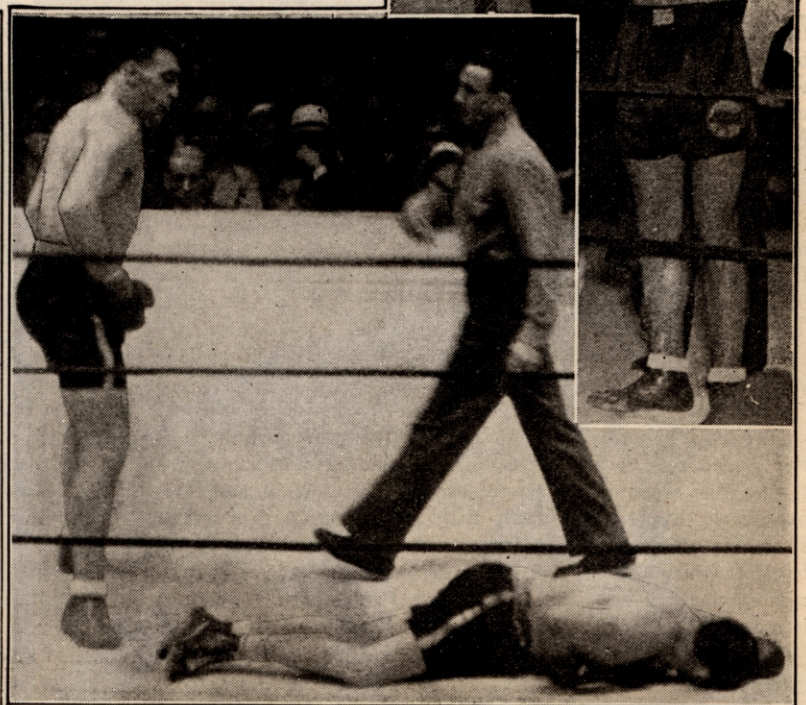
Left — The champion slips in his own corner at the start of the fateful sixth. The referee holds Carnera back but Sharkey disdains a count.

Right — The new champion, really happy, acknowledges the cheers of his admirers.





Sharkey, dazed, stands in his corner after the Kayo.



Referee Donovan orders Carnera to a neutral corner as Sharkey falls face downward to the canvas.

A Modern Cave-Man

Max Baer, the Livermore Larruper, Brings Back the Wild Man Style of Fighting—Gains Right to Championship Bout

By NAT FLEISCHER

MAX BAER, the Livermore, California, Larruper, gained the right to meet the winner of the Sharkey-Carnera fight by putting Max Schmeling out of the championship picture with a terrific bombardment of blows that came from all angles in the tenth round of their fray at the Yankee Stadium. By his decisive victory, Baer became the man of the hour in the heavyweight realm, and the promoter of the battle, Jack Dempsey, conclusively proved his right to the place left vacant when his pal, Tex Rickard, passed into the Great Beyond. The Manassa Mauler gained the praises of the fight fans by the admirable manner in which he conducted the show, which drew 48,281 paid admissions, and which made him the outstanding promoter of the day. It is hoped that he will find it possible to remain in New York, where, with his aid, boxing can again be placed on the high pedestal it once occupied.

As for the fight, it brought to light a modern cave-man, the first of his type seen in pugilism in a number of years. It showed that, in Max Baer, this nation has the most devastating hitter in the ring, a man whose powerful blows are reminders of the days when the Knights of Fistiana were real fighters.

Baer is not what might be termed a great fighter. He is purely a slugger, much on the style of Jim Jeffries when he first came to the front. So far as fighting ability is concerned, he ranks with the greatest of this era, but as far as science goes, he seems to lack that entirely. The slugger type is the kind of fighter most desired, because the average fan comes to see a battle with plenty of gore and knockdowns, but it doesn't make for the best in fisticuffs. Yet in the case of Baer, because of the tremendous power behind his fists, his utter disregard for personal safety, and his clownish antics, he has suddenly raised himself into the most colorful of the heavyweights, with the possible exception of Carnera.

* * *

THE fight was interesting only in parts. At times the action lagged, but when the slugging began, the affair threw the throng into a frenzy. The Californian, when humored by his handlers to fire away with both hands, gave an exhibition of a wild man released for the first time in months and prepared to make the best of the situation. He fought like a man possessed of the seven devils.

Not even the champion could have withstood such a furious attack, such a devastating assault, as Baer delivered in the latter part of the ninth round and up to the time of the windup, one minute, thirty-seven seconds of the tenth. When Referee Arthur Donovan was forced to stop the bout, Schmeling stood helpless, defenseless, with his opponent ready to deliver the *coup de grace*. The official is to be commended for his action. With Schmeling's back turned towards Baer, a fatality undoubtedly was averted when Donovan stepped between the boys.

Until the final session, there was little to choose between the opponents. My score card showed Baer the winner of the first and second rounds, and the eighth and ninth. He lost the third through the order of the referee because of a foul he had committed and dropped the fourth, fifth and seventh sessions. The sixth was an even round. However, had Schmeling fought the battle of which he is capable, had he displayed the form he showed against Sharkey last year and against Paulino and Walker, it is my opinion he would have carried off the honors.

In the matter of hitting, he was far outscored. In the punishment meted out, he was a severe sufferer. As far as boxing was concerned, in the little that was seen, the German held the advantage. Baer's victory, like that of Carnera over Schaaf, was a crushing upset for those who call the winners and, naturally, all kinds of explanations were in store. But there is only one plausible one—Schmeling forgot to duck that tremendously powerful right, an overhand punch that dropped squarely on his chin and started him on his downfall.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that Schmeling was far from the fighter we have come to know him in this country. He was unable to time his blows properly and to land with effect except occasionally. The dynamite which he displayed in his wallops previously were sadly lacking. Only on two occasions was that short, snappy right crashed against the Californian's chin, once in the second and again in the sixth, and both times Baer was staggered.

Schmeling offers the terrific heat of the evening, intensified by the powerful lights stationed only five feet above the heads of the gladiators, as the excuse for his failure, but it must be admitted that the same handicap faced his opponent. It is my opinion that he took Baer too lightly.

Because of the Californian's reputation for clowning, Schmeling figured him easy, but as things developed, Baer fooled him. Schmeling tried to weave his way inside of Baer's defense to fire away at close range, as he did against Stribling, but that kind of maneuver didn't avail against Baer.

The Livermore Larruper was too strong. He was so powerful that, at infighting, he simply seemed to toy with the Black Uhlan. Instead of wearing down the Californian by inside body attacks, it was the German who finally found himself tiring to the point where he became the prey of Baer.

When a man is as clever as Schmeling and possesses so powerful a weapon as a straight left that lands with stinging effect, he should use it. To go in and attempt to mix it, punch for punch, with a Cave Man, such as Baer proved himself, was not only foolish, but it was suicide.

But that's neither here nor there. The final result is what the fan looks on and that's all that counts with him. Based on their showing, Baer undoubtedly deserved to win. He is the man who has brought back to the fight game the old sock. He demonstrated against Schmeling that he is the most fearless fighter and powerful hitter since Dempsey was in his prime.

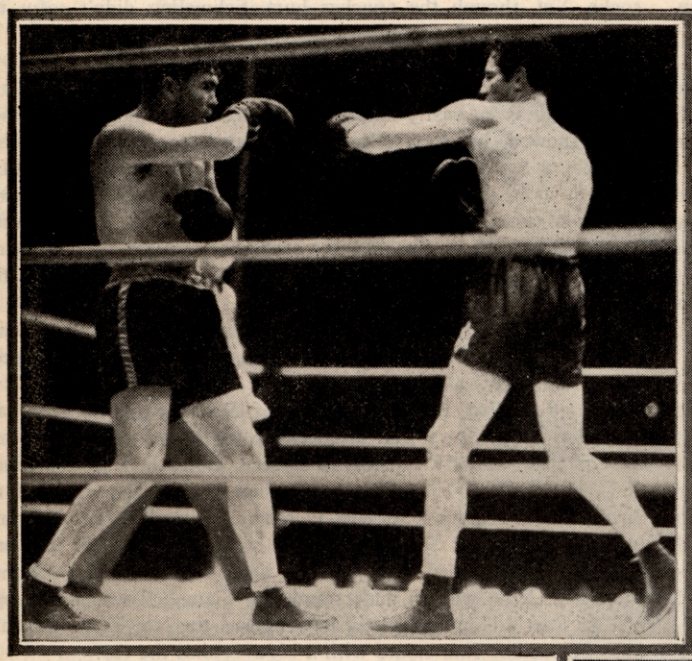
But that does not make of Baer a superman. Far from it. He is just an unscientific battler, with tremendous power behind his blows, a body made of iron, a jaw that can take it and an overabundance of nerves. He is not an ordinary puncher. He is a punishing hitter. His blows, launched in a furious attack, carry dynamite.

* * *

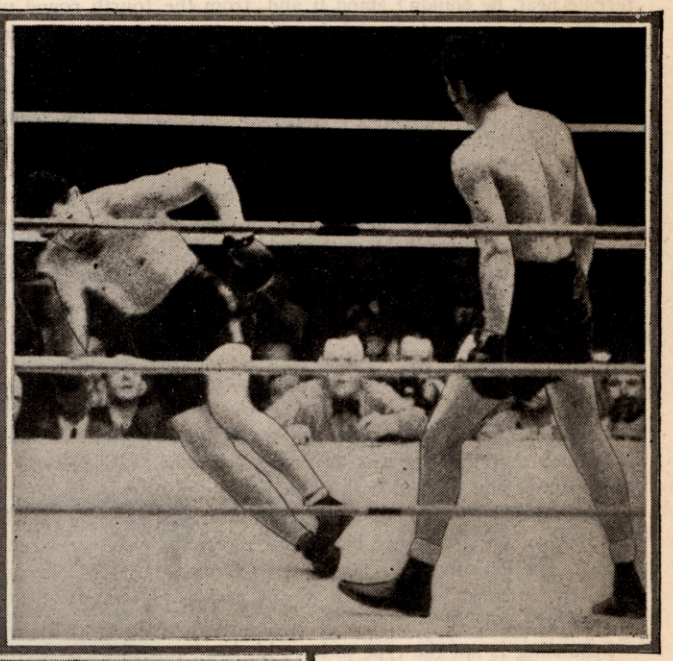
BAER is as great a heavyweight as he wants to be. The devastating ferociousness of the Californian is simply astounding. I've known of Cave Men fighters of the past who just tore in wildly and saw fire every time they thought they had their man, but Baer, once he cuts loose with those rights and lefts, is like a wild man let loose from a cage for the first time in years. No man could have stood up against that bombardment which Baer delivered in the tenth. Sharkey, Carnera, Tunney, or any of the crop since Dempsey's prime, would have gone the way of Schmeling.

Schmeling, contrary to what was expected of him, was woefully fight-shy. He seemed to lack the pep of previous battles. He didn't use that sharp-shooting, jabbing attack for which he is noted. He didn't attempt more than four times, according to my count, to use that dynamite short right with which he has dropped his opponents. Why? The answer is simple. *(Continued on page 8)*

BAER *Captures the* SPOTLIGHT

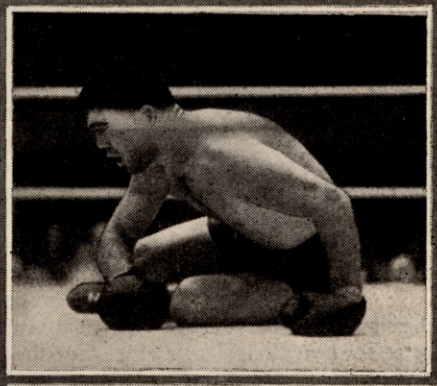


Schmeling, tired, covers up toward end of ninth round as Baer is ready to toss his right.



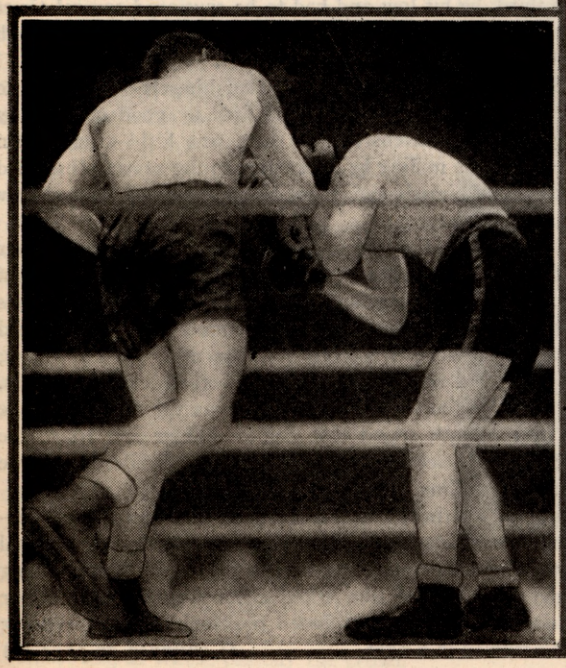
Schmeling tumbling to the canvas from a terrific right, round house blow in the tenth round.

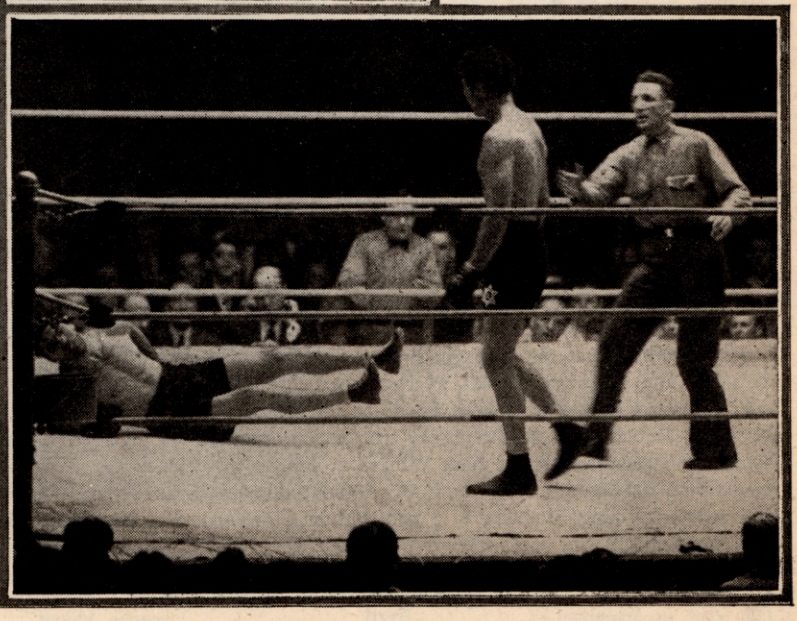
The German as he looked when the count of five was reached. Note the open mouth and distressed condition of the fallen gladiator.



Here we see Baer using his right with terrific force on his opponent about the ear and head just before the bout was stopped in the tenth round.

The Black Uhlan assumes same position as did Gene Tunney in his bout with Jack Dempsey at Chicago. Here we see the German dazed and helpless.





(Continued from page 6)

Schmeling was perfect physically. He was perfect mentally. He had primed himself for a battle that meant much to him, over a period of six weeks. He had trained faithfully, hence there could be no alibi there. He was given every attention that a fighter could ask, and therefore couldn't kick on that point. Then what was it that made twenty-seven out of thirty-one newspapermen, and seven other famed experts, declare in advance that Schmeling couldn't lose, yet he did?

Schmeling comes forth with the alibi that the heat of the ring stifled him. That is true, but it did the same to his opponent. Schmeling declares that, while Baer was accustomed to such terrific heat, he couldn't stand it and, from the fourth round up, felt that his strength was being sapped and that he couldn't deliver as in the past.

That excuse is also ridiculous, for the same may be said of the victor. Baer slowed up materially after the third round, which he lost for fouling, and the next three went to Schmeling, hence he must have had something left.

That's not it. From my observation, Schmeling simply lacked zip and pep. He was a fighter who, through idleness and plenty of money, had lost a hold on himself. He is too young to fight only occasionally. He is of the type who requires action, and his downfall should act as an object lesson to Sharkey and others who, having gained power, keep in the public eye through the newspapers, not through ring activity.

Outwardly, Schmeling was the physical marvel we had expected to see in the ring, but inwardly, he was not as durable as the German who put up such a fine fight against Sharkey and Walker. It seemed that then he was an inspired athlete, who pictured a great future and worked with might and main to gain the power he had sought. Everything was before him. But, like others who had reached the goal, once he became the champion, the tide had turned. The incentive was not quite as strong. He had been pictured the greatest heavyweight of the period. He was feted and he was idolized.

Schmeling is not the type to have his head turned by a shower of attention. He was friendly and gentlemanly, but, except when the gate receipts loomed before his eyes as being of gigantic size, the game in which he had made his fame and fortune meant nothing to him. He measured his fighting solely in finances, and to that I attribute his downfall. When he entered the ring against Baer, he appeared as the warrior who just took it for granted that he was the kingpin of the heavyweights and nothing else mattered. Baer was just a sucker match to enable Schmeling to add to the fortune he had already taken back to Germany and to force Jack Sharkey to financial terms, attractive to the German, for a return match.

But the Fates ruled against Schmeling. He had gambled and had lost. Rather than take a chance at the heavyweight title at a smaller percentage, the same as he had forced Sharkey to take for a return engagement last year, Schmeling decided to get the big end of a purse from the Baer fight and then, figuring he would win, obtain another big purse for a championship tilt. Now that chance to regain the world's title is gone. I doubt that the German will ever again have the opportunity he had this year to be the first former heavyweight king to regain the crown.

The German looked bad—in fact, worse than I've ever seen him, and I've been present at all his fights here and one abroad. When that right crashed against his chin, Schmeling, who ordinarily would sidestep such telegraphed delivery and counter with a powerful right, just stood in his tracks and caught the blow on the point of the chin.

He explained that the heat got him and, of course, that must be taken into consideration but, as I said before, what was good for the goose should have been good for the gander. Baer was equally affected. That heat certainly was not as strong as when Dempsey battered down the giant Willard at Toledo with the sun registering 103 degrees. Nor was it any hotter than when Schmeling reduced Young Stribling to a pulp out in Cleveland. No, it was not entirely the heat, though that must have played some part. It was the devastating fists of a man who is likely to work his way up to the world championship within the next two years. If he does, he will be the first Hebrew heavyweight king since the days of Daniel Mendoza, who ruled one hundred and fifty years ago.

Baer fought only in spots but, when he did open up, he made his blows count. Too much clowning, however, marred his efforts. Unlike the predictions, it was he, not Schmeling, who provided the thrills. Most of his fighting was done in close, yet at times, he held out his left at arm's length and prevented his opponent from doing any damage at all.

It was all a new situation for Schmeling, who has been accustomed to have things his way in the ring. It sort of rattled the Black Uhlan and the carelessness made him a target for Baer's socks. Yet, though the punches hurt, Schmeling didn't seem to mind them until the fusillade started late in the ninth.

* * *

BAER is a vastly improved fighter over the clown who showed in New York on several previous occasions. Against a fighter who is a sharpshooter, it is doubtful if Max could do as he did against the Schmeling who disregarded science. A sharpshooter would pick off Baer's leads and jab his head off. Left hooks, such as Sharkey is capable of tossing, for example, would have damaged Baer considerably every time he led with his right.

Baer violated one of the cardinal rules of boxing by his frequent leading with the right but, since results count, and he stopped Schmeling, that's all that matters.

The effect that Baer's knockout of Schmeling will have on the other big fellows who are seeking the heavyweight title, or the champion himself, remains to be seen. When he hit Schmeling and reduced him to a helpless human frame, he exhibited a ferociousness seldom witnessed in recent years. The tremendous blow that crumpled Schmeling to the canvas landed with such an impact that it seemed the German's head would be torn off his shoulders. Now we can understand how Campbell was killed by one of Baer's blows and how he rendered the late Ernie Schaaf unconscious for four hours with a blow behind the ear.

No man alive could have stood before such a bombardment of terrifying shots as were hurled at Schmeling in that tenth round. Schmeling had a most terrified look as he tried desperately to guard himself.

At the start, it looked like a quick finish for the German. A two-fisted, swinging attack almost took Schmeling off his feet. Max looked bewildered, but just before the end, he came back with a strong attack and, with a short, snappy right, almost downed the Californian. He also brought the claret from Baer's nose.

In the second, Baer again took the play away from his opponent, but in the third, he hit low and had to be cautioned several times for the use of the back-hand punch and lost the round through an official edict of the referee.

Then Schmeling seemed to have found himself and began to gain ground. He took the fourth and fifth by good margins by keeping Baer on the defensive, but there was little to choose in the sixth. Some fine milling by Schmeling in the seventh indicated that he had found himself and, from all appearances, he was now on the road to victory.

But the tide turned again in the eighth, one in which Baer outclassed his opponent. Many of his punches were blocked, but whatever hard blows were landed, were caught by Schmeling's body. Two solid rights to the ear, and one to the jaw, jarred Schmeling. There were two lively mix-ups and, when the gong sounded, the crowd sensed that the real action had just begun. And they were not mistaken. So intense was the fighting in the last part of the ninth round that neither fighter had heard the bell and, for several seconds, Baer slashed away while the referee tried to halt the milling.

The tenth was a thriller—a reminder of the hectic Dempsey-Tunney affair in Chicago, the Firpo-Dempsey fight, and the final round of the Stribling-Schmeling mill in Cleveland. The crushing right-hander that floored him lifted Schmeling from the floor and left him in a strangely stiffened position, such as he never before had assumed in a fight.

(Continued on page 30)

Reaches the Top

Barney Ross, Former Golden Glove Champion, Dethrones Canzoneri to Win Lightweight Crown

By FRANK MAESTRO

TONY CANZONERI, holder of the world's lightweight title for three years, received a severe jolt when he lost the crown to Barney Ross at the end of ten rounds of terrific milling in Chicago recently. That Tony had ample reason for feeling peeved at being shorn of his laurels is evident by the fact that Referee Gilmore dissented in the casting of the ballots, he voting in favor of a draw, while the judges gave the verdict to Barney.

The catcalls and hisses that accompanied the decision showed also that many in the gathering of eleven thousand were of the opinion that Tony had not lost the bout. But, in boxing, the decision of the officials is what counts, and, according to the divided opinion, Barney Ross won the bout and now reigns supreme as world's lightweight champion. Like Canzoneri, he came up from the amateur ranks and, by perseverance and ambition, has reached the goal of his ambition. To Barney go the congratulations of THE RING and its many readers.

The dark-eyed, raven-haired Chicago lad gained the laurels through an uphill battle. Until the seventh round, Canzoneri had the bout by a good margin. But, just when it looked like Ross would fold up under the avalanche of lefts and rights that kept peppering him, he came through with a flash that gained the eyes of the judges and they cast their vote for him. Though both his eyes were cut when he went into the seventh round, and he had been outsmarted and outpunched by Canzoneri in the first six sessions, Barney, with the fire of youth and ambition in his eyes, suddenly found inspiration and lashed a two-fisted attack that turned the trick for him.

Canzoneri made the big mistake of stopping in his tracks in the last three rounds. Tony says that he thought he had the bout so clinched that he coasted, but the fact remains that, during those rounds, Ross piled up the points that apparently gained the title for him. Had Canzoneri fought in the same manner at the windup as in the earlier rounds, he would have won.

* * *

TONY tired perceptibly in those cantos. The heart was willing, but the legs and arms wouldn't coördinate for him. He was worn out and Ross took advantage of Tony's condition to pull through a triumph.

Canzoneri, in whose custody the crown had remained since 1930, was visibly moved by the verdict. He was on the verge of crying, for he felt that he had been given an unfair decision. Packey McFarland, former lightweight star, who is now a member of the Illinois State Commission, on the other hand, declared that, not only did he approve of the verdict, but, in his opinion, Canzoneri had won only two rounds. And one must admit that McFarland is a good judge of boxing.

"Honestly, I thought I had won that bout hands down," said Tony, as the hand of Ross was raised. "In fact, so cocksure was I that I coasted in the eighth and ninth, in which Ross made his best showing. I even didn't extend myself in the tenth, and apparently the judges and some of the scribes thought that I had tired."

Sammy Goldman, manager of the champion, thought as did his charge. He was more emphatic in his statements. He declared that the decision was one of the worst he had ever experienced, and blamed it on the desire of the judges to see a home town lad crowned king.

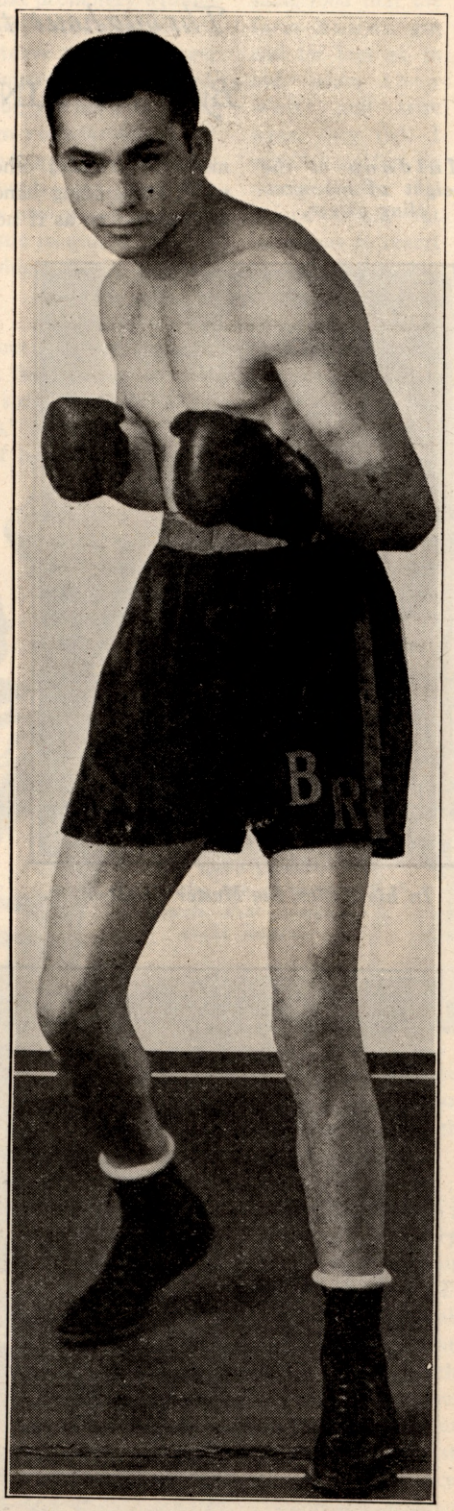
"That verdict was an outrage," said Sammy. "I think my boy won seven of the ten rounds."

But that doesn't alter the fact that a new champion has been crowned and that Chicago now has the king of the lightweights in its midst. There were no knockdowns, but the fighting was fierce from the start, with the exception of the rounds in which the defending title-holder tired.

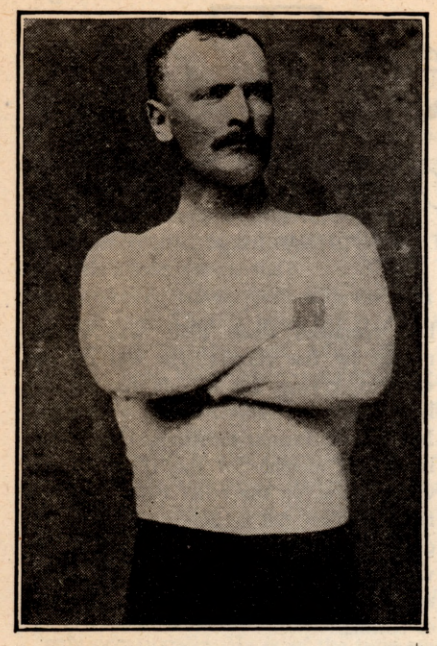
They set a blistering pace in the early rounds, with Tony doing the bulk of the execution. He seemed bent on scoring an early knockout, but he found in his rival a willing mixer, one not afraid to stand his ground and fight back. Ross met Canzoneri's assault with a left jab counter fire that did considerable damage. Tony continued to pile up points by a battering-ram attack through the sixth, when he began to clown a bit, and that is what lost the battle for him.

* * *

BARNEY ROSS is a boy who can fight—make no mistake about that. A few months ago, the name of Ross meant little, but today he is the most-talked-of man in boxing in Illinois. Now that Barney has won a title, New York will probably try to claim him, as he was born in the lower East Side of Manhattan, in the heart of New York's Ghetto, and lived *(Continued on page 32)*



Barney Ross, Chicago Hebrew flash, is the new world's lightweight champion by his victory over Tony Canzoneri. Barney is the first Golden Glover to win a world crown.



MULDOON

Rope Skipping, Medicine Ball, Shower Bath, Health Farm and Percentages in Fights Credited to Him—Spread the Gospel of Legalized Boxing Throughout the Country

By THE RING EDITOR

Muldoon at the height of his wrestling career.

WILLIAM MULDOON, the "Solid Man of Sport," has passed to his Maker, and with his death, the sports world—boxing and wrestling in particular—has lost its greatest friend. The man whom public men, lawyers, politicians, sportsmen, bankers, physicians and others honored with a public dinner on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, was more than the dean of the New York State Boxing Commissioners. He was a most useful American citizen, a man of high ideals, a universal teacher of physical education, an example in integrity and character to mankind.

He was a philosopher, whose teachings on the aim and purpose of life should furnish food for thought to those who complain of bodily ills brought on through dissipation and failure to live naturally. On the occasion of the unusual honor paid to him at the Biltmore dinner three years ago, the "Grand Old Man," who was introduced by Grover Whalen, following an ovation that lasted fully ten minutes, said:

"Life is what you make it. If you live naturally and do not defy the laws of God, you will live to a ripe old age and be able to accomplish that which is expected of all mankind. As we pass from one generation to another, we must make ourselves felt and understood. We must always have a purpose in life as we grow older."

That was his philosophy, and he lived it throughout his lifetime. Whatever he did, he always put all he had into it—and reached the goal. He led the way and others followed. He built his own frame into a perfect physical form and then showed others how to accomplish the same feat. He took broken-down bodies and rebuilt them, not with medicine, but with the implements that God gave to man—the hands and the feet. He took the human forms damaged by excesses and overwork, and returned them to society to resume their vocation.

His health farm at Purchase was the stamping ground of two Presidents, statesmen, lawyers and other professional men who, after a month under the guiding hand of "The Master," regained their health and carried on as if nothing had previously ailed them.

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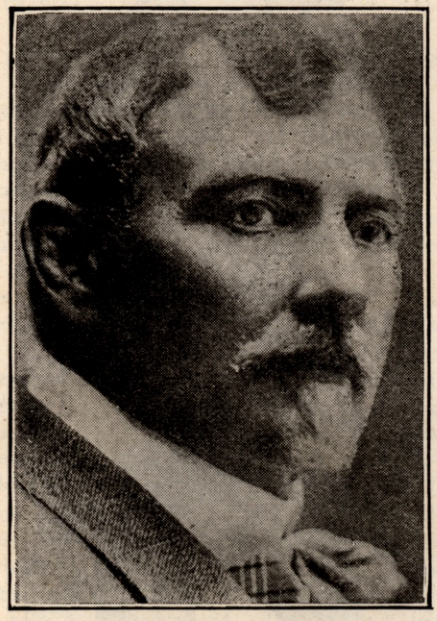
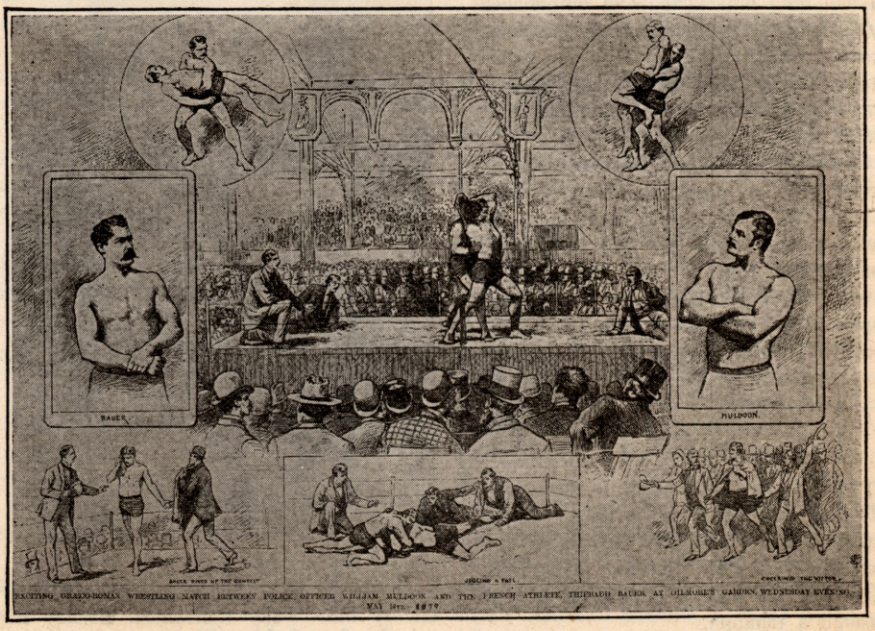


In his sixties, the Master of Olympia.

BUT his chief fame, so far as the present generation is concerned, was gained through his association with boxing. So much faith did the people of the State of New York have in him, that four governors, Republicans and Democrats, retained him in office over a period of twelve years, first as chairman and later as senior member. In his official capacity, he was a power for good by his influence, his integrity, and his knowledge of the sport over which he ruled. Clean and manly sport was his aim and he did everything that could be asked of him to foster that spirit among those with whom he came in contact.

Trickery, foul tactics, ungentlemanly manners within and outside the ring—all were frowned on by William Muldoon, and he did his utmost to eliminate them and their sponsors from the sport. For this, at times, he was condemned because of his harsh rulings against the manipulators, but in the end, those who earn



The match between Muldoon, the police champion, and Thiebaud Bauer in May, 1879, which Muldoon won.

their living in boxing, and those whose love for the manly art brought them to the fistic spectacles, praised the veteran for his foresight. There can be no doubt that he did more to save boxing from being legislated out of existence than anyone associated with the sport.

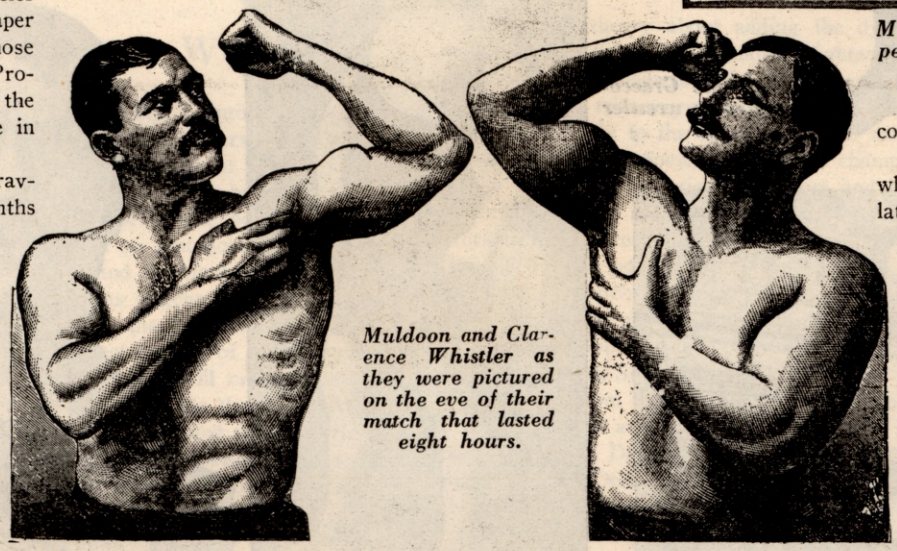
During twelve years, he kept constant vigil. He protested foul play, handled the unruly boxers, managers and promoters without kid gloves, regardless of social or political affiliation, and opposed strongly commercialism in the sport. He strove to keep boxing and wrestling on a high level and to give a square deal to all, and, though at times his efforts were unsuccessful, yet his courage in fighting against powerful odds brought him considerable praise and support. He was the bitter enemy of the rogues in pugilism—and there are plenty of those within its bounds—and those who attacked his acts most were the unscrupulous men whom he either drove out of boxing or curbed through drastic measures.

That's the standard by which William Muldoon lived and ruled.

* * *

MUCH has already been written about Muldoon's career, hence we won't go into details here. But there are certain phases of his life's work that are worthy of special mention. Back in 1889, J. B. McCormick, who as "Macon," was recognized as the greatest sports writer and chronicler of boxing in America, wrote a series of articles for his Cincinnati paper on Muldoon, and in those he declared that Professor Muldoon was the best preserved athlete in the world.

"For years, after traveling eight or nine months each season with shows which required him to wrestle every night, he has been in the habit of retiring to his farm near Belfast, in New York State, and there, through a process of exercising all his own, he rebuilt his system for another three-quarters of a year's grind. A marvel, this Graeco-Roman champion!



Muldoon and Clarence Whistler as they were pictured on the eve of their match that lasted eight hours.

"Few of us in the sports world know John L. Sullivan as did William Muldoon. I had a talk with the Professor recently when he appeared here with the Boston Strong Boy in a show, and I felt sorry for the Professor, who worried over John L.'s condition as if he were the Bostonian's mother.

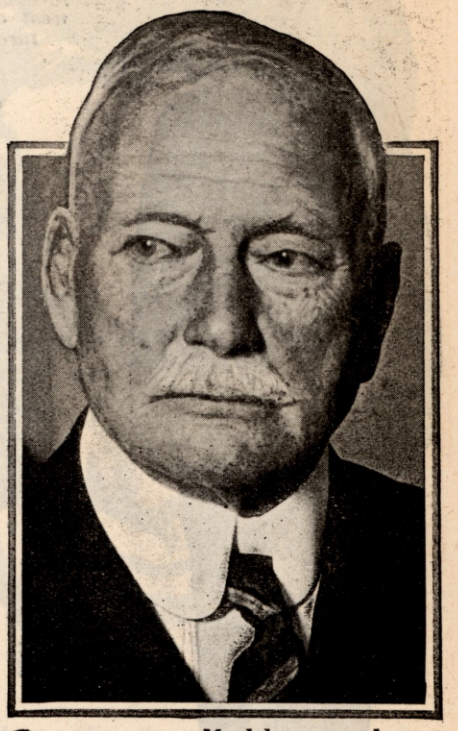
"'If only I could get him to stop drinking,' said he to me on an occasion when the champion was not in fit condition to appear before the public, 'I could make of him the finest specimen of manhood this nation has ever seen.'

"I thought a moment, then replied:

"'But, Professor, did you see the story in a Boston paper, written by a Harvard instructor, who says that it will never again be possible to get Sullivan into condition for another fight?'

"'Yes, I did. But that should not be taken seriously. I believe that if I can get you and other friends of John's to induce him to accompany me to my farm, I can build him up in six weeks so that he would be as good as he ever was. I would not train him according to any of the old systems. I'll use my own.

"'First and foremost, I would put him to work in the fields with the rest of the farm hands. I would just let him do enough to fatigue without exhausting him. I would give him the same food that the farm hands got and let him go to bed when they went and arise when they did. I would keep him so occupied that his mind would not have time to revert to the subjects that concern him most. I am a great believer in efficacy of pure country air, hard but not overwork, and the refreshing sleep that comes after it.'"



Muldoon as he appeared just before he was operated upon.

Thus spoke the man who, forty-five years later was still preaching outdoor work for the fighters and the wrestlers, for the overworked business man and for the clerk. A few years ago, when Tommy Loughran was stopped by Jack Sharkey, Muldoon, a great admirer of Tommy, just as he was of Gene Tunney because of their clean living, remarked to me:

"Too bad. Fine boy, that Loughran lad. But he'll come back. He has lived the right kind of life and one defeat won't stop his career."

* * *

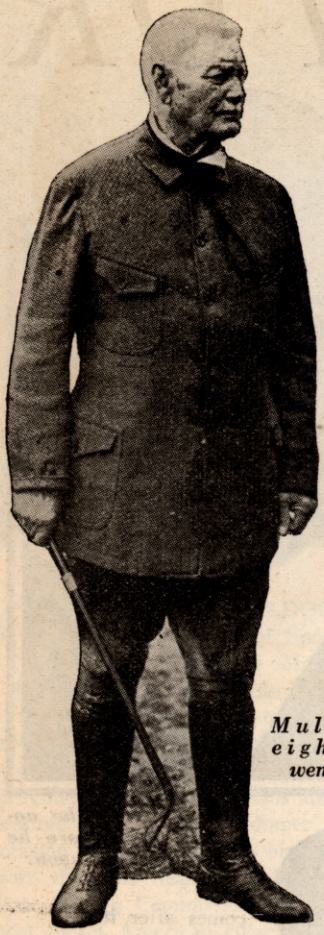
A FEW weeks after my interview with Muldoon, the papers carried a story about Tommy Loughran's decision to spend six months in a camp. I saw Mr. Muldoon at the Boxing Commission office and I asked what he thought about Loughran's decision. The venerable commissioner smiled and remarked:

"He has the right idea. Outdoor life. Roughing it in camp. That's what all of the fighters should do occasionally. The fault with most of our boys today is that they go into a stuffy gymnasium, take an hour's training and forget that God gave them two fine legs and a sturdy body, with lungs that require the fresh air of the open spaces. Two weeks of training in the country is worth ten in an indoor gymnasium in the city."

Macon, in his story on Muldoon, said that the wrestling champion was so anxious for Sullivan's welfare, when he was matched with Kilrain, that he pleaded with Sullivan's managers, Arthur Lumley, who still is to be seen

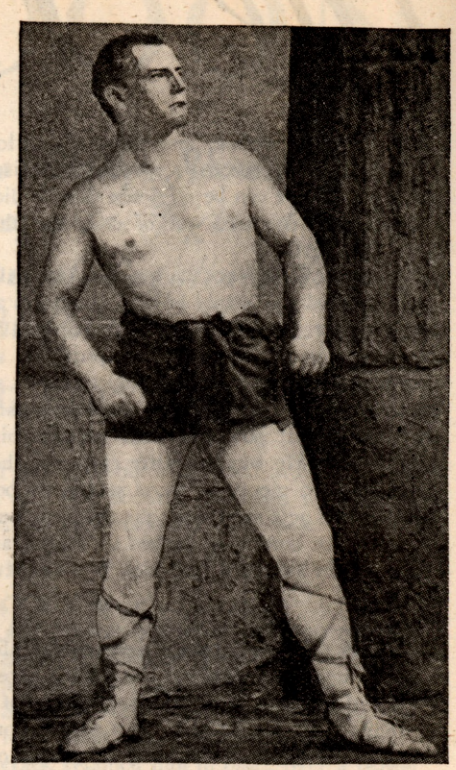
(Continued on page 33)

THE ATHLETIC MULDOON

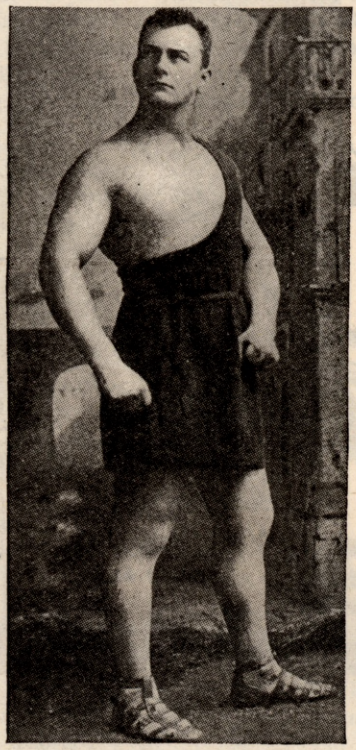


Muldoon, at eighty, still went riding.

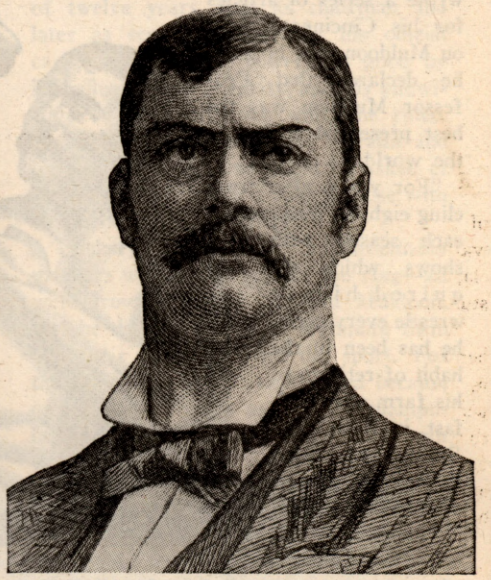
Muldoon, in his fifties, when he went on a lecture tour.



As the "Fighting Gaul"

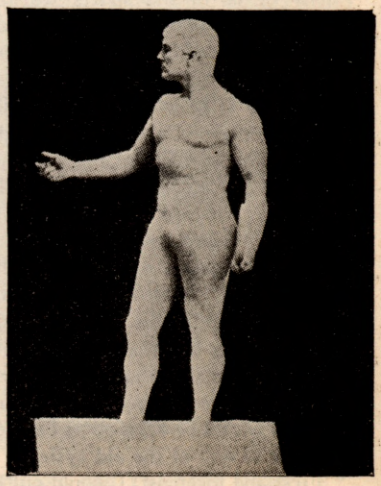


As the Graeco-Roman wrestler



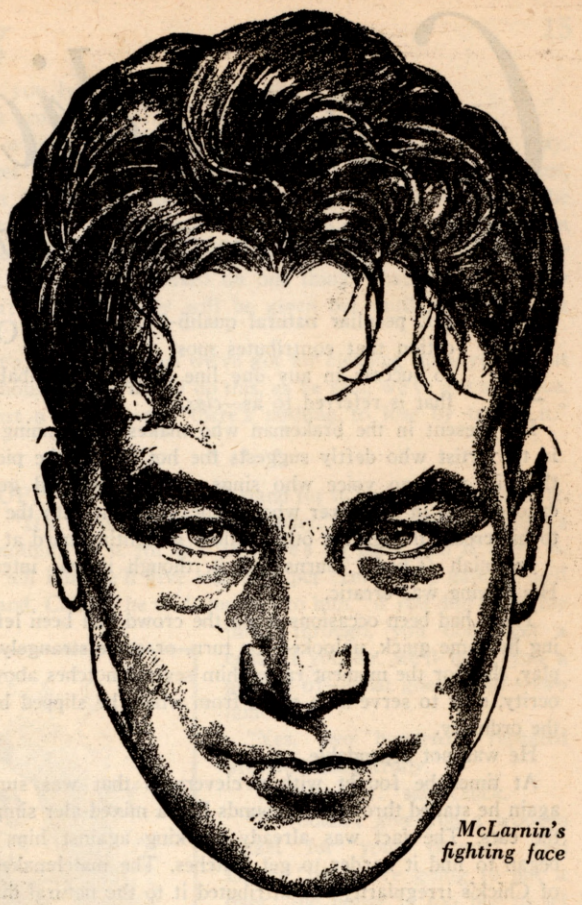
The Physical Marvel at the age of 40

At the age of 45, a handsomely built athlete.



In plastic poses, which were the rage in the early eighties.

Where McLARNIN gets his T.N.T.



McLarnin's fighting face

Speed Puts Dynamite Into His Sock, Says Jimmy. Gives Sound Advice on How and What to Eat

By WILBUR WOOD

IT'S speed, not heft, that puts T.N.T. into his punch, says Jimmy McLarnin, newly crowned welterweight champion by virtue of his one-round knockout of Young Corbett. The boy with the smiling features of a baby and the kick of a battering ram, in analyzing the terrific power behind his wallops, differs from most experts on that point in that he declares that it is not the weight behind the blow that registers the stunning effect upon the recipient as is generally supposed.

While Jimmy agrees that putting the full weight of the body behind a punch will produce its effect by way of adding power to it, that same wallop landed with speed, will crash against the person for whom it is intended, with double the force. At least that's his opinion and since Jimmy has proved to the world that for size and weight there isn't a man his superior in socking powers, it will require considerable argument to make any one believe otherwise.

"The speed with which the gloved fist travels through the air, is what determines its damaging power. I never allow my muscles to harden up and become knotty in training as that would take the knockout force out of this," said McLarnin, as he pointed to his powerful right, "and that would never do. It would put an end to my drawing power. That's why I sacrifice everything to speed in the course of my workouts. It was Pop Foster's idea and I have found that Pop knows what he is talking about. I owe my T.N.T. punch to him, because it was his method of training me that enabled me to develop a knockout in either hand."

* * *

McLARNIN then continued to discuss general training with the writer, and during our conversation he pointed out the differences in the methods of various topnotchers to prove his point. His argument was most convincing. "You take those who are fast and send their blows forward with lightning effect and you'll find that they seldom slug away at the heavy bag. They don't have to. Those are the fellows who do their road work consistently, skip the rope, punch the light bag and shadow box to maintain their speed and agility. They throw damaging blows."

McLarnin's theory about adding the dynamite to a boxer's wallop proves that he is a studious fighter, one who pays strict attention to the business which he has adopted as his vocation. He is one who tries to reason out the fine points for himself and listens attentively to the teachings of the man who has brought him up from a raw novice to a world's championship. He doesn't smoke nor imbibe intoxicating liquors and he doesn't dissipate. With him, boxing is the thing foremost on his brains. He at all times has maintained himself like a perfect gentleman and that has added to his popularity.

That K.O. punch of Jimmy's is worth while watching. It is as deliberate as the play of a master chess player. He fiddles and maneuvers an opponent into position for the deadly wallop, as he did with Corbett, Singer, Ruby Goldstein and others. It is a blow far different from the average right-hand smash, which is what makes it hard to avoid. The nearest thing to the McLarnin K.O. blow was Jack Delaney's pet punch, dubbed by him the "half uppercut." In Delaney's case, he fired the wallop more from the hips, while Jimmy wings his from the chest. It is a blow that carries dynamite and when it strikes the point, the fight is over.

It is that dynamite punch that enables McLarnin to draw down the bigger portion of the gate every time he enters the ring. The bout with Corbett was an exception, but then Jimmy was anxious to annex the welterweight crown and was willing to give up his entire purse to prove he was master of his division.

* * *

CONVERSING with McLarnin, one gets the impression that he endeavors to forget his fistic activities when not actually engaged in them. But such is far from the case. He likes good books, but he doesn't go bragging about his love for literature. He will discuss fighting when pressed. He will explain that he shoots for the end of the chin, without slighting an opponent's temple or stomach if the opportunity presents itself. He will endeavor to prove that a good punch in the stomach is worth two on the snout.

Although McLarnin is one of the greatest sock artists of modern times, it may seem strange that his choice among the great fighters of the past lies with the clever men. I asked him who, of all the great gladiators of modern pugilism he would rather be, had he his choice, and to *(Continued on page 31)*

Cowardice Conquered

How Chick Burns Overcame His Yellow Streak to Defeat the Champion

By HOWARD ENRIGHT

THE peculiar natural qualification that contributes most to success in any one line is the indescribable thing that is referred to as—*class.*

It's present in the brakeman who makes the running switch; in the artist who deftly suggests the hot day in the picture; in the girl with no voice who sings three songs and gets three encores, and in the boxer who finishes his bout with the decision to his credit, though the other fellow is fighting hard at the end.

Jeremiah (Chick) Burns had it, though it was intermittent. His boxing was erratic.

There had been occasions when the crowd had been left standing by some quick, unlooked-for turn, or some strangely worked play, that for the moment raised him several notches above mediocrity, only to serve as a plane from which he slipped back into the ordinary.

He was not dependable.

At times he fought with a cleverness that was surprising; again he stalled through the rounds like a mixed-aler simply after the eats. The fact was already working against him, and he began to find it harder to get matches. The matchmakers knew of Chick's irregularity and attributed it to the natural disinclination of his kind.

Chick alone knew the real reason—he was a coward!

Compensating Nature, or perhaps some ancestral strain, had provided him with a will that kept this fault carefully concealed. The effort, however, to cover this lack of courage always required so much skill that he seldom showed to lasting advantage. He fought without heart, for the fear was always present.

It was only this occasional spurt, this natural knowledge of the game and the momentary subjection of his fear, that held him in the business.

This same cowardice had finely developed a latent power of analysis. He had, again and again, mentally framed an offense and defense that was perfect in detail. Yet he rarely used but a few of his carefully planned plays in his bouts, for his mind was too much occupied in the bridling of the yellow streak that threatened from within.

Thus it was Chick Burns from the want of a heart kept in the class of boys that could get no farther than openers.

* * *

FOR three weeks he had been on the staff of Kid Shay, the lightweight champion, as a sparring partner. For this Chick received twenty dollars per week and board at Kelsey's roadhouse on the Connecticut shore of the Sound. The Kid was to fight Jeff White, the English contender for the title.

He sat upon the porch on the first evening of the fourth and last week of the Kid's training, and bathed his swollen face with arnica. He had taken his regular daily beating from the Kid, and before the usual Sunday crowd of admirers—with the resulting soreness of body and mind.

The Kid was purely and solely a punisher—this Chick knew. It was his whole stock—all he had had to gain the title and all by which he retained it, except, and Chick squeezed the unresponsive bottle of arnica, a cold-riveted nerve, coupled with a wicked punch in both hands.

Chick knew a way to offset the vicious drives of the Kid, but day after day he took the regular beating, because the fear gripped him when the Kid lowered his black head, puckered his heavy brows, and squinted at him with the deep set eyes across the brown gloves. He dreaded the low, long swing of the right, followed by the short snappy jolt of the left, that stung like the slap of a rough board—the Kid's master-stroke.

There had been more or less of an understanding between the Kid's manager and Chick, as well as the two other boys who were sparring each day with the Kid, that they should avoid making too strong a return. Chick had begun to feel that the sum he received, compared to the grueling he had to assimilate each day, was insignificant, and it palled upon him.

He knew that he weighed the same as the Kid, was just as strong, and had a better knowledge of the finer points of the game, but the Kid had the heart and he did not. Because of this qualification, Shay was to fight for the championship of the world—for a big purse, and he, Chick Burns, was being used as a punching-bag for a measly twenty spot a week—and nothing better in sight.

* * *

AS he sat there—a bottle of arnica in one hand and the other softly pawing his sore face, he came to the convincing conclusion that he was a "dub."

For the first time, he felt his whole being revolt. He jammed the cork into the neck of the bottle with a squeak, went up to his room, and threw himself upon the bed. There, he began to plan again—as he had each night for three weeks. But now there seemed to be a clearness to it, a vivid, definite, piece by piece analysis of the Kid's style, with an offsetting plan of his own. There was another thing that strung its warp along through the weaving of the plan—the yellow thread of fear.

He had taken the larruping the Kid had administered with the fear always present; why not take it without the fear—it could be no worse. Could he do it when the test came; could he; *could he?*

He turned on his side and looked out across the still stretch of the Sound. The cool breeze blew across his hot face—he felt his muscles relax as a strange soothing feeling crept over him, and Chick Burns slept.

When the gloves were tied on the next afternoon, he took the Kid's usual bantering in silence. He was thinking of the plan to stop the swing of the brown glove that moved slowly before him.

There was no trembling in his knees, his arms were loose; there was no twitching, no fear. He watched the Kid closely. He saw the right drop to his side and the low swing start. Chick stepped in, lowered his red head—the swing went by.

The Kid's left started for his jaw. He caught it with the palm of his right glove, and drove his own sturdy left squarely into the arch of the Kid's ribs. The Kid rose slightly to his heels, swayed, turned, and fell flat upon his face. Just for a second Chick faltered.

"You've done it, darn you!" yelled Crimmins, the Kid's manager, as he rushed over to his side, took the limp figure in his arms, and laid the lolling head across his knee.

Chick held out his hands and they peeled off the gloves. Alone, he crossed over the street of grass to the hotel, went up to his room and dressed. He knew that he was through in that camp, but the future beckoned to him—with a gloved hand.

* * *

THE door opened and Crimmins came in. His face was red and his thin lips twitched.

"Was that an accident or did you mean it?" he asked, sharply.

"I meant it," replied Chick, coldly.

"Well, the Kid'll kill you for that—if he ever gets another crack at you," he said, hotly.

"Well, I'll stay and give him the chance then—"

"No, you won't—you're through here; and let me tell you

something: If you ever blat this thing I'll see that you don't get another bout in New York as long as I'm in the game, do you understand?"

Chick nodded. He did understand. Crimmins could do as he had said, for he had the pull.

"Here's your twenty bucks," said Crimmins, handing Chick the money for a full week's work. "Now beat it," he added, yanking the door open.

When he had packed the few small matters of wardrobe in a suitcase, Chick went down to the barroom. The bartender stepped quickly from behind the bar. He stretched out his hand. Chick took it.

"They had to carry him upstairs," he whispered. And as steps sounded in the hall, Chick turned his face to a picture on the wall. It was the picture of a Saxon king astride a white horse; little girls were going before, strewing roses in his path.

Chick pulled down his cap, took up his suitcase and walked over to the trolley tracks. He spent the remaining days before the fight in the city away from his old haunts, heeding Crimmins' injunction.

On the night of the battle he went down the narrow alley and up the stairs to the room where the boxers dressed for the preliminaries.

"What's the matter," they asked; "ain't yer goin' in the Kid's corner."

"No," said Chick, sharply.

"Why—"

Chick drew up his shoulders.

"Trimmed, eh?"

"Yes," answered Chick, sullenly.

He stood round, gossiping with the boys he knew, before he slipped upstairs. Suddenly the door was flung open and Fighting Hennesy rushed inside.

"It's all off!" he exclaimed. "There won't be no fight. Gee! and the place's packed. The Englishman broke his wrist gittin' out the taxi—slipped. Pop's just got the word."

* * *

CHICK felt every muscle in his body tighten. He sprang from the room, hurried down the short hall, and pushed into the room at the end—the office of the club.

Pop Meyers was pacing up and down the floor. The little group of men were whispering.

"Is it true?" asked Chick, squeezing in among them. Clark, the biggest shareholder, nodded. Chick motioned to Meyers, and he stopped.

"Let me go on with the Kid!" he blurted.

"You're crazy!" grunted Meyers, shaking off the stubby hand upon his arm and continuing his walk.

"Let me do it, Pop, let me do it," he urged, sticking to Meyers' side.

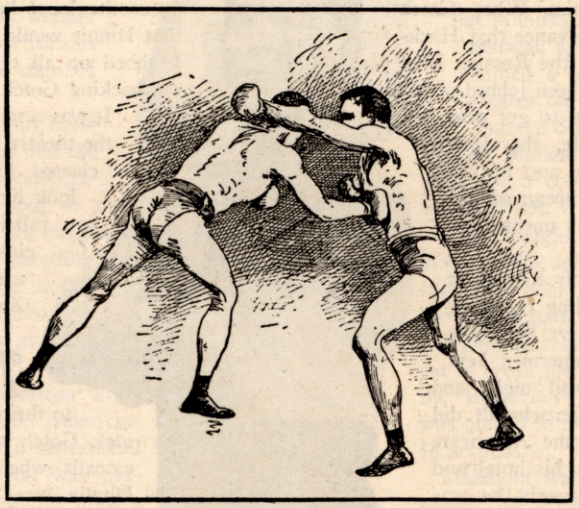
"You're crazy, I tell you. You wouldn't last a round."

"Listen," said Chick, "for the love of Mike, listen! I know what you think—but you've got to give back the money if you don't have the show. You're a loser anyway. Tell the crowd that you'll put me on, and if they ain't satisfied they can get their money at the gate—when it's over. I'll take the beatin'. and maybe you can save somethin' outer the house. Ain't it worth tryin', Pop?" he pleaded.

"Why they wouldn't stand for it. They'd tear the place down," said Meyers, beginning his walk again.

"Wait, if you've got to know, wait," said Chick pulling Meyers out into the hall. "I want to tell you something."

There he told him what happened the Monday afternoon before. Meyers, without a word in reply, stepped back into the room. He went quickly to the group of men and told them. Chick stood just within the door—waiting, hoping, scarcely breathing. They turned toward him.



He hooked his right into the brown patch of skin above the blue trunks and a new champion was crowned

"Are you lyin'?" asked Clark sharply.

Chick crossed himself.

"It's worth tryin'," said Clark to Meyers. "Do it this way. First get a certificate from the hospital—put on your prelims, then get Jordan here to go into the ring and tell the crowd the facts—read the certificate and say that Chick Burns will go on with the Kid, and if anyone isn't satisfied, he can have his money back at the door—but insist on one thing: that they *must* stay through; that no money will be given out until after the bout is over.

"That's the only chance we've got for cleaning up anything out of this house. If Burns *did* do this, as he said, we've got a chance, Pop, just a chance—and there's nothing to lose by trying it."

* * *

"SUPPOSE the Kid won't stand for it," said Pop, weakening.

"It's a cinch he's got to play," Clark stated. "There's nothing in it for him if there's no fight, and if there is, we can tell him we'll give him fifty per cent of the gate, if he'll stand; and, Chick," he said, turning to him, "if you don't pull the thing through, you don't get a cent. If you do, we'll make you a present of—what goes, Pop?—two hundred?"

"Yes, two hundred," repeated Meyers thoughtfully.

"I'll lick him!" said Chick.

"I wouldn't give you a wooden nickel for your chance," said Clark, "but we're going to put it over; the house is too big to let it get away without making a play for it. You dress in here, and don't stick your nose out of that door until we tell you to. It's nine o'clock, Pop; get your prelims started, and say nothing until the time comes."

Pop Meyers shook his head as if in doubt and closed the door behind him.

An hour or more passed in which Chick prepared himself for the job. Clark stuck closely to the room. Jordan had sent to the hospital for the certificate, and a messenger had returned with it. No sound had come from the big rink until some time after Jordan had left the room; then a dull roar sounded above them. Chick clearly sensed the meaning of it.

"He's put it over," said Clark.

There was silence again—then the noise. In a moment Meyers came into the room.

"It was awful," he said, "but they're stayin'—they're stayin', and for God's sake, boy, do your best—come on," he said, taking Chick's arm.

Chick stepped into the hall.

"Marty and Jack Clancy are goin' to handle you, Chick," said Pop, "and the Kid's agreed to let you stay five rounds, to make a showin'," he whispered.

Chick smiled.

* * *

HE made his way down the main aisle, and climbed over the ropes into the ring. There was a faint, scattered sound of applause as he took his seat in a corner. When the Kid came into the ring the house let loose.

Chick eyed him closely. He appeared fit, and his face wore that same old surly look. He glanced once into Chick's corner, and then appeared to ignore him entirely.

He talked to the reporters behind him, tried the ropes, and rubbed the soles of his shoes in the rosin. When the referee called them to the center of the ring for instructions, Chick wrapped a towel about his shoulders and stepped forward quickly.

He did not look the Kid in the face, *(Continued on page 32)*

From MILO to LONDOS

CHAPTER X

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

LIKE many professional boxers who had won a world title, Frank Gotch decided to turn to the footlights after wrestling the crown from off the head of George Hackenschmidt, and unlike most athletes who failed to click, he met with considerable success despite his modesty, which prompted him to state publicly, that as an actor he was a good wrestler. His contribution to the stage was in the form of a vaudeville sketch in which he played in the larger cities, including New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. In July, 1908, four months after he had annexed the world title, he went to England with his company and did the larger cities there.

For his British appearance, he had a playlet written for him, called "All about a Bout" and wherever he appeared, capacity houses greeted him. When Gotch went to England he was warned in advance that Hackenschmidt would be on his trail, for the Russian Lion persisted in broadcasting that he had been jobbed of his crown and decided that the best way to get even with Gotch was to harass him. He, therefore, challenged Gotch's right to the title and he obtained sufficient support from the European papers, especially in England, to make things uncomfortable for the champion.

Although Gotch was in England only to present his play and not to engage in wrestling bouts, he was so molested that he decided to give Hack the chance he again sought. The newspapermen kept on Frank's trail from morning until night and the stories of the jobbing of Hackenschmidt did not aid any in the gate receipts of the American, hence Gotch summoned the scribes to his hotel and announced that if Hackenschmidt thought he was jobbed of his crown, he would be given an opportunity to regain it.

In fact, so riled was Gotch, that he asked that the bout be arranged within a fortnight. Negotiations were begun and just when it appeared that the match would be arranged, Hackenschmidt suddenly disappeared from the picture. On a flimsy claim, Hackenschmidt withdrew his challenge and decided to let things stand as they were until such time as he could again go to America, where he hoped to get the return engagement. This he did receive two years later, as will be told in another chapter.

* * *

IN the meantime, things were happening in England that made Gotch feel that he was not a very welcome visitor. While in Sheffield, he was persistently attacked by a local pride, George Dinnie, a wrestler who called Gotch "the fraud champion." Gotch didn't mind that much, but when Dinnie's friends took up his claim for a championship bout and even went so far as to threaten the American, that proved too much. Gotch regarded Dinnie's bold defi in the nature of a joke and on the stage, smilingly passed it up with the remark that "Dinnie had better go out and get a reputation before attempting to battle for the world crown."

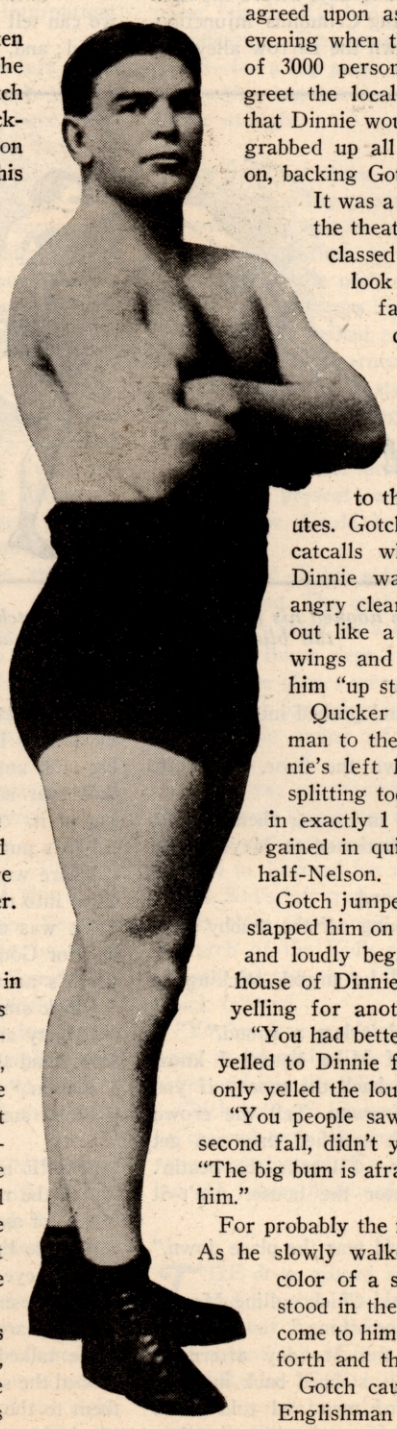
But Gotch had not apparently figured on Dinnie's friends who raised the cry that Frank was afraid, and otherwise made things disagreeable for him. The day following Gotch's stage remark, he and his trainer, Emil Klank, now one of the leading wrestling promoters in the northwest, were out for a brisk walk and run. They had gone from their hotel to the countryside and much to their surprise, they saw the headline in a paper:

"Champion refuses to meet Dinnie. American afraid to lose his title."

Crowds quickly gathered about Gotch and some of Dinnie's friends in the circle began to hoot Frank and cheer Dinnie. That was the last straw, for Gotch turned to Klank and said:

"Emil, he can't get away with that. I'm going to meet him if it's the last thing I do. I'll take that hick on tonight and stop the show if necessary. He won't make a fool out of me any longer."

The Music Hall, where Gotch was playing, was agreed upon as the place for the event, and on the evening when the match was to be staged, a gathering of 3000 persons, a capacity house, was on hand to greet the local "wonder." Wagers were freely made that Dinnie would win and the few Americans present, grabbed up all the money they could lay their hands on, backing Gotch.



Frank Gotch, the master wrestler.

It was a sadly disappointed home crowd that left the theatre after the match, for Gotch so far outclassed his opponent that he made Dinnie look like a raw novice. Gotch won the first fall in 1.06 and the second in 55 seconds, close to a record for a championship match. Only in his match with Zbyszko did he better that time.

* * *

TO show his utter contempt for the prowess of Dinnie, Gotch agreed to throw their champion twice in thirty minutes. Gotch was met with a storm of hisses and catcalls when he appeared on the stage, while Dinnie was acclaimed to the skies. Gotch was angry clear through and at the call of time, came out like a mad bull. He rushed Dinnie into the wings and grabbing him about the waist, dragged him "up stage" to the footlights.

Quicker than a flash, he slammed the Englishman to the canvas, and the next instant had Dinnie's left leg half way up his back in a bone-splitting toe hold. Dinnie flopped over on his back in exactly 1 min. 6 secs. The second fall was even gained in quicker time—55 secs., with a crotch and half-Nelson.

Gotch jumped to his feet the instant that the referee slapped him on the back, but Dinnie raised one shoulder and loudly began to yell that he was not down. The house of Dinnie was in an uproar, hooting Frank and yelling for another fall.

"You had better tell the crowd you were down," Gotch yelled to Dinnie from the wings of the stage, but Dinnie only yelled the louder.

"You people saw that he never had me down for that second fall, didn't you?" Dinnie yelled over the footlights. "The big bum is afraid to come out again for fear I'll throw him."

For probably the first time in his life Gotch lost his head. As he slowly walked out on the stage his face was the color of a sheet and he could not talk. He merely stood in the centre of the mat motioning Dinnie to come to him for another bout. The Englishman came forth and the crowd set up a fearful howl.

Gotch caught him by his right hand, yanked the Englishman toward him, picked him up bodily, lifted him shoulder high, crashed him to the canvas with a thud, jumped on him, and in less than five seconds

had Dinnie's leg half way up his back in the cruel toehold.

"I'm down, I'm down," frantically screamed the disconcerted Dinnie at the top of his lungs, at the same time beating fiercely with both hands on the mat.

"You're only kidding yourself; you're not down so soon," smiled Gotch into Dinnie's face, at the same time keeping the pressure going.

Dinnie was in mortal agony that his leg would snap and almost fainted from the pain.

Finally, after a little extra shove, Gotch allowed Dinnie to get to his feet. To the credit of the man it must be stated that he painfully limped to the footlights and told his friends that "Gotch was the greatest wrestler of all time."

* * *

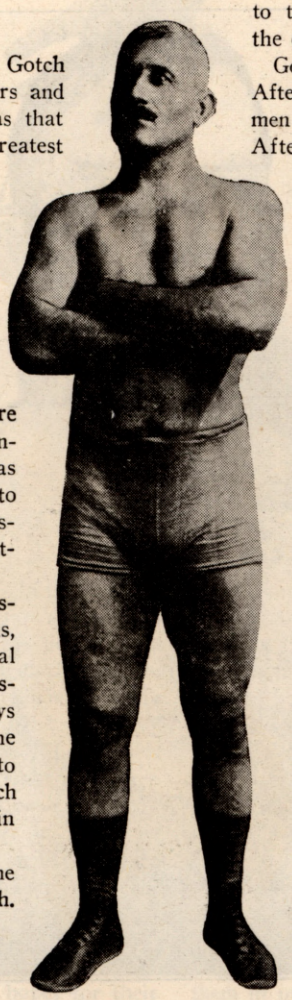
FOLLOWING his return to this country, Gotch decided to defend his title against all comers and the first big match in which he engaged was that with Yussiff Mahmout. That contest, one of the greatest in the career of Gotch, took place on April 14, 1909, at the Dexter Park Pavilion, Chicago, and was a finish match. The Bulgarian wonder was tossed in straight falls in a fast and furious affair that kept the huge crowd in a state of excitement from start to finish.

Gotch won both falls with crotch and half-Nelson holds, the first in eight minutes and the second, in nine minutes and 10 seconds, respectively. Quite different from the hour or more "phony matches" that are announced as championship affairs these days. With Gotch, wrestling was a business and the future gates meant nothing to him. He always went in to win in the shortest possible time and that's why he was so great an attraction.

Mahmout had gone through the American wrestlers like a whirlwind, defeating Beel, Americus, Cutler and a host of lesser lights in a sensational manner. He had abnormal strength and was possessed of extreme confidence in himself. He always wrestled in his bare feet and in order to get the match with Gotch, he consented to forfeit $500 to be permitted to come in without shoes, when Gotch had objected to the "Balkan Lion" wrestling in this manner.

Gotch was in the pink of condition when he crawled through the ropes the evening of the match. He was prepared for a contest of endurance and had prepared to take the heart out of the "Lion" by roughing him.

The victory of the champion is all the more notable inasmuch as he did not use his famous toehold in bringing about the downfall of the powerful foreigner, whose shoulders had not hitherto been put to the mat in America.



Yussiff Mahmout, the Balkan Lion who was tossed by Gotch in almost record time.

Gotch was able to get almost any hold he desired. The match was fast and exciting from the time the men entered the ring. It was full of action, snap, dash, and vim from start to finish. It was so short that there was not a single idle moment between the two falls.

At the word go from Referee Ed. W. Smith of Chicago, Gotch was all action. He came out with his head lowered and rough-housed Mahmout off the mat. He clung onto the top rope but Gotch slid behind him and with a wrench had him squirming in the air and in the center of the mat. He slammed Mahmout down on all fours and then started working on his legs.

* * *

FOR the first three minutes the men rolled about the ring without either getting a hold. Finally after three minutes of wrestling Gotch secured a hold on Mahmout's left leg and threw him to the mat.

The American champion was after the foreigner like a wildcat, and the Bulgarian responded with every ounce of strength in his physique, but could not break the hold of Gotch. Mahmout bridged and used every artifice in his repertoire to forestall the fall that appeared to be approaching.

Gotch gradually forced his opponent's shoulders to the mat. It was a magnificent test of strength between two great exponents of the wrestling game, but the champion, cheered on by his admirers, finally secured a crotch and half-Nelson hold, and Referee Smith gave him the fall in eight minutes. Mahmout's shoulders were pinned to the mat for the first time since he had been in this country.

The crowd cheered and yelled for several minutes after the fall. The sudden ending of the fall came as a complete surprise to the spectators who expected the foreigner to give the champion a harder struggle.

Gotch and Mahmout started the second fall at 11:29. After a minute of fiddling in the middle of the ring, the men mixed and Mahmout put Gotch down on the mat. After some sharp work Gotch wriggled out of the Bulgarian's hold and assumed the aggressive.

Gotch tried repeatedly for the deadly toehold, but Mahmout fought harder than before, and the American was unable to get the bare foot, Gotch obtained a bar lock on Mahmout, but the men wriggled off the mat.

Referee Smith called them to the centre of the ring. Mahmout allowed Gotch his old hold. Gotch soon got a crotch and half-Nelson, but Mahmout wriggled out.

The struggle waxed fast and furious with Mahmout on the defensive all the time. Gotch then got the same hold that won the first fall for him, a crotch and half-Nelson.

Mahmout realized the danger, fought like a wildcat to break the hold, but it was of no avail. Despite the Bulgarian's immense strength and ability he was pinned to the mat for the final fall in 9 minutes, 10 seconds.

Mahmout was a crushed man when taken to his corner. He simply shook his head in a heart-broken silence and waited for his manager, Antonine Pierri, to lead him from the ring. To his credit it must be added that he did not come out with any statement after the match; did not say that his condition was faulty, or quibble over a single point in the game and absolutely refused a second match.

* * *

WITH the Mahmout bout over, Gotch had proved that he was a champion of champions. He showed that he had mastered the sport to such extent that none of those who were his challengers could stand up before him. With the championship in his possession, the Iowa farmer reaped the fortune which all title holders go after. He appeared in exhibitions, on the stage and in bouts where the money kept flowing in. He toured the East and the middle-West and six months after the Mahmout bout he found himself in New York where he was hard pressed for a match by Stanislaus Zbyszko, the giant Pole.

Zbyszko had come to this country primarily for forcing the issue and obtaining a championship bout. He had appeared throughout Europe with signal success and saw no reason why he couldn't duplicate the feats in this land. He had taken on the cream of the talent and proved himself the master, so why not, Gotch, he asked.

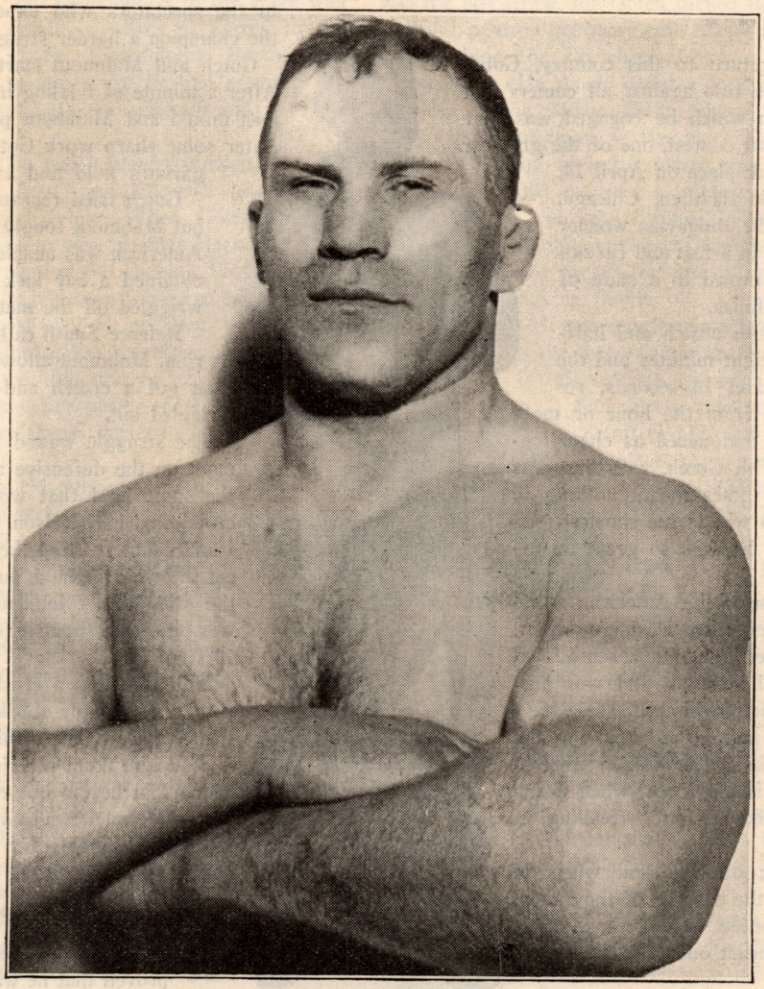
After considerable dickering, he finally caught up with the Iowan and they were matched for a bout in Buffalo. The contest took place on November 25, 1909, but it was not billed as a championship. The bout was keenly contested and lasted one hour, with the official verdict at the end of that period being a draw. It was the splendid performance that Zbyszko gave in that match that earned him a return bout later.

A Warrior Bold

Hans Steinke, One of the World's Greatest Wrestlers, Gained Distinction on the Battlefields of France

By JACK KOFOED

BACK from Hollywood, where he had played the part of a rough man and a wrestler in several big pictures, Hans Steinke, who, as Ivan Stanislaus, made a hit in "Deception," in which Nat Pendleton, another wrestler, was starred, is on the warpath, seeking a championship match with any of the four claimants to the crown. Hans, it will be recalled, quit wrestling for the movies only after he found it impossible to get the leaders of the mat sport into the same ring with him, but now that the summer is on, and the picture business has slackened, the big German has resumed where he left off last January.



Hans Steinke, rated the strongest wrestler of today.

Steinke, born in Stettin, which is a grim old garrison town of Germany, tinged with the memory of the soldiery of two hundred years, comes from a family of hardy men. In fact, most of the inhabitants of the village are strong men. His father was a butcher. His many brothers were strong-necked huskies, built like piano movers, and, like most Prussians, they were heavy-handed. But Hans was the strongest of the lot and it didn't take long for his power to gain him considerable recognition.

War came suddenly to Germany in that shuddering August of 1914 . . . . and the good burghers of Stettin and their stout wives had no idea of how horrible it would be. They sent their sons off to the front with green boughs decorating the trains and *"Nacht* Paris" painted in boastful white on the sides.

Steinke went . . . . thrilled to his bones, as any youngster would be, at this adventure into the unknown. No German doubted that the trained battalions would sweep aside the French in their ridiculous long blue coats . . . . Already the hoofs of the Uhlans were clattering along the roads of Belgium, and the smoke of burning homes smudged the summer sky.

Hans was a private in the Guards regiment known as the "Cockchafers" . . . . big men and born fighters, all of them. They had the usual contempt big men have for little fellows. The poilus seemed less than contemptible. *Sturm-truppen,* that's what the Cockchafers were . . . . Over the top and give 'em hell with the bayonet.

THREE years of the war took some of that snappiness out of them . . . . But by that time most of the regiment was filled with drafts of boys and older men . . . . Some of the veterans were left . . . . hard-bitten fellows like Steinke, who had become a sergeant by this time.

They had gone through fire, and were hardened by it . . . . Hans, who had dreamed of becoming a wrestler in the days before the war, had hopes of nothing now. He was immersed in the horror of his existence . . . . gas and bursting shells, bayonets and bombs and blood. Nothing else was real.

It didn't seem that either side would ever win the war. It would go on . . . . and on . . . . until everyone in the world was dead.

Then . . . . at the Butte des Mortes the Cockchafers came to hand-grips with those grim devils of the Foreign Legion. France didn't care what happened to the Legion. Those fellows were made for sacrifice. Their blood had watered the earth in a score of countries.

The High Command decided that the Butte must be taken . . . . and the Legion was given the job. Holding the Butte were the Cockchafers.

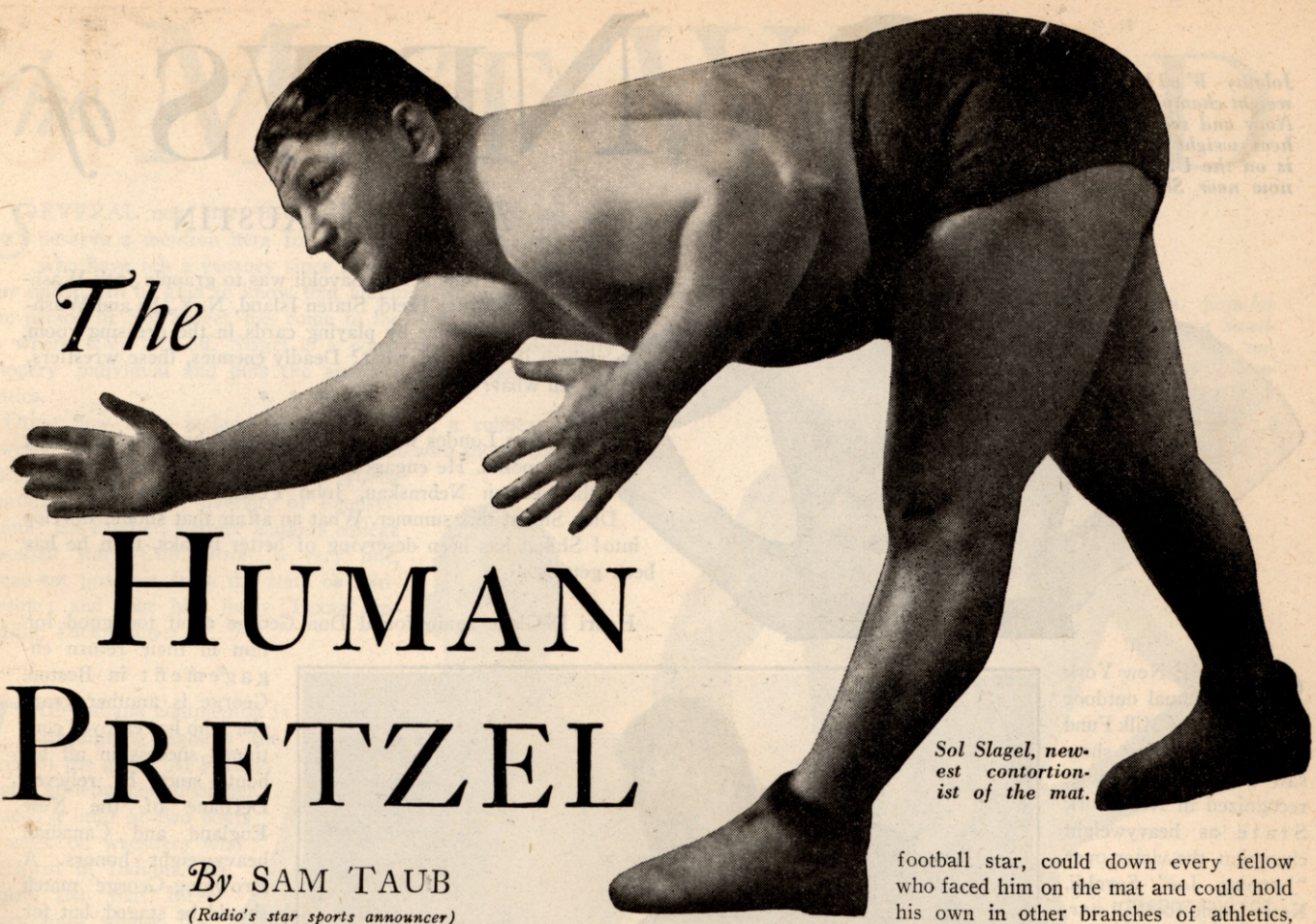
First there was the mad, brain-shaking thunder of the barrage . . . . Steinke and his mates hid in their dugouts and waited while the shells rained out of the sky at them . . . . and the Legion, bayonets slanted, came marching up the hill.

The machine guns began to chatter their messages of death. Rifles joined in the din . . . . Steinke, out in the trenches now, a pistol in his hand, walked up and down behind the men of his platoon, urging, commanding, cursing.

The Legionnaires came on, men of every race in their khaki uniforms . . . . Americans and Russians, blond Poles and dark Arabs . . . . They bowed their heads against the bullets as though those lead death-bearers were sheets of rain . . . . They carpeted the ground with their bodies . . . . but others came on until they reached the Cockchafers . . . . and bayonets sliced human flesh . . . . and men died horribly in the trenches and on the slope.

(Continued on page 31)

The HUMAN PRETZEL



Sol Slagel, newest contortionist of the mat.

By SAM TAUB

(Radio's star sports announcer)

JACK PFEFFER, who has brought over to this country the greatest collection of European mat stars seen around here for the past ten years, is singing the praises of a newcomer who is under his wing. Singularly enough, whereas Pfeffer, in the past, has dealt almost entirely with European stars, he is now glorifying an American favorite, in the person of Sol Slagel.

Sol, who first saw the light of day in Topeka, Kansas, has taken the place of Fritz Kley as wrestling's contortionist. He can wiggle out of almost any hold, and the manner in which he executes his maneuvers makes the crowd shout with glee. He has become such a favorite with New York fans that scarcely a card is staged on which the promoters do not insist that he be given a prominent place.

Sol is a German-Jew and one of a quartet of four boys, all strong, sturdy men. The elder Slagels had high hopes for their offspring. Sol happens to be the oldest of the flock, but, oddly enough, he is also the smallest, although by no means the weakest member of the present Slagel clan.

Young Slagel, who is built as strong as a brick wall and who knows how to make his bulk disappear, to the amazement of his wrestling opponent and the hilarious laughter of the audience, is twenty-three years old and weighs two hundred and thirty-five pounds. Sol is five feet seven inches in his bare feet, but is so well put together that his pudginess is by no means any hindrance to him.

* * *

WHEN a kid, the Topeka mob, remembering the stories and also eye-views of cyclones, for which their native State of Kansas is noted, decided that nothing would be more fitting than to tag the name of "Cyclone" to young Slagel, a dynamic lad who, at that time, played left guard on the Washburn College team, where he put in his student days and where he also mastered the art of wrestling.

The ideas of "Pa" Slagel as to what young Sol would do in the business world differed considerably from the thoughts that rambled through the restive frame of this young giant athlete. It mattered not to the elder Slagel that his first born was a great football star, could down every fellow who faced him on the mat and could hold his own in other branches of athletics, such as throwing the discus and shot-putting. His mind was made up that he would rear his boy to become an agriculturist. But he didn't figure on young Sol.

Being brought up around farm surroundings, restless Slagel, Jr., began to fret and become annoyed at having to anchor as long as he did in one spot. Sol still had six months to go before completing his college course and, to prevent "Pa" Slagel from carrying out his plan, Sol chucked the works and ducked for the West Coast to seek fame and fortune in the grappling profession.

"Pa" Slagel was fit to be tied, but finally he became reconciled when Sol's "Ma," reminding pater that the boy was old enough to make his own choice, won her argument, and now the head of the Slagel household in Topeka is mighty pleased that he didn't attempt to throw any more monkey wrenches into his boy's plans.

It was in his early days, even before he went to college, that Slagel discovered he could flabbergast his cronies by outbluffing them in mat contests. He showed them how elusive he could be by ducking from under them and, literally and figuratively speaking, do a disappearance act while his rival believed he had him effectually tied up with a deadly hold. Being double-jointed, Slagel quickly found out how he could use that to the best advantage.

* * *

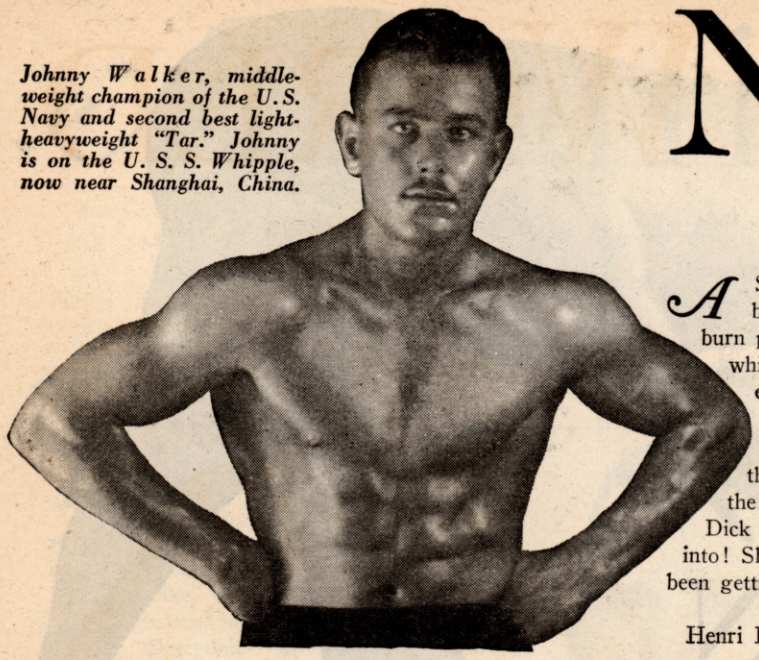
OF course, Slagel has picked up considerable of the fine points of the sport since he became a professional mat artist. In his college days, all of his efforts as a mat exponent, were as an amateur, yet at that he mastered the game so well that all he needed, when he eventually made up his mind to follow the sport for the fame and money there was in it, was a little brushing up here and there to enable him to combat any of the giant bone-crushers with whom he came in contact.

What made Slagel all the more serious-minded was the fact that he met his ideal while disporting his wares on the Coast, in the town of San Jose, where he married the belle of the town. Sol realized that now he had his work cut out for him, for, while the old adage of two living as cheaply as one may be true in a way, yet it took real coin of the realm to keep himself and the Mrs. going in any kind of style.

It was while working his way *(Continued on page 30)*

NEWS of

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Johnny Walker, middleweight champion of the U. S. Navy and second best light-heavyweight "Tar." Johnny is on the U. S. S. Whipple, now near Shanghai, China.

A SHORT time before Savoldi was to grapple Jack Washburn at Miller Field, Staten Island, N. Y., he and Washburn passed the time by playing cards in the dressing room, which is a sign of what? Deadly enemies, these wrestlers, eh what?

* * *

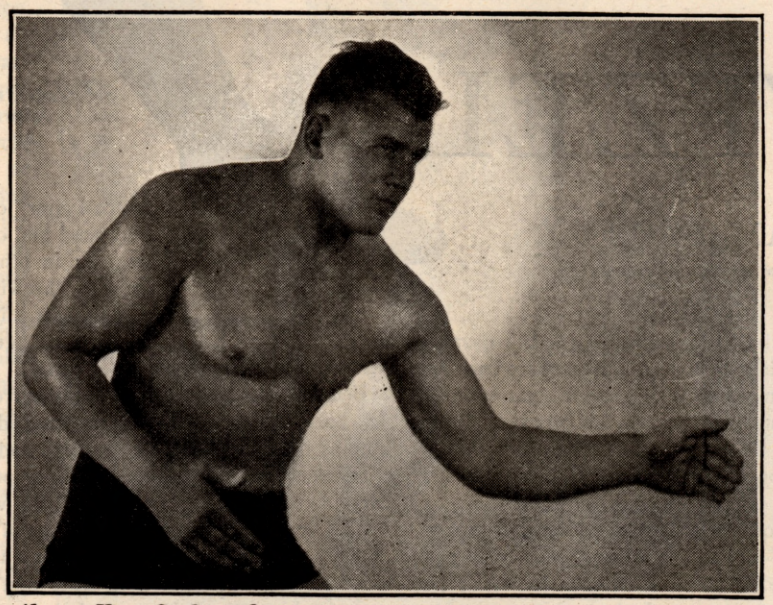
Jim Londos was undefeated in all his matches during the month. He engaged in an hour-and-a-half draw with the veteran Nebraskan, John Pesek. Londos may meet Dick Shikat this summer. What an affair that should develop into! Shikat has been deserving of better breaks, than he has been getting.

* * *

Henri DeGlane again found Don George a bit too good for him in their return engagement in Boston. George is another grappler who has enjoyed continued success in all his bouts since he relieved DeGlane of the New England and Canadian heavyweight honors. A Browning-George match should be staged, but for some reason or other, the Curley-Bowser forces haven't as yet done much to bring these two colorful giants together. They met before both were "champions," but at the present time it would seem that they have too much at stake.

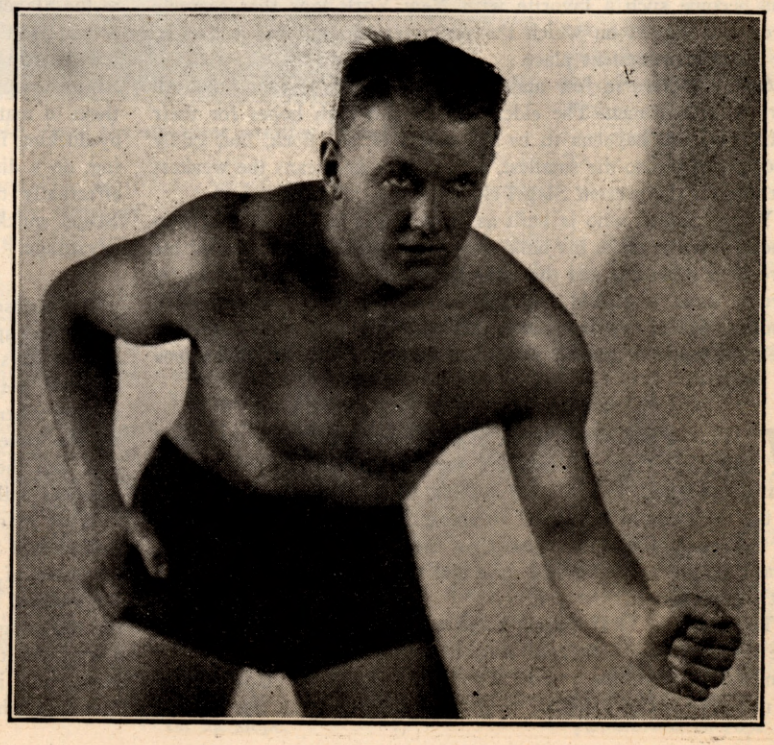
* * *

THE New York annual outdoor Free Milk Fund wrestling show saw Big Jim Browning, recognized in New York State as heavyweight champion, the victor over "Jumping Joe" Savoldi, Notre Dame football star, after almost two hours of tussling in intermittent showers. The rain kept the attendance down to 5,500 fans, and the gate to $9,000, of which the Milk Fund received a share. The bout itself was rather dull, due considerably to the weather. It looked to the writer as if Browning could have tossed Savoldi had he really wanted to. The referee, Gunboat Smith stole the show. The gunner may be a good boxing referee, but as a wrestling official, he is far off color. He received many uncomplimentary remarks because he kept warning Browning every time Jim did anything, right or wrong. Savoldi certainly had plenty of help from Smith, yet couldn't win even with the gunner's aid. Savoldi showed in this bout and in his other performances during the month that he possesses little other than his famous flying drop-kick, which is a foul, and a fairly good wrist lock. Hence he cannot be classed as a title threat or a great wrestler. Browning has much more to recommend him. He can hold his own with the best.



Above—Kurt Gabriel, latest German heavyweight star, has made a hit.

Right—Stanley Sokolis, University of Pennsylvania's contribution to the heavyweight ranks.



Browning has been a very active fellow since relieving the veteran Strangler Lewis of his New York honors, and has successfully invaded the United States and Canada, wrestling as many as eight matches in eleven nights, each in scattered towns.

Savoldi, on the other hand, has been built up, but still cannot quite convince the fans that he has the ability to cope with the leaders. He gives a spectacular performance which is what many fans want.

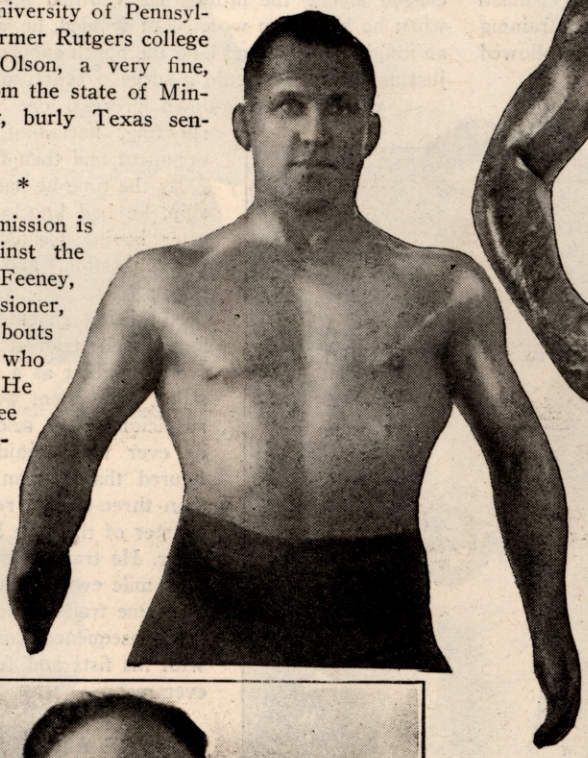
the MAT WORLD

SEVERAL new stars have popped up in past weeks, and deserve a mention here for their fine performances. Fans who have felt a vacancy since Fritz Kley disappeared from our midst will be glad to know that another "human pretzel" in the person of Sol Slagel, has come to the fore, and has started in where Kley left off. Slagel is a ponderous, but exceedingly slippery individual and puts the audience in stitches with his antics.

Other new faces include Elmer Anderson, a rubbery-legged Swede; Kurt Gabriel, a new German giant who shows considerable promise; Stanley Sokolis, a young sensation from the University of Pennsylvania; Eli Fischer, former Rutgers college football star; Cliff Olson, a very fine, clean-cut prospect from the state of Minnesota; and that big, burly Texas sensation, Dick Raines.

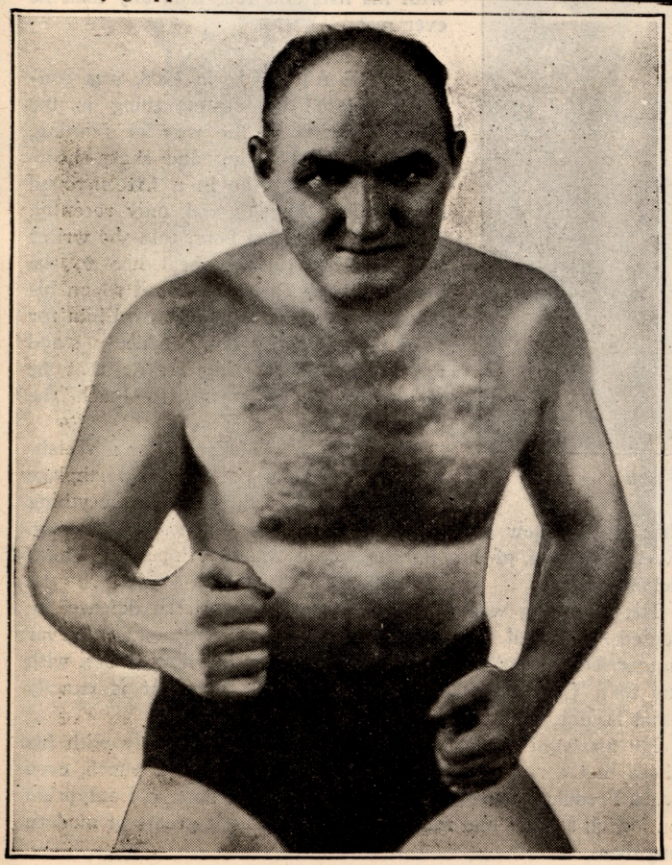
* * *

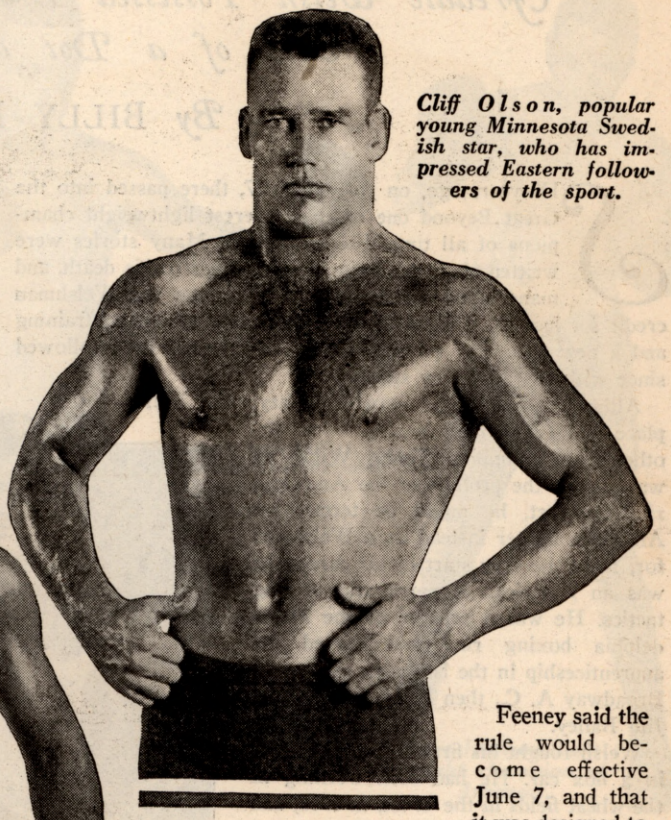
THE Indiana commission is campaigning against the evils of the game. Al Feeney, state athletic commissioner, placed a limit of two bouts a week on wrestlers who perform in Indiana. He ruled also that three days must elapse between matches.



Tom Alley, claimant of the Australian heavyweight crown.

Jack Russell, a rough-and-ready western cowboy grappler.





Cliff Olson, popular young Minnesota Swedish star, who has impressed Eastern followers of the sport.

Feeney said the rule would become effective June 7, and that it was designed to eliminate the "chain store style of wrestling."

Feeney said he knew that some wrestlers were participating in as many as five shows a week and sometimes staging as many as three matches with the same opponent.

"I have no desire to hinder any one making a living," said Feeney, "but the practice carried on by some promoters of making a complete burlesque of the game must be stopped."

Other state commissioners should act similarly.

* * *

And speaking of Indiana wrestling, a word about Coach Thom of the University of Indiana is in order. Thom, one of the best drawing cards in the state, is a clean-cut athlete in his thirties, and is responsible for such stars as Dr. Ralph Wilson and Buck Weaver, two of his pupils.

Dr. Ralph Wilson, internationally known surgeon-wrestler, has deserted the mat sport for the surgeon's knife. He has decided to devote all his time in the future to hospital work. Dr. Wilson has gone to live in Evansville, Indiana.

* * *

Joe Hasson of Omaha, who was recently shot while fishing with his brother Emil on the Missouri River, is none other than one of the Dusek brothers, of wrestling fame. The shooting was accidental and was not serious.

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Pat O'Shocker (Oh that hair!) is "cahraazy" about hunting? . . . . Paul Jones likes to spend his spare time on the ranch as a cowboy? . . . . Dick Shikat was in the German Navy during the World War? . . . . Strangler Lewis owned a half-interest in a chain of restaurants? . . . . Joe Stecher was a good ball player in his youth and was offered a contract with the Philadelphia Athletics? . . . . Paul Boesch, he of the fine figure, was a life guard *(Continued on page 32)*

The Perfect Left Jab

Freddie Welsh Possessed It—Mastered Punch With the Aid of a Dot on Punching Bag

By BILLY McCARNEY

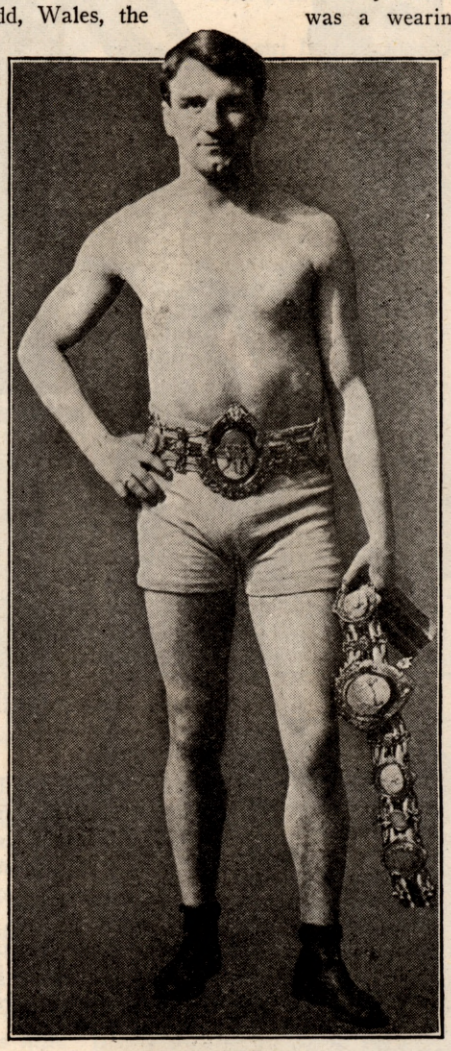
SIX years ago, on July 29, 1927, there passed into the Great Beyond one of the cleverest lightweight champions of all time, Freddie Welsh. Many stories were written about his unique career prior to his death, and many since, but none has ever given the Welshman credit for having been the inventor of a new system of training and a new school of physical education that has been followed since with extraordinary success.

Although Welsh was born in Pontypridd, Wales, the place that gave to the boxing world another great champion, Jimmy Wilde, he was wholly the product of the American ring. In fact, he might be termed an American fighter instead of a Welshman for, from the very start of his career, he was an American in spirit and in ring tactics. He was a protégé of the Philadelphia boxing ring and served his apprenticeship in the bailiwick of the old Broadway A. C., then ruled by Diamond Jim Bailey.

Welsh fought his first fight in America in a box car. He had been working in the wheat fields in the West, in 1905, and was on his way to Philadelphia. A gang of bullies boarded the freight car to rob the workers from the wheat fields. Three of them roughly told Welsh to hand over his money. Welsh refused, and a fight started. Welsh whipped the trio, one of whom jumped from the train. Another was knocked senseless and the third begged Welsh not to fling him from the car.

Welsh arrived in Philadelphia and started to box in that city. His first fight was with Young Williams at the Broadway A. C. He knocked out Williams in three rounds. He boxed and beat a lot of second-raters, novices and preliminary fighters. Tim Callahan, then a veteran, outpointed Welsh, and it was the lesson of his life.

The Welshman returned to the gym after his mill with Callahan, and announced that he would perfect a defense, consisting of the most accurate left-hand jab in the game. And he did! He painted a white dot on the punching bag and, with that dot as his target, he learned not only to lead like a flash, but to plant the impact of the lead squarely on the dot.



Freddie Welsh

At the time he remarked that few fighters were anything but stocky in their legs. It was his deduction that American fighters could come to the attack like panthers, but they could not delay, feint and wheel. His antics in training amused most of the railbirds, for it was a new school of fighting, and one they could not comprehend. Yet he conclusively proved the wisdom of the change in training methods.

In rapid succession, the little Welsh lad beat Frank Carsey of Chicago; "Kid" Gleason, Hock Keys of Australia; Johnny Kelly, Matty Baldwin of Boston, and the other top-line lightweights. Then he went to California to learn the twenty-round game.

THE story has often been printed that Welsh had no punch. But that is far from the fact. When Welsh adopted the American style after intensive study, and learned how to meet his foe and nail him with a "cross," he proved his right to be classed among the hitters. He whittled his men gradually and, when he had them worried or winded, he would close in, adopt an infighting style and land the punch soporific. He did this often just as cleanly as would a surgeon penetrate with his knife. His was a wearing-down process, one that involved sharp shooting, harassing jabs to weary an opponent and then finish him.

By the time he had won the championship, he had knocked out eighteen men after having treated them to the cause in "exhaustion," and then dealt the finish punch.

Not being an eater of meats, and the fact that he trained almost as differently from a fighter as a sprinter does from a miler, his system was looked upon with suspicion. They said he would crack if he ever went against the class. Welsh figured that a man never fought more than three-minute rounds, and that one-quarter of the time he was resting in his chair. He trained for sprint fights rather than mile events. He made his legs take the same training he gave his arms, and the consequence was that he was faster with his fists and feet than any man he ever met.

* * *

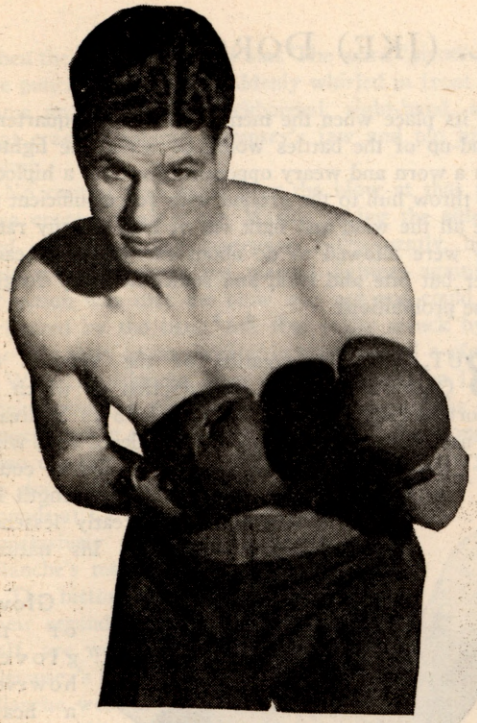
ABE ATTELL, in 1908, was considered the fastest thing in the American ring in the way of feinting, side-stepping, blocking and sharp-shooting. Welsh met Abe in a fifteen-round bout in Los Angeles and, only recently, Abe, discussing that bout, told the writer that Welsh invariably beat him to the punch and wheeled and turned so on his feet that he was afraid to crowd him for fear that Welsh would suddenly stand and catch him coming in, or that he would tumble in trying to reach the elusive lad.

When one talks of Freddie as a Welshman, he can refer only to his birthplace and not to his fighting, for everything that Welsh knew about the ring game, he learned in America. Every fraction of his fighting force was developed in Philadelphia.

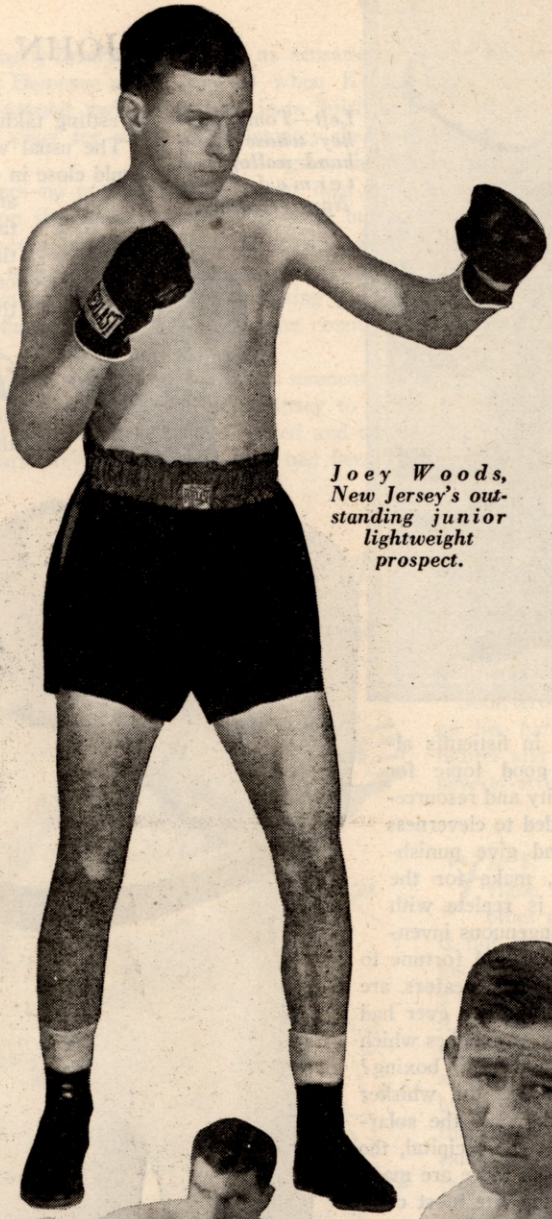
His schooling was all of the American style. In defense, he copied Abe Attell, except that he improved slightly on that clever fighter. He went Abe one better, for he learned how to box with his feet. Odd, indeed, as this may seem, yet that is exactly what he did.

He mastered the art of maneuvering so deceptively with his shoes that a rival could scarcely reach him with a punch, even when Freddie dropped his hands. Freddie was born at Pontypridd on March 5, 1886, and ranks as one of the fistic greats of modern pugilism.

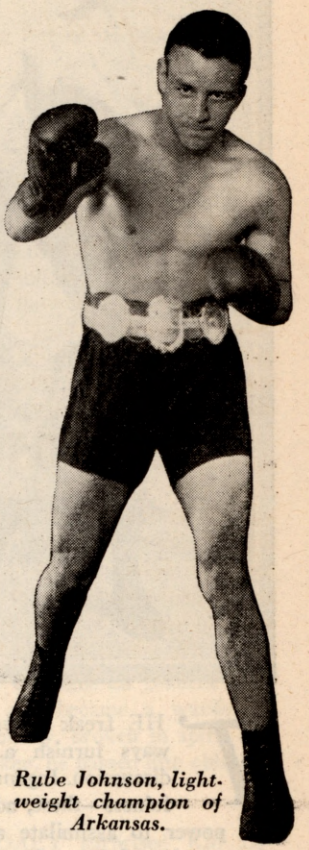
Small Club Favorites



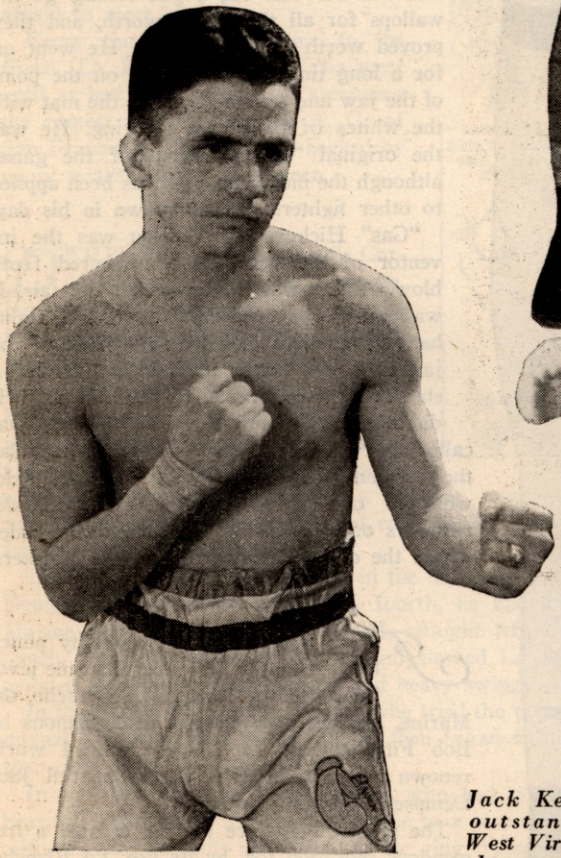
Guy Salerno, Southern California Italian middleweight.



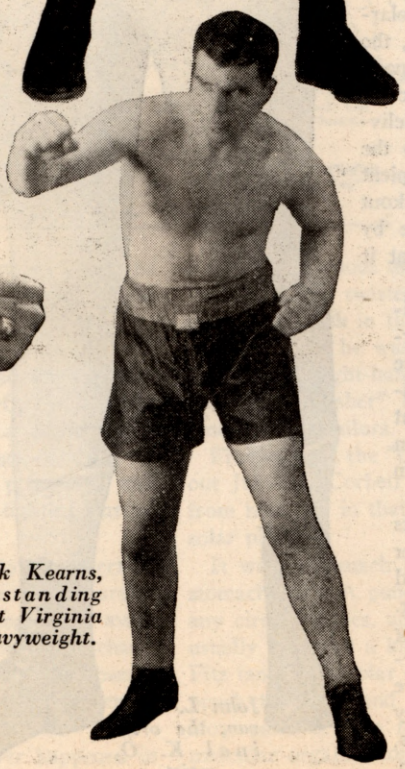
Joey Woods, New Jersey's outstanding junior lightweight prospect.



Rube Johnson, lightweight champion of Arkansas.



Johnny Baltzer, former Golden Glove flyweight champion, from Iowa.



Jack Kearns, outstanding West Virginia heavyweight.

Jackie Davis, Cleveland's coming welterweight ace.

How Freak

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

Left—Tom Sharkey whose right-hand wallop was termed "The Navy Crusher."

THE freak blows in fisticuffs always furnish a good topic for discussion. Ingenuity and resourcefulness—these, added to cleverness and power to assimilate and give punishment, and a fighting heart, make for the ideal fighter. Ring history is replete with stories of ring trickery and ingenuous inventions which have brought fame and fortune to fighters and, in many cases, the creators are remembered only for that. Have you ever had enumerated to you the number of punches which are employed or have been employed in boxing?

Just a few include the pivot, the whisker punch, the scissors, the corkscrew, the solar-plexus, the rabbit, the kidney, the occipital, the loop and the navy crasher. And there are many more besides those. By far the one most commonly known—the knockout—is a blow delivered to any part of the body, usually to the point of the jaw, that renders the recipient unconscious or sub-conscious. The knockout punch was first brought into prominence by John L. Sullivan, who scored so many that it became identified as his own.

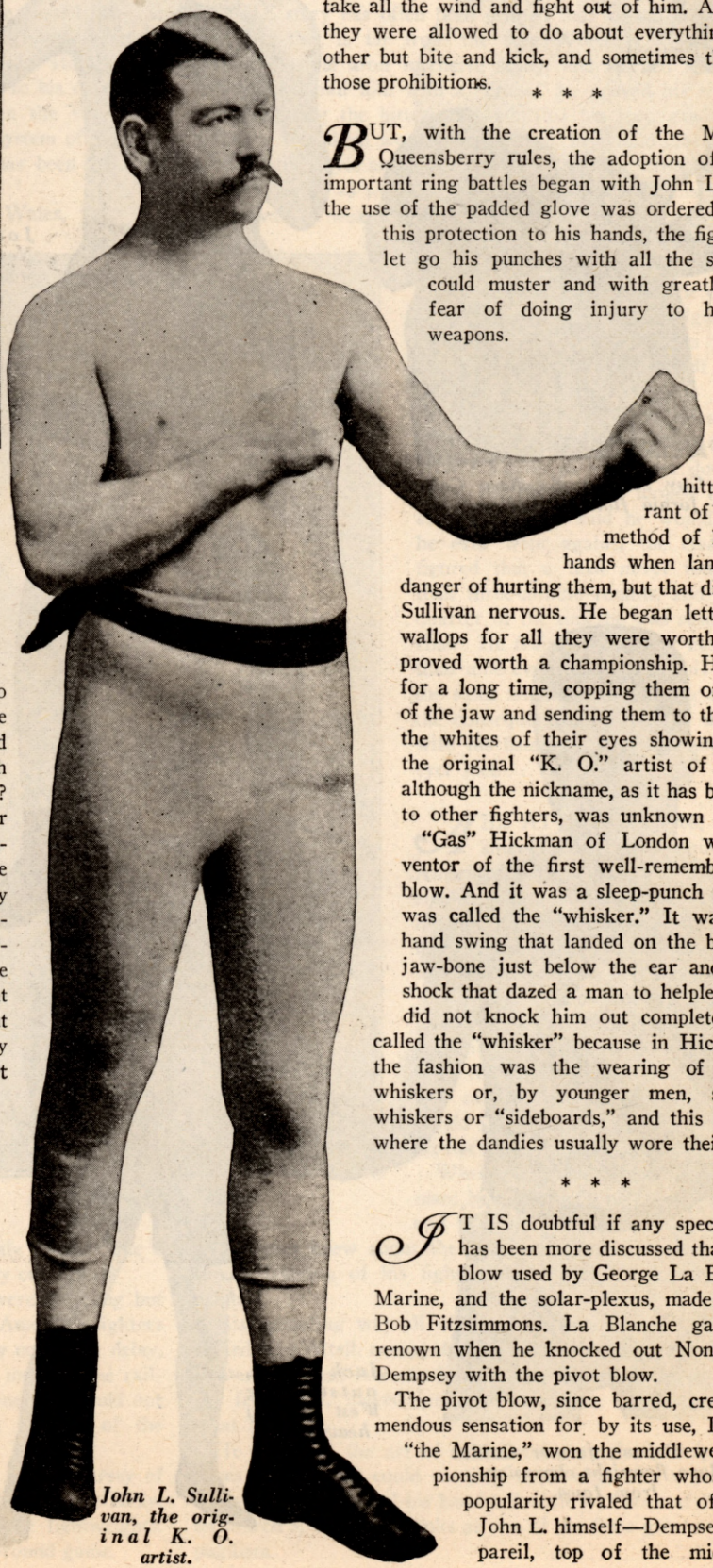
The reason for that was that before Sullivan's time, fighters engaging in fistic warfare with the bare fists didn't take the chance of smashing one's knuckles or wrists by hitting with all one's might against the point of the chin. Invariably the men tried to down their opponents, either by wearing them down with body punishment or wrestling.

It is to be remembered that these contests were fought with bare knuckles and under the London Prize Ring rules, which allowed of a mixture of wrestling as well as hitting. Fighters could not take chances of breaking knuckles and wrist bones or otherwise injuring their bare hands, and so did not dare hit as hard as they could, excepting as they tried for heart or stomach, for, in those days, scientific infighting was hardly known, wrestling taking its place when the men came to close quarters.

The usual wind-up of the battles would be when one fighter could close in on a worn and weary opponent, give him a hiplock and throw him to the ground with force sufficient to take all the wind and fight out of him. At any rate, they were allowed to do about everything to each other but bite and kick, and sometimes they forgot those prohibitions.

* * *

BUT, with the creation of the Marquis of Queensberry rules, the adoption of which in important ring battles began with John L. Sullivan, the use of the padded glove was ordered and, with this protection to his hands, the fighter could let go his punches with all the strength he could muster and with greatly lessened fear of doing injury to his natural weapons.



John L. Sullivan, the original K. O. artist.

Gloves or no gloves, however, a heavy hitter, ignorant of the correct method of holding his hands when landing, is in danger of hurting them, but that did not make Sullivan nervous. He began letting go his wallops for all they were worth, and they proved worth a championship. He went on for a long time, copping them on the point of the jaw and sending them to the mat with the whites of their eyes showing. He was the original "K. O." artist of the game, although the nickname, as it has been applied to other fighters, was unknown in his day.

"Gas" Hickman of London was the inventor of the first well-remembered freak blow. And it was a sleep-punch for fair. It was called the "whisker." It was a right-hand swing that landed on the back of the jaw-bone just below the ear and carried a shock that dazed a man to helplessness, if it did not knock him out completely. It was called the "whisker" because in Hickman's day the fashion was the wearing of long side-whiskers or, by younger men, short side-whiskers or "sideboards," and this blow ended where the dandies usually wore their whiskers.

* * *

IT IS doubtful if any specialty punch has been more discussed than the pivot blow used by George La Blanche, the Marine, and the solar-plexus, made famous by Bob Fitzsimmons. La Blanche gained world renown when he knocked out Nonpareil Jack Dempsey with the pivot blow.

The pivot blow, since barred, created a tremendous sensation for by its use, La Blanche, "the Marine," won the middleweight championship from a fighter whose personal popularity rivaled that of the great John L. himself—Dempsey, the Nonpareil, top of the middleweights

Punches *Originated*

when the Marine defeated him. The word "pivot" exactly describes the punch. La Blanche suddenly whirled in front of Dempsey and came around with a backhanded, right-hand, all-around swing that crashed against Dempsey's jaw and put him away for the count.

No contest was made over the blow at that time—no protest was entered against the Marine taking the title on the sudden and surprising ring maneuver. Subsequently, however, referees held it in disrepute and warned fighters against using it. The objection was that the blow was not and could not be properly delivered by the hand, but was really struck by the wrist, and there is little or no padding in the wrist of a glove.

When La Blanche hung his pivot punch on Dempsey and sent Jack down for the first defeat, the result was one of the most unexpected in ring history. Possibly no one thought less of defeat than did the Nonpareil himself, for only three years previously, he stopped the Marine in thirteen vicious rounds at Larchmont, N. Y., and proved conclusively then that he was La Blanche's master.

The history of events leading up to their second meeting, and the fight itself, are worth while repeating. After Dempsey's victory over the Marine, La Blanche went to San Francisco, where he opened a "cafe." He had for his patrons some of the greatest sportsmen of his time. La Blanche, at every opportunity, did his utmost to obtain a return bout with Dempsey, and he kept telling his patrons why the Nonpareil was afraid to meet him.

Every time Dempsey came to the Coast, La Blanche issued a challenge until at last he succeeded in arranging the contest at the California A. C., of San Francisco. The bout was backed by many wealthy Coast sportsmen.

* * *

DEMPSEY trained at Croll's Gardens, across the bay in Alameda. He never mentioned La Blanche without talking of the "pivot blow." Dempsey must have had some queer foreboding — some almost prophetic knowledge of the punch that was to start him down the lane of defeat. Otherwise, the "pivot blow" never would have entered his calculations. He even went so far as to ask his seconds to keep watch and call to him if they thought La Blanche was about to use it.

The fight, up to its very ending in the thirtieth round, was all Dempsey's. Before the end of the fourth, he had knocked the Marine flat on his back with a hard, straight left, his favorite punch. From that time on, he cut and slashed La Blanche and avoided the Marine's hard rushes and heavy swings.

In the twenty-fifth round, La Blanche tried the pivot blow and missed. Dempsey kept away a little, then began fighting harder than ever, trying for a knockout.

In the thirtieth round, La Blanche, who had taken a terrific beating, reeled along the rope. He came to a stop near a corner, with his back towards the middle of the ring trying to get away from the blows that Dempsey was raining upon him. The champion, furiously eager to finish it, was hitting fast with both hands. Dempsey was still fresh and strong—La Blanche, apparently, about to drop.

Then came the most astonishing thing that ever happened in a ring, as sensational as the knocking out of Ketchel by Jack Johnson when Ketchel had knocked Johnson down and was rushing in to finish him.

As Dempsey slackened the pace for a second, to let La Blanche face him again, the Marine pivoted on his left heel and swung his left arm, held stiffly at full length. He never saw where the blow was going but some fate directed it. The Marine's blindly-flung fist struck solidly on the champion's jaw. Dempsey fell forward as if he had been struck by lightning, face down on the floor, breaking his nose. There he lay, half conscious and unable to rise. The count reached "ten," and the referee turned to the winner.

At that moment all eyes shifted from the prostrate form of Jack Dempsey to where La Blanche stood, leaning against the ropes, dazed and all but out himself, not yet realizing that the man who had been beating him slowly down was lying at his feet. He was a winner who didn't know that he had won.

When Jack Dempsey stood up at last he walked unsteadily to La Blanche's corner and, throwing his arms around the neck of the victor, begged for a return match, but La Blanche never gave it to him.

Soon after the fight La Blanche gave up his bar and became a wandering fighter and finally, broken in spirit and poverty-stricken, he passed into oblivion.

* * *

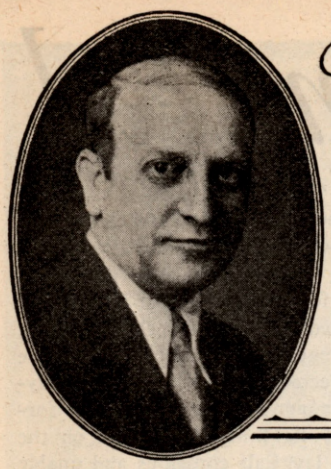
JACK DALY surprised Kid Lavigne and Jack McKeever and other good men of his time, which is not so far back, with what became known as the "scissors" blow. It took a mighty fast and clever man to deliver it, for it was a double punch on practically the one delivery. It consisted of a straight right, immediately followed by a chop to the same spot, and hence this snapping or closing motion to the same place was likened to the drawing together of scissor blades.

Joe Gans's "cruller" blow was a half turn of the hand just before striking and was deceptive in that the man didn't know whether the punch was coming for his jaw or his body. Kid McCoy improved on it and created what became much more famous than the "cruller," the "corkscrew." It started like a jab and twisted and wound as a chop and was his most punishing punch in the manner of cutting up a man, at which in glove fighting, he was the champion.

Sharkey's right-hand cross was a terrific thing and was dubbed the "navy crusher" because of Tom's former life as one of Uncle Sam's sailors.

Fitzsimmons, the "Old Master," not only won fame by knocking out James J. Corbett and taking the championship of the world from him, but in that he did it with a new unusual punch—the solar plexus.

It was a stomach punch, but delivered higher than the usual stomach blow. A punch in the belly is a hard one to take under any circumstances, and a fighter who can land a heavy one can usually put over a knockout to the jaw on top of it. But when Fitz landed his solar plexus blow there was no need of a further punch to top it and achieve a knockout. For the solar plexus blow paralyzes the nervous centre in the torso and the entire muscular organization is temporarily *(Continued on page 31)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Barney Ross Sets Example for Ambitious Youths
N. B. A.'s Stand on Title Holders Brings Ridicule
Death of Charles F. Mathison Big Loss to Boxing

FISTIC fandom was never so hungry for idols as it is today. A fighter who comes up from nowhere to attain international recognition is certain of a following that will aid him to make his fortune. That was demonstrated in the case of Max Baer after he had knocked out the great Max Schmeling, and it was duplicated in Chicago when a lad who had been out of the amateur ranks only a few months wrested the lightweight crown from off the head of Tony Canzoneri and now reigns as the most popular boy in the Windy City.

When Barney Ross, born in New York City, Bernard Rossofsky, twenty-two years ago, ended the reign of one of the finest champions of recent years, through a two-to-one verdict of the officials, he set an example for the ambitious youth, such as can be found only in an Horatio Alger tale. Only three years ago, Barney joined the ranks of amateur fighters, after gunmen had killed his dad in a holdup. Barney quit school because he needed money to help his family and he decided that the quickest way to earn it was with the fists.

First he would make his mark as a Simon pure and then he would turn professional and win a title—that was his goal, and in less than three years his ambition was achieved. That is the true American spirit of perseverance—the never-give-up spirit. Elsewhere in this issue, you will find the story of the career of this American-born boy of foreign parentage—just another one of the thousands of lads who have taken advantage of the opportunities offered them in this land of the free, and made good.

Our congratulations to Barney Ross. May his reign be long and prosperous.

* * *

TOMMY LOUGHRAN is getting old, but that does not seem to detract much from his fighting ability. The recent "comeback" of the Philadelphia boxing wonder is simply astounding, when one considers how often it has been stated that his ring career was at an end. Tommy is one fighter who, like Tennyson's "Brook," appears to go on forever.

When Loughran lost his ring earnings through the failure of a Philadelphia bank last year, he found it necessary to go back to the only work he knew—boxing. He realized his shortcomings, knew that he had little of his old craftiness still with him, and that he would be forced to face young men in the prime of life, hence, like the master workman he is, Tommy went off to the woods, mapped out a six-months' schedule of arduous labor for himself, and then returned to the roped square confident, as he put it, that he could hold his own against the best of the present-day heavies.

And Tommy has proved to the fistic world that he was not wrong. His recent performances mark him as a marvel. His victories since making the return have stamped him as one of the truly greats of modern fisticuffs. When Loughran was matched with Steve Hamas, former Penn College star, for their fourth engagement, the experts predicted a quick knockout for the erstwhile light-heavyweight champion. Tommy, however, thought otherwise. He declared himself in no uncertain terms that he would win the bout, and win he did.

Tommy not only evened the score with Steve, but convinced a large gathering at the Yankee Stadium that he still retains his title of "master boxer." To gain the verdict, he had to use all his skill in addition to combativeness. Finding Hamas too powerful an adversary, Loughran abandoned his usual careful ring tactics and decided to swap punch for punch, and thereby surprised even his most ardent supporters, of whom Tommy boasts a considerable number.

Loughran's exemplary life, his sportsmanship, his kindliness and his honesty, have endeared him to the fight public and there is no man in the ring today who deserves their support more than does Tommy.

* * *

THE National Boxing Association, which has among its membership thirty-one state commissions in this country and is affiliated with the leading organizations of its kind in Europe, is having a difficult time to survive the depression. It will not be surprising to see the N.B.A. disband ere another year elapses.

In a recent communication to the members, James M. Brown, national president, makes a strong plea not only for support for his rulings, but financial support. It seems that most states have found their boxing revenue so far depleted that the commissions are either unable or unwilling to pay the N.B.A. dues, and without that the association cannot survive.

Where in past years, especially when General McClinnin was at the helm, the N.B.A. had no difficulty collecting, this year the association is in the red so heavily that not only has its work been curtailed, but the interest of state members has fallen to such an extent that there is grave danger of a total collapse.

For this situation, the N.B.A. officials have none but themselves to blame. As I have so often pointed out, the association has an opportunity to do a world of good for boxing, but its directors have missed so many golden opportunities to place the organization in the spotlight by means of healthy, constructive rulings that it has become a joke organization.

For example, is there any reason in the world why President Brown should continue to ask his association members whether Maxie Rosenbloom should be recognized as the world light-heavyweight title-holder? If the leader of the N.B.A. had any backbone, he wouldn't permit politics to enter into world championship rulings. He would announce to his membership that Rosenbloom has so far outclassed every legitimate claimant to the light-heavyweight crown that the N.B.A. HEREBY RECOGNIZES HIM AS THE WORLD CHAMPION.

That kind of action would merit commendation and would show that the N.B.A. is truly an organization that seeks the betterment of boxing.

* * *

INSTEAD, what do we find? The N.B.A. questionnaire sent to all members by the president, asks for a vote on the title-holder and then, receiving an insufficient number of favorable replies, announces that the light-heavyweight title is still open. Why?

What does the N.B.A. want Maxie to do? Perhaps if he killed off all the N.B.A. championship contenders instead of merely beating them, the N.B.A. would find it convenient to recognize him as the champion.

It wouldn't be so bad were the N.B.A. to act on its own behalf only and show its ignorance of boxing by adopting such attitude

as it has in both the light-heavyweight and the featherweight class, but it seems to me to be a pity that the European Federation accepts such asinine rulings and agrees with the N.B.A. to leave Maxie Rosenbloom out in the cold!

I have the highest respect for Paul Rousseau and the British Board of Boxing Control, and I do hope that they will see the light and act on their own in accepting legitimate title-holders as champions instead of on the political group that seems to have bones to crack and doesn't mind how it is accomplished. To recognize Freddie Miller as the featherweight king is as much an absurdity as to refuse recognition to Rosenbloom. The two leading featherweights in the world are Kid Chocolate and Seaman Watson. When Miller was accepted after his defeat of Tommy Paul, who was beaten half a dozen times, it went out of its way to create a muddle in the featherweight division.

Miller may be a good little fighter, but he has often been whipped. Only recently he lost to Abie Israel and Baby Arizmendi, and he certainly doesn't deserve the honors placed upon his shoulders by the N.B.A.

And in the case of Jackie Brown of England, it is too far-fetched to permit of argumentation. When he is given the world flyweight title, and Midget Wolgast, the legitimate champion, is ignored, there is no further need for discussion. What the N.B.A. needs is a complete overhauling, with men placed at the helm who know something about boxing and are not merely good politicians.

* * *

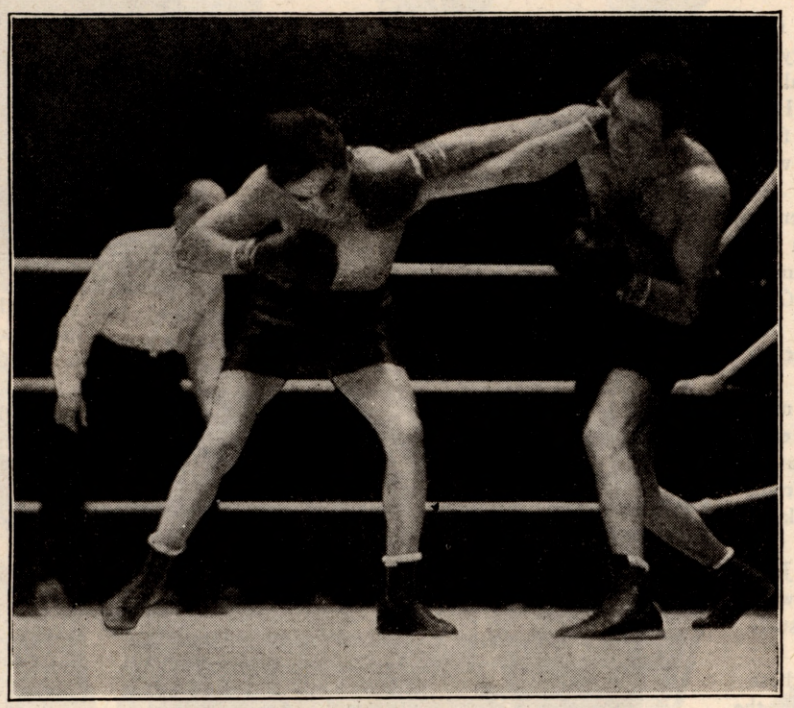
WHILE on the subject of the National Boxing Association, it is worth while reviewing here still another ridiculous suggestion made by one of its members. Recently, President Brown of the organization sent out a notice to the membership asking for a vote and favorable consideration of Doctor Julian R. Brandon's plan to revise the boxing rules. Doctor Brandon, a member of the California commission, asks the N.B.A. to revise the rules to permit a two-minute rest between rounds, instead of one. Of course, Doctor Brandon means well, but why, may I ask, make of boxing a sport for mollycoddles? Too many changes already have hampered the sport. Then why go further?

As I pointed out in a previous issue, deaths in boxing are rare. Most of the injuries and fatalities have taken place in amateur boxing, not professional, and the percentage of deaths and severe injuries in the ring game is insignificant compared to those in football, baseball and other strenuous sports. Incidentally, the eminent doctor, in his arguments, declares:

"I suggest a compulsory revision of the Marquis of Queensberry rules." Does he realize that boxing in this country no longer is ruled by the Marquis of Queensberry code?

Does he know that, in his own state, where he is a member of the commission, the boys fight under California state rules and not the Marquis of Queensberry rules? Likewise in all other states?

If he feels that a change is necessary, all that is required is for him to present his plans to his own board and have the California commission conform to his judgment. The Marquis of Queensberry rules have been a dead letter in boxing for more than fifteen years, doctor!



Barney Ross, left, new lightweight champion, misses a left and receives a right hand counter to the head from Tony Canzoneri.

HERE is the letter which Doctor Brandon sent to the N.B.A. president and which Mr. Brown, in turn, forwarded to his members with a request that they consider the change and vote on same:

"The following will explain the cause of so many ring fatalities:—When the Marquis of Queensberry wrote the rules to govern boxing contests and allowed three minutes to each round of fighting and only one-minute rest between rounds, he made a very serious mistake in the time allotted for rest.

"In allowing only one-minute rest, serious harm is done, as there never was a heart built to stand the terrible strain of three minutes of hard fighting, with only one-minute rest. The minute rest does not allow the heart time to come back to a normal beat.

"A boxer starting to fight three more minutes while his heart is still accelerated or, in other words, is still beating too fast, dilates his heart, and when this goes on to an acute dilation, fatal results often follow. It is the cause of the death of many boxers who are supposed to have died from a punch. It is true some die from a blood clot on the brain, but more die of heart strain, either at the time or later on, or continue through life as heart cripples.

"At least two minutes' rest should be given between each round and, if this is done, there will be fewer ring fatalities.

"I suggest a compulsory revision of the Marquis of Queensberry rules by the Boxing Commission."

Laugh that one off!

* * *

ONE of the oldest of New York sports writers, Charles F. Mathison, long associated with the boxing commission as a judge, died from a heart attack on June 22, the afternoon following his appearance as a judge at the Loughran-Hamas fight. With his death, boxing lost one of its great writers, a critic whose forceful words carried considerable weight in fistic circles. THE RING mourns his loss, and the Editor, with whom Mr. Mathison was associated in business over a period of twenty-seven years, feels the loss most keenly.

Mr. Mathison's passing, at the age of seventy-seven, followed only a few weeks that of his greatest admirer, William Muldoon. It was with Mr. Muldoon that Mathison wrote the first rules of boxing which constituted the New York code, following the legalization of the sport. Mathison also was instrumental in drawing up the law which became known as the Walker Law.

As a member of the Army-Navy-Civilian Board of Boxing, a body organized by the National Sporting Club of New York before the Walker Law was passed, Mathison drew up the code under which boxing was staged by that organization and which later became incorporated in the New York law. He was one of the best boxing judges in the country and often was commended by Mr. Muldoon for his decisions.

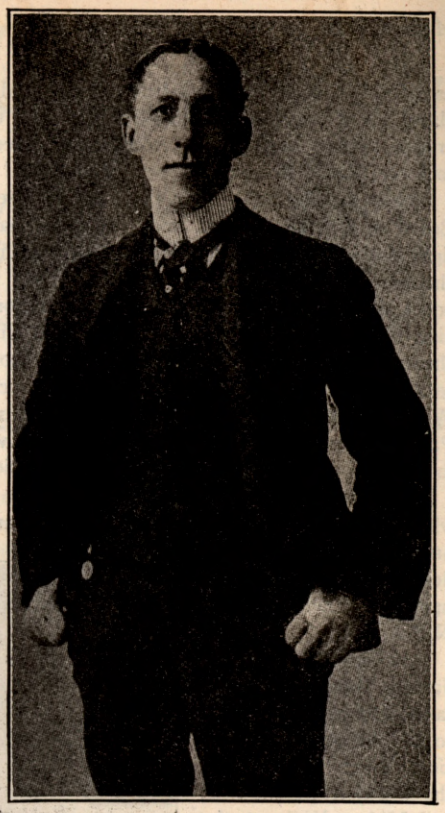
Mr. Muldoon appointed him as a judge in most of the championship fights, such faith did he have in his good judgment. Mathison was the official who refused to give the first Schmeling-Sharkey fight to the German on a foul, on the ground that he had not seen the foul. In the second fight, he was the lone official to award the bout to Schmeling.

Mathison was the only writer in the country who saw Sullivan in each of his championship fights.

When Fights Were Fights

A Great Referee, Now Living in Texas, Tells of a Thrilling Battle in Hoboken That Lasted Four Hours

By JOHNNY ECKHARDT *as told to* H. MARKSON



Johnny Eckhardt, famed official of years ago

IT was five o'clock in the morning of a hot, stuffy day in August, 1892. Twenty-three perspiring spectators were grouped around a small ring pitched on a hard floor, in a small dance hall in Hoboken, New Jersey. There was no canvas on the floor as is customary, but the floor was covered with resin so that the men in the ring would not slip. Of the twenty-three spectators present, twelve were newspapermen who had been secretly invited to witness a fight. Sam Austin, then editor of the *Police Gazette*, but now a New York State boxing judge, was one of the scribes present.

Inside the ring, two men, stripped to the waist, fought each other savagely as the spectators looked on. One fighter was Frank Murphy of Sheffield, England, featherweight champion of that country. The other was Jack Havlin of Boston. The men were fighting for $1,000 a side, a stake was put up by their friends.

There was no purse in those days. The fight was under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. The staging of fights years ago in some secluded place, for a side bet, was a common occurrence as most states had laws against prize fighting, and the police had to be avoided in many instances.

Tom O'Rourke, dean of American managers and pomoters, who seconded Jack Havlin

* * *

THE battle was originally scheduled to take place at Point of Pines, Boston, in August, 1892, but the police interfered and the match was called off. The next night the bout was attempted to be staged at a wealthy New Yorker's private residence at Larchmont, New York. The little gathering of men was to have left on a yacht for the rendezvous, but the news leaked out and a crowd gathered at the pier, with the result that the police got wind of the affair and the match was again called off.

A couple of nights later, the affair was fixed for Hoboken, and the men left New York secretly for the scene. It was almost two o'clock in the morning when all hands were accounted for. The fight was not called until five o'clock, at daybreak, as the men would not fight before then, because the lights in the little place were too dim.

Al Smith, dean of referees, officiated; Tom O'Rourke and Jack McAuliffe were the seconds in Havlin's corner; while Ned Holske and Arthur Chambers were in Murphy's corner. The men were fighting with skin-tight gloves. This glove is the same as the driving glove with the fingers cut off, and was used so when they hit each other the blows would cut them.

The moment the fight started, the men went at each other like two bulldogs. The terrific blows had their effect early in the fight and the men were soon covered with blood. They looked like two battered pigs. Neither fighter winced and the bout never lagged for a second. At the end of the 15th round both men were ugly sights to behold. They fought with deadly determination.

At the end of the 24th round, both of Havlin's eyes were closed and his mouth was puffed to double its size. Before the 25th started, Havlin's seconds cut the swelling of his eyes and drew the blood out, so that he could see. At the beginning of that session, when he came out of his corner, Havlin pulled his eyelids down to get a glimpse of his opponent and then he went after his prey. He fought the rest of that round by intuition and was none the worse for it. Murphy's stomach was as red as a beet. The cuts resembled red streaks of ribbon and his arms were as black as ink from the blows of Havlin.

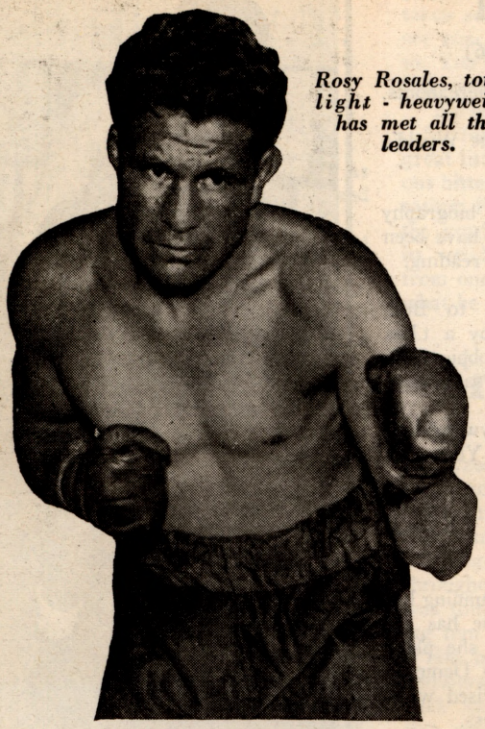
* * *

IN the 40th round, Murphy gamely kidded Havlin. "I say, Jack, let's fight a bit," he remarked, and the game Havlin answered, "What do you think I am doing, playing croquet?"

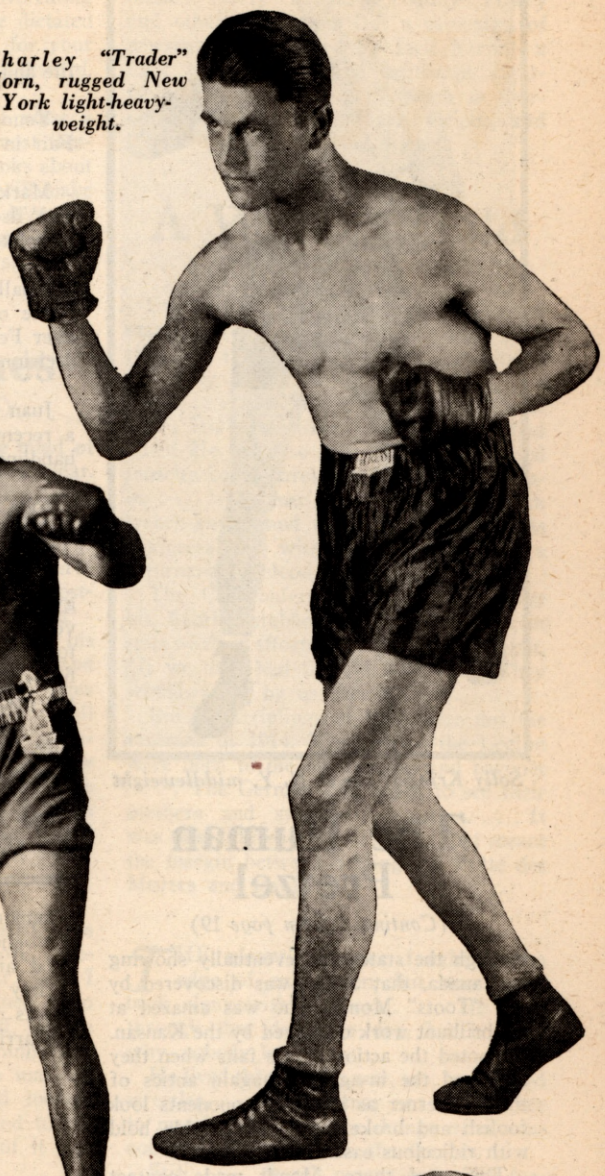
The men then went at each other, and if you ever saw two maniacs fighting with the fury of death, there were a couple in that ring that night. Ask Tom O'Rourke, he'll tell you. Tom will inform you that there were few gamer boys than the man he seconded that night.

Before the 50th round was reached, the spectators, whose hearts now started to give way, begged the referee to stop the fight, but as it was to a finish, he could not do it. But in the 51st round the plea of the spectators prevailed and the referee put a halt to one of the gamest, bloodiest *(Continued on page 33)*

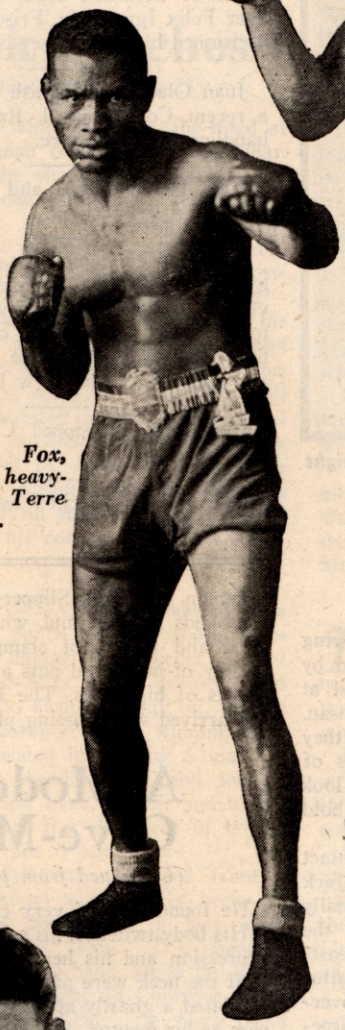
Boys Who Show Promise



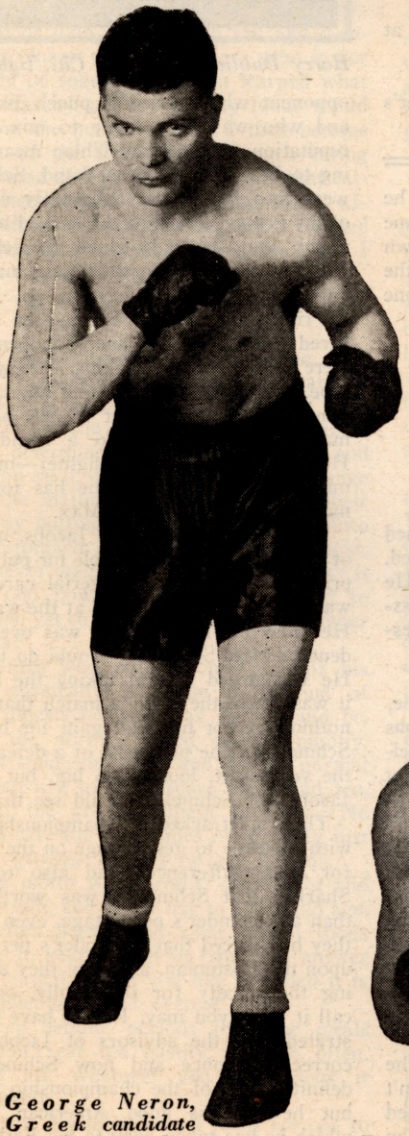
Rosy Rosales, tough light - heavyweight has met all the leaders.



Charley "Trader" Horn, rugged New York light-heavyweight.

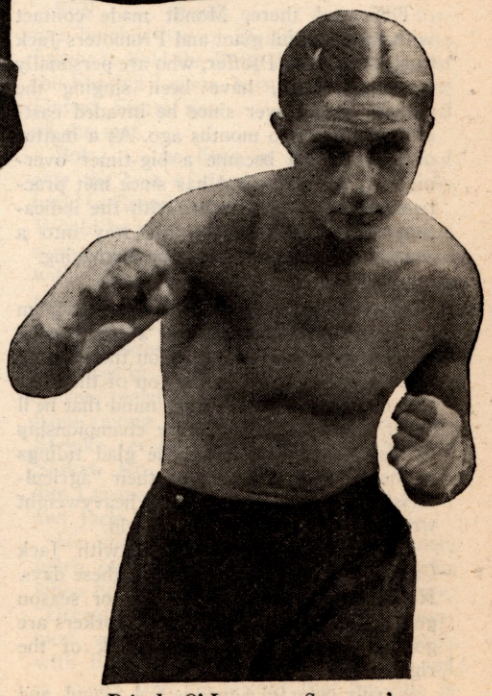


Tiger Jack Fox, slashing heavyweight from Terre Haute.

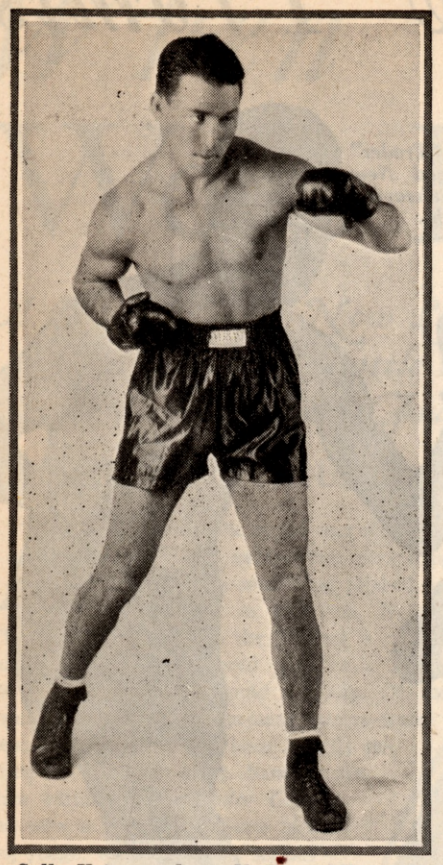


George Neron, Greek candidate for heavyweight honors.

Tony Sciolino, Buffalo's crack lightweight, gave Wesley Ramey a tough tussle.



Dick O'Leary, Scranton's flashy featherweight.



Solly Krieger, clever N. Y. middleweight

The Human Pretzel

(Continued from page 19)

through the states and eventually showing in Canada, that Slagel was discovered by Joe "Toots" Mondt, who was amazed at the brilliant work displayed by the Kansan. He noted the action of the fans when they approved the in-again-out-again antics of the Westerner as he made opponents look foolish and broke every conceivable hold with ridiculous ease.

Then and there, Mondt made contact with the youthful giant and Promoters Jack Curley and Jack Pfeffer, who are personally handling Slagel, have been singing the giant's praises ever since he invaded eastern territory two months ago. As a matter of fact, Slagel became a big-timer overnight in wrestling and has since met practically every star of note, with the indications of finally working his way into a championship match with Jim Browning.

* * *

SLAGEL has always believed, from the days when he was a kid tossing neighbor's children flat on their backs, that he would climb to the top of the division and he has made up his mind that he'll never rest until he nails the championship to his mast and clarions the glad tidings to the folks back home that their "agriculturist" has turned out to be the heavyweight wrestling champion of the world.

Pfeffer, who is associated with Jack Curley, talks nothing but Slagel these days. He predicts that, when the indoor season gets under way next fall, New Yorkers are going to go wild over the work of the rightly named Kansas "Cyclone."

A truly colorful figure is Sol Slagel, and a demon in action. Slippery as an eel, he confounds his foes and, when they become good and tired, Sol clamps on his own variety of holds and puts an ending to the efforts of his rivals. The Kansas Cyclone has arrived and is going places.

In Sunny California

(Continued from page 36)

life and is being given a tumble hereabouts.

Young Corbett is taking in the World's Fair in Chicago.

Mark Kelly is writing the biography of Wilson Mizner—five chapters have been completed—and very interesting reading.

Small Montana—no relation to Bull, Butte or Medicine Hat—won by a t.k.o. over Felix Ignacio in 'Frisco. Bobbie Gray decisioned Little Dempsey on the same card.

Juan Olaquibel, Spanish heavyweight, is a recent Coast arrival. Rafael Ybarra is handling Juan out here.

John Henry Lewis and Fred Lenhardt drew in a Frisco bout.

Mrs. Barney Dempsey is still running her gymnasium in Los Angeles. She has developed a tissue renewer which she plans to market. She has a lot of the Dempsey fight, and no one will be surprised when she goes over in her new business.

Jo Tieken decisioned Chris Pineda at Hollywood.

The Coast is excited over Max Baer's love affairs.

A Modern Cave-Man

(Continued from page 8)

He found himself very cruelly stung.

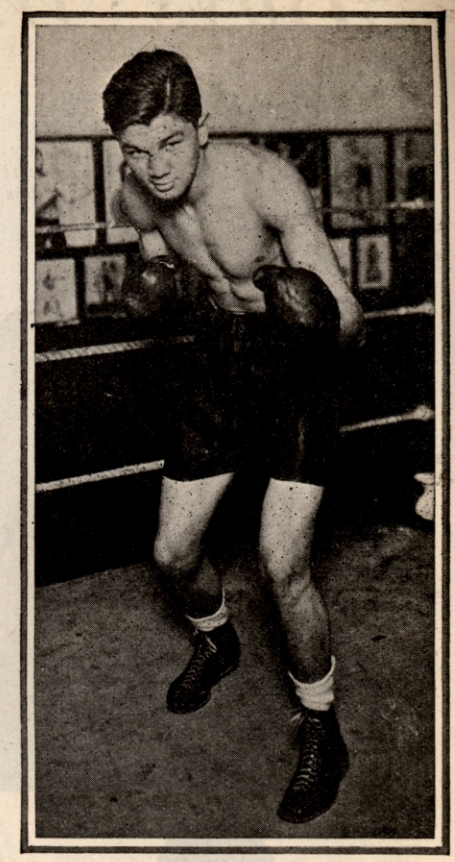
His body twitched, his eyes wore a pained expression and his head came up twisted, as if the neck were partially paralyzed. He exhibited a ghastly appearance of helplessness as his mentor, Joe Jacobs, wildly gesticulated to rise.

* * *

RISE Max did, at the count of nine, but it was apparent that neither Jacobs nor anyone else could help Schmeling. He was gone. Sheer courage alone got him to his feet and he tried desperately to cover but he had rubber legs that wouldn't obey. Punches bounced off his head as he reeled about the ring and finally took refuge in a corner. His back was turned to Baer, who had just set himself for the final blow, when Artie Donovan wisely stepped between and averted possible disaster in the form of another fatality.

Baer weighed 203 to 189¼ for Schmeling. The time of the knockout was 1.51.

It was apparent from the start that the style of fighting employed by Baer didn't quite suit his opponent, for Max seemed bewildered. He had never clashed with an opponent who carried a punch like Baer and who was ever eager to mix it. The reputation of the Black Uhlan meant nothing to Baer. On the other hand, Schmeling went into that battle apparently cocksure of his ground. He thought he had a sucker match and, instead, found himself confronted by a lion-hearted young man, who out-whanged him in every mix-up.



Harry Dublinsky, speedy Chi. lightweight

Prior to that fight, it must be remembered that Schmeling met opponents who were mostly of the "taking variety." The type that would come on and take a dozen punches in order to get in one, and that made Schmeling look like a world-beater. Herr Max is a great fighter—make no mistake about that—but he has found his master in the California Max.

Talking of suckers, Joe Jacobs, manager of the German, is responsible for pulling the prize boner of his managerial career. He was warned, but he scoffed at the warnings. He knew his Max and he was over-confident in what Schmeling would do to Baer. He was urged against taking the bout as it was, from the start, a match that meant nothing except financial gain for him and Schmeling. The prospects of a defeat, from the very start, loomed up big, but neither Jacobs nor Schmeling could see that.

They sidetracked a championship bout with Sharkey to get revenge on the Garden for some differences and also to show Sharkey that Schmeling was worth more than a contender's percentage, even though they had forced that contender's percentage upon the Bostonian, and now they are paying the penalty for their folly, or error, call it what you may. Events have demonstrated that the advisors of Jacobs were correct for once and now Schmeling is definitely out of the championship picture, but he has his good American dollars, which he has taken back to his Fatherland.

Where McLarnin Gets His T.N.T.

(Continued from page 13)

my surprise he immediately replied:

"Corbett, Tunney or Leonard."

You place them above such fighters as Sullivan, Dempsey, Johnson, Jeffries and Fitzsimmons? I queried.

"Yes, because the three I mentioned reached the top mostly through science and brains. Mentality, not mere physical power, brought them to the top. I admire above all the boxer who can use his brains to get out of difficulties."

And naturally, I then thought that Jimmy must be a student of the human frame and I asked whether he had any particular hobby.

"Yes," he replied. "I am fond of studying the body. It gives me considerable pleasure to know just how my body is built, what foods and what exercises will keep it in proper condition and how to avoid bodily ailments.

"You see, I always am in fine shape. I take good care of myself and therefore I'm really never in need of hard training to get into condition for any fight. When I first took up boxing, I started to study the body. I found it very interesting. I found that certain foods didn't agree with me, and I decided to know why. I therefore went in for a study of foods and I soon learned what effect starchy and non-starchy foods would have on the human system. I then became aware of the fact that too much eating was worse than no food at all, and that eating often instead of at definite times, affected the stomach and by degrees, I adopted a system that I have followed since and I am so much the better for it.

* * *

"YOU know it is a shame that people do not take better care of themselves by proper regulation of their food. When you consider that your span of life is determined by the food you eat and how you eat it, doesn't it seem rather strange how the majority of persons abuse their body by putting things promiscuously into their stomach that with proper thought, they never would attempt to do? Doesn't it seem odd how little attention is paid to food and yet so much care is given to proper clothes?

"A man who takes proper care of his body physically, eats the right kind of food, digests his meals as they should be, takes the normal period of rest nightly, drinks sufficient water and lives a normal life, can live to three-score years and ten, as did the great William Muldoon. He should care for the insides of his body just as he grooms himself on the outside.

"My motto is eat right, sleep right and think right, and you'll live to a ripe old age. I've often been asked what special foods I take to keep myself in trim. My answer is eat anything that you like provided it is digestible, and don't overeat.

"Keep definite periods for your meals and don't eat too hastily, nor too often. Above all, whatever you eat, digest it thoroughly.

"There should be no set foods for one to eat. One's likes, may be another's dislikes. So long as the food you take contains what your body most needs and proper care is taken so far as mastication and overeating are concerned, one should not be dictated to. You'll soon learn what's best for your body and you'll soon learn what to discard.

"No one will have to tell you."

So there you have a digest of what a great little champion, one of the most famous hitters in the sock market, thinks about eating. Follow him and you, too, will make the grade as he has. His advice is worth its weight in gold. It is sound and comes from one who has practised, and still does, what he preaches.

Freak Punches

(Continued from page 25)

paralyzed, the while, however, the mind of the stricken man remains perfectly clear.

And thus the story of Corbett's defeat was a tragic one. For he lay helpless and writhing, but open-eyed and conscious throughout the whole time that the referee was tolling off the count which was costing him the championship of the world.

His helplessness was pitiful, while his manliness in attempting to get up and back into the fight with legs and arms that would not, could not answer the call supplied a splendid exhibition of gameness. A few seconds after the count he was on his feet, the shock over, strong as a bull and so enraged that he had to be held back from an attempt to carry on the fight against his conqueror.

* * *

AD WOLGAST introduced the "loop" punch. It was more spectacular than damaging, however, and I always advised boys that I trained, who were anxious to flash it, to lay off, for the blow meant nothing in the winning of a battle. It consisted in holding a man off with the left, bending low and looping the right up and over the left and to the opponent's head. But the force of it was spent by the time it landed.

The "subway" was developed from it and I don't know which boxer began it. While it was no winner, it was more effective than the "loop." The opponent was held off by one hand, while the boxer bent low and brought an uppercut under play to the chin. But few boys could deliver an effective uppercut from the cramped position they were forced to take on delivery.

The meanest punch on record, and one rightfully barred by all sensible commissions and referees, was the "kidney." It consisted of a low chop to the small of the back, delivered in the clinches and on the getaway. It carried no knockout properties whatsoever, but was supposed to be damaging in a fight that went any distance—that is, if delivered in the early rounds its effect would be felt keenly in the later rounds and slow a man up if it did not cripple him entirely for continuing the encounter.

But I never saw it work that way. It did not figure during the contest, but would have a distressing effect on the fighter some twenty-four to forty-eight hours later. This would take the form of bladder hemorrhages lasting all of a week.

The blow was brought to this country by George Dawson, an Australian, who battled Harry Fischer, Tommy Tracey and other good men. But a campaign of newspaper letters, led by Jack Farrell, a fight enthusiast, stirred sentiment rightfully against the "kidney" punch as thoroughly unsportsmanlike and vicious, and it was thus sent into the discard.

A Warrior Bold

(Continued from page 18)

Steinke fired his pistol into the struggling masses before him, and then picked up a rifle and swung it with mad fury until it was only a twisted rod of metal in his hands . . . . He was drenched with sweat . . . . His eyes were gorged with blood . . . . He was so weary that his tired muscles could barely lift his broken weapon . . . . The men about him fought with trench-knives and the pick-handles of the engineers and with bare fists. It was a saturnalia of blood.

The Cockchafers gave ground, bit by bit, fighting stubbornly, but borne back in spite of their efforts . . . . Steinke thought, "If we only had the old boys here. They wouldn't get by us then!"

But the striplings of 1917 were not the veterans of 1914. The men of the Legion were born to die by shrapnel and bayonet . . . . The German lads hoped to see their mothers and sweethearts again . . . . It was this difference in viewpoint that meant the margin between holding the Butte des Mortes and losing it.

* * *

THE gigantic Steinke fought to the edge of exhaustion, but was swept back along with his boys . . . . He lived through that desperate day, but how or why, nobody knows.

He lived through the war, too, and turned wrestler . . . . which may not be a career to match in heroics the doings of a non-commissioned officer in the Guards.

Still . . . . there's money in it. The former butcher boy of Stettin, the giant who fought to hold the Butte des Mortes against the Foreign Legion, barnstorms around the United States now . . . . doing his stuff on the mat.

But . . . . he lives in good hotels and eats the best of food, and when he goes back to Germany he'll be a rich man . . . . Would he trade that for an Iron Cross and a muddy uniform and another horrible day with the blanched faces of the Legion charging up the hill?

You just know he wouldn't!

As a wrestler, Hans ranks among the foremost in the world. In fact, in a consensus recently compiled by THE RING from among its sixty-eight correspondents, Steinke received fourth place, with Dick Shikat, No. 1; Strangler Lewis, No. 2; Jim Londos, No. 3; Steinke in fourth place, and Jack Sherry in fifth.

He undoubtedly is a powerful grappler, much on the style of the elder Zbyszko when he was in his prime. In the picture, "Deception," he takes the part of the champion, who is double-crossed in his match with Bucky O'Neil (Nat Pendleton) and is tossed after he is told that his title is perfectly safe.

Cowardice Conquered

(Continued from page 15)

but lowered his head and gazed steadily at the smooth, tanned patch of stomach that lay between the top of the blue trunks and the sloping arch of the Kid's ribs.

When the bell sounded for the first round, Chick came from his corner slowly—following the ropes—as the Kid always did, and Chick smiled inwardly, for he knew the Kid realized the mockery.

The Kid started a straight left for the face. Chick threw his head to one side, feinted with his own left for the stomach; the Kid dropped his guard, and Chick snapped his right across, and with the palm of his glove he struck the Kid's cheek.

"Don't cry," he said to him; "that didn't hurt you!"

Again the Kid tried his left, and Chick slapped him as before.

The Kid rushed, and Chick extended his left, stiff from the shoulder. The Kid caught it squarely on the face. His head went back and he broke ground. Chick followed him into a corner, and sent in a right and left to the jaw; the Kid staggered and clinched. The crowd was in an uproar.

"Let me stay five rounds, will you?" Chick taunted him. "You'll blow up in the next!"

Then the bell rang.

The second round the Kid fought cautiously. He kept well covered, and seemed to be waiting for an opening. Chick feinted, dropped his hands, and used every artifice he knew to draw him into a lead. The round had been well started before the Kid assumed the aggressive and extended himself. Chick, overconfident and filled with enthusiasm, dropped his guard for an instant.

It was then that the Kid sprang at him, starting a swing as he came in. It caught Chick squarely upon the ear, and he went down.

His head hummed, and the great light over the ring swayed and danced. He heard the referee in a far-away voice counting off the fateful seconds. He struggled to his feet. The Kid was upon him.

He saw the brown blotch leap from the shimmering veil of haze around the white figure before him. He threw his left arm across his face, and blindly, half unconscious of his effort, he struck at the oncoming figure with his right. Something soft and yielding stopped it. He heard a yell and the welcome clang of the bell.

* * *

HE dropped his arm from his face. The Kid was lying with his head through the ropes. He saw them pick him up and carry him to his chair. Then he felt a strong arm through his arm. Clancy led him to his corner.

"The bell saved him," he heard him say; then his mind cleared.

The two handlers worked over him like madmen. He listened to Clancy's constant fire of talk.

"You go slow—play for the belly—look out for the haymakers—you'll git him—you'll git him—you'll git him. Keep away until you're steady—and clinch every time he comes in—and look out for that right swing of his—play for—" The bell rang.

Chick pressed his feet hard upon the floor—his legs did not tremble. His head rang, but his mind was clear. He knew he had had a mighty close call and nearly lost by a trick—a trick as old as the hills—one he had thought too old for him to be caught by.

Again he feinted the Kid into a lead, and received a strong left in the face. Again he tried for the stomach, and the Kid was ready to mix.

He seemed to be trying to rush matters—taking more chances. He landed now on the Kid's chest, but he kept boring in. Again he shook him up with a strong right to the jaw. The Kid clinched.

"Why don't you fight?" Chick whispered. "Is this the best you've got?"

When they broke, the Kid led again, and Chick countered to the face. The Kid stepped back. Chick saw the low right swing start; he moved in, lowered his head, and the swing went over.

The short, snappy left started—he caught it around his neck, and with all the power he possessed he threw his weight in behind his own punch and hooked it into the brown patch of skin above the blue trunks.

The Kid's shoulders struck first. He never moved as the referee counted off the ominous ten.

With a yell the crowd climbed through the ropes and closed him in. Again the thing had been done—a champion unmade—and made.

Chick Burns had arrived—conquered—Kid Shay and—himself!

Reaches the Top

(Continued from page 9)

in that city until he was six years old.

Many boxers have just drifted into the game. Ross, though, deliberately set out on the fistic trail because he figured he could make more money by fighting than in any other way. He started as an amateur, it is true, but even then he was a professional at heart, looking forward to the day when he would be well paid for his fistic labors.

When Barney was in his early teens, his father, proprietor of a grocery in Chicago's Ghetto, was shot and killed by two men who attempted to hold up the store. That left it up to Barney and a brother to run the business. They soon sold out and Barney worked at odd jobs while he completed a two-year high school course.

There didn't seem to be much of a future in anything he tried, and he began to think seriously of going into boxing. He talked it over with friends. One of them gave him some good advice. "If you want to be a fighter," counseled this one, "do it right. Go to one of the gymnasiums downtown and learn how to box."

Young Barney took that advice. After taking lessons daily for several weeks, he was advised to get some actual experience as an amateur before trying the professional game. That was in 1929. So he entered the Chicago Golden Gloves tournament and surprised everyone, including himself, by winning the featherweight honors. He also boxed in the intercity tournament between New York and Chicago and won his fight.

"The hardest fight I ever had, amateur or professional," says Ross, "was not the Canzoneri battle for the title, but that intercity bout in Madison Square Garden with Al Santora. I didn't feel very good when I started for the ring. The two Chicago boys just ahead of me had both lost and had come back to the dressing-room in tears.

"Well, anyway, Santora and I set a terrific pace for three rounds. I thought I had won and I was glad it was all over, because I was so tired I doubted if I could walk to the dressing-room. And then the judges called it a draw and ordered another round.

"It didn't seem to me I could stand up for another round, but I made the effort and it did not take me long to find out that, tired as I was, Santora was more tired. I won the decision. That fight taught me something I never will forget—that no matter how bad off you may be, the other fellow may be worse."

Shortly after that fight, Ross turned professional. He just had to make some money to help the family. Barney has done so well that the family doesn't have any more financial worries. He won twenty-three bouts in a row, up to the time he annexed the championship.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 21)

at Long Beach, N. Y.? . . . . Nick Lutze dittoed at Venice, California? . . . . Jack Curley promoted the Willard-Johnson fight at Havana? . . . . Hugh Nichols, the light-heavyweight, beat Jim Browning a few years back? . . . . Jim McMillen was captain of the University of Illinois football team and ran interference for the great "Red" Grange? . . . . Ray Steele's real moniker is Peter Sauer? . . . . And that his brother is one of the leading light-heavies? . . . . Martin Zikoff is a former sparring partner of Jack Dempsey? . . . . Babe Caddock's given name is Johnny Supsie? . . . . Jim Browning tossed eight different opponents in eleven nights in scattered cities on the Pacific Coast recently? . . . . The reason Jim Londos is not married is because he wants a devastating blonde, who looks flapperish, but is mature; must have a yen for athletics, yet not be muscular; must like the ranch Jim proposes to buy, yet look at home in the snootiest night clubs? . . . . Londos was christened Christopher Theophelus, which means in Greek, "friend of God"? . . . . Pat O'Shocker has a patented exerciser for massaging the spine, which he calls the Rol-o-Practor? . . . . Joe Stecher and Ed "Strangler" Lewis wrestled a five-hour draw at Omaha, Neb., in 1919? . . . . Stecher also threw John Pesek in the St. Louis Coliseum in 1925, after grappling from ten at night till after three o'clock in the morning? . . . . Jack Curley's latest venture is in the auto-racing field? . . . . John Richthoff, the giant Swede, threw Don George, in the Olympics when both were amateurs? . . . .

Muldoon, the Inventor

(Continued from page 11)

around Madison Square Garden, and Charley Johnston, to be given the chance to train the Boston Strong Boy.

At first they were opposed, but finally gave their consent. Knowing Muldoon's admiration for Sullivan, they decided to place his future in the Professor's hands.

So down to Muldoon's farm went Sullivan, and with him went Mike Cleary, a Boston fighter who trained with John L.

"Muldoon didn't waste any time," said Macon. "He started right in.

"First he made Sullivan understand that he must be obedient. Muldoon impressed upon the Boston fighter that he, not John, would be master of the Muldoon farm. Muldoon had Sullivan out of bed the first morning at seven o'clock. He made the 'Big Fellow' work with the dumb-bells for fifteen minutes before breakfast. Then he fitted him with heavy clothes and gave him a good, wholesome meal. An hour's rest, and then an adjournment to the barn for some more exercise.

"Muldoon set the visitor punching the canvas bag that hung from the ceiling, thus bringing into play the muscles of the arms and shoulders, and at the same time developing his hitting power. Then followed routine training work.

"In that training, the Professor had introduced several new features in pugilistic workouts. One was the skipping rope process and another the use of a huge punching or tossing ball, which Muldoon invented."

(The ball referred to is the same as our present-day medicine ball.—Ed.'s note.)

"The skipping rope was most useful for Sullivan. Under its process, his legs became tougher every day and at last he could skip the rope a thousand times and not feel a bit tired where, when he began, he tired after a dozen skips.

"As for the throwing ball, he exercised as follows:

"He, Mike Cleary and Muldoon would form the points of a triangle about eighteen feet apart and each would take turns at throwing the ball with all his strength and catching the return. Sometimes the ball was tossed high, sometimes low, sometimes direct and sometimes to the sides, so that in the long run, every part of the body was exercised.

"Muldoon's system began with a purgative and this he kept up daily until he was certain that Sullivan's body had been cleared of its poisons. During that period, Sullivan was not permitted to have any meat.

"In three months, Muldoon had brought Sullivan from the lowest to the highest condition of physical life. He removed his paunch and put him in fighting trim. Muldoon would watch Sullivan in his sleep. If he found him restless, he would ease up on his training the next day, and also make him eat considerable lettuce, which, the Professor said, had the effect of inducing sleep.

"The strong hand that Muldoon had taken in making Sullivan obey orders had brought the Boston Strong Boy around to the point of physical perfection for the Kilrain battle. It is only fair to Sullivan to say that, although he at first rebelled against the measures taken by his trainer, he finally acquiesced because he realized the wisdom of the Professor's course.

"Muldoon was simply a man of great force of character, a man with a strong will and sound judgment as to what was needed for the development of the physical system. He had used that will and that judgment in training Sullivan. He had brought the 'Big Fellow' under his will and had compelled him to recognize the superiority of his judgment."

That little story of Macon's carries a great sermon. It gives a wonderful insight into the force of character of the man who rebuilt the human frames of hundreds of others as he did Sullivan's.

As the trainer of Sullivan, he gave to the world an object lesson in physical training that all men should heed. Rest and regular, gentle exercises—that was his method of keeping the body fit.

He showed to the world with what simplicity the body can be kept in proper condition to perform the daily tasks. Muldoon did with Sullivan what no other man could have accomplished, and he fully owned the praises that were showered upon him by sportsmen and editors alike.

From the time that he trained Sullivan until his death, Muldoon was recognized as a leader in his field. In his death, boxing lost a great friend. He was the last of the Mohicans in pugilism, the one man who, on many occasions, stood between it and oblivion. He held the respect of the public and, because of that respect, the sport benefited. It was his iron discipline that saved boxing on occasions when it seemed that the death knell would be sounded.

Muldoon was one of the comparatively few professional athletes who rose to heights of greater fame after their competition than they enjoyed during them. Many years ago, in 1883, he conquered the professional wrestling world and later retired the undefeated Graeco-Roman champion before any of the present crop of title-holders and contenders were born. Unlike the present "title-holders," who pick their opponents and then get into the ring with them only after an agreement has been reached that the "crown" will remain with the "defending grappler," Muldoon was always willing to meet all opponents and, in every match into which he entered, his championship was at stake.

To gain the undisputed right to the title, he made trips to many distant lands, even as far as Japan. He first disposed of every contender in America and then invaded other territory and floored all who disputed his right to the title until there were no more men to conquer. Then he retired.

What a difference nowadays!

It was as a member of the New York Police Department, which he joined in 1878, that he made his start as a nationally known wrestler and began to attract nation-wide attention. It was his physical prowess that made him the most discussed man in athletics. Following a self-imposed course of training from young manhood, he developed a fine physique and his athletic ability, after five or six years on the force, won for him the position of physical director and instructor of the New York Police Department.

At the time little was known of Muldoon outside of the department, but when he easily disposed of Jim Gaffney, the police champion, he was hailed as a new wonder. Offers came quickly to engage in professional bouts, which eventually carried him to the top rung of the ladder.

The outstanding feature of Muldoon Health Farm and his system was that it was the same for everybody. There was one set of rules for all, and each had to obey or leave. Physical well-being was something of a religion with him. His rules and his system at times appeared to some who went to him to be brutally arrogant, but when they enrolled, he knew better than those who came to him what they most needed, and he usually obtained the results for which he was engaged, and at the end of the strenuous course, the thanks of those who, in the beginning, thought him a tyrant, were extended.

He was born at Belfast, New York, May 25, 1845. His parents came from Galway, Ireland. His father was a surveyor in British service and was sent to Canada, from where he drifted into Belfast, across the border, where he remained for the rest of his life. William Muldoon was a drummer boy in the Civil War, in which he enlisted at the age of fifteen. He died at the age of eighty-eight, and was buried with military honors at Kensico, New York.

In addition to being the inventor of the "medicine ball" and rope skipping, Muldoon is credited with having originated the shower bath, the Health Farm and percentages in boxing. He made the first shower bath by boring holes through a barrel and then, filling the barrel with water, emptied its contents from a height on the athlete standing beneath it. It was through his efforts also that boxing was legalized in New York, and then in most states of the Union.

When Fights Were Fights

(Continued from page 28)

battles I've ever witnessed. Had they continued, one or the other would have paid the penalty with death. Referee Smith stopped the fight and declared all bets off.

The hands of both gladiators were so puffed that the gloves had to be cut from their hands and the skin came off when the gloves were removed. Both men were taken to the hospital for treatment. As the men left the ring each was unable to see. Their bodies were bruised and their hands looked like big red hams.

That fight lasted nearly four hours. Both men afterward came out of the hospital none the worse for wear, but Murphy died a few years afterward, his death being hastened by the fight with Havlin.

Murphy previously had fought an 80-round fight with Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider. The last I knew, Havlin was alive.

Boys, when you speak of gameness, I think you'll have to hand the palm to Havlin and Murphy. I have seen and refereed many fights in my day, but this is the greatest I have ever witnessed.

Letters from Our Readers

Dear Mr. Fleischer:

For the past few months I have been noticing the articles in THE RING by some women, relative to boxing and wrestling for women.

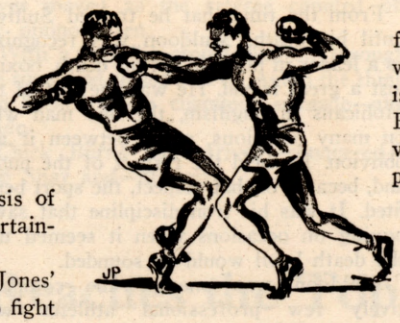
I am heartily in accord with your views on this question. I think that these two sports are good ones for the ladies to keep away from. To me, the mere spectacle of women wrestling or boxing is revolting. Women were not made for such things as these. They are meant to be more delicate and something finer in life. Personally, I think that any woman indulging in these sports is very coarse, to say the least.

For the physical side, such as cauliflowered ears, broken noses, etc., if they don't look so good on a man, how on earth will an otherwise attractive woman look? If they expect us men to pursue them, I think they will be badly mistaken.

Also, any woman who is willing to endanger her health by the beatings she will receive around the abdomen and breasts is welcome to them. An old age, selling newspapers on street corners, is about all they can look to.

I sincerely hope that you do not change your mind and start publishing pictures of women "pugs" and "tin-ears" in your magazine.

You are to be commended for your article in the June issue against such managers as Suey Welsh, and so is "Tex" Austin for his comments about the crookedness of the wrestling trust.



I cannot see why some managers are so dumb that they think boxing will be patronized if they keep on feeding the public fake bouts. Boxing is in hard enough straits now without this rabble trying to make conditions worse. Even taking the bout on a basis of action alone, a phony fight is not half as entertaining as an honest one.

I do not know anything about Gorilla Jones' contract, but I'll bet that he does not have to fight as his manager tells him. I am sure that he does not have to engage in fake bouts unless he is willing to try to milk the public that supports him and gives him more than average glory and fame.

I think he and Ben Jeby got off light in their fight. It would be a good thing if they were barred in every state for a year, because then it would help to teach some of the other numbskulls a lesson. There is no reason to let them off lightly just because they are among the top in their class. The higher one is in his division, the more regard he should have for the sport. In other words, the rule, "the bigger you are, the harder you fall," applies just as well to good, clean fights as it does to the gravitational aspect.

There is one thing about the boxing game that is very sad, and that is having two or three champions in the divisions. The flyweight champion, whoever he is, is not recognized by both the New York State Commission and the N.B.A. New York recognizes Kid Chocolate as featherweight champion, and the N.B.A. recognizes Freddie Miller. Why not have some of these title claimants fight it out to determine just who is the ruler of the respective divisions? There are two or three middleweight champions, and the only reason there is not more than one light-heavy champion is that Maxie Rosenbloom has beaten every other recognized champion. I think the N.B.A. got tired of not recognizing him and has finally determined to relent.

As for the wrestling game, it is more crooked than a barrel of snakes. Although I seldom see a match, I have no objection to anyone who does care to spend his money on them.

Boxing has just about become legalized here in Texas, and I understand that you played quite a part in putting it over. Your letter on why the sport should be legalized was read in the House of Representatives and did much to gain favorable votes. The bill passed in the House by a vote of about seventy-three to fifty-five. It provides for ten-round bouts, with no limit on championship affairs.

Here in Dallas we regularly have at least two bouts a week, and sometimes more. Some of the fighters appearing here are Baby Manuel, Frankie Graham, Chief Paris, Kid Granite, Gyp Zarro, Bobby Fernandez, Young Terry McGovern, Midget Mexico, and others.

Hoping that you have found something in this letter to interest you, I am,

CLIFFORD HOPEWELL,
Dallas, Texas.

My Dear Mr. Fleischer:

Allow me to thank you for the help you gave us in getting our boxing bill passed. Your article in April issue of THE RING was read on the floor of the House of Representatives. It helped put the bill over with a bang. You are to be congratulated.

Our bill will go into effect about September 1. If you have the space, wish you would give this a mention.

DICK GRIFFIN, Austin, Texas,
Manager and Promoter.

The Ring Editor:

To suppose that any system could be devised for rendering decisions in boxing contests that would be entirely satisfactory to all concerned, is absurd. Nor need we attempt the impossible. But it is conceivable that a system may be devised that would be more satisfactory than the present one, and indeed, it is difficult to understand how a clumsier, more unworkable system than that to which we have resorted could be devised. The boxing game is resting on an insecure footing, to say the least, and a misstep may send the entire structure crashing to the ground. The friends of boxing everywhere should, therefore, exert themselves to the utmost to redeem the sport. For no other sport that has ever been devised compares with boxing in producing manly boys.

In a multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom. But when prompt, energetic action is wanted, it will be found that the power to decide, when entrusted only to one, will be exercised in a far more prompt and energetic manner than when it is confided to a multitude. When a boxing contest is finished, all the evidence that ever will be available for the use of a judge is at hand. If a correct decision cannot then be made by the man who has been in the most advantageous position to see the fight—the only man in the house that could shift as occasion might require in order to see the spectacle to the best advantage—then, certainly, a hundred judges could not do it.

Our boxing contests should be decided by one man, then, and that one man should be the referee. Our purpose in placing a referee in the ring is to secure fair play for both contestants. Our purpose in rendering a decision is to secure justice for the boxers.

The practice of counting the points scored by each of the principals to a contest, in order to render a decision, is a mistake. This method of rendering decisions may be all right in other sports, but fighting is a sport in which the man on top, at the finish, is the winner. If we would only recognize this fact in rendering our decisions, the work of our referees would be greatly simplified. Had this method of deciding boxing contests been in use, Max Schmeling would have gotten the decision over Jack Sharkey in their second fight.

Shorter contests, rather than longer ones, should be the aim of promoters. Shorter contests mean livelier contests. And when boxers are required to fight a lesser number of rounds, they will engage in more contests and will be in training a larger portion

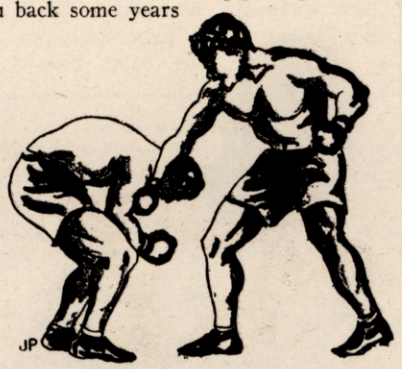
of their time. This will lead to better contests. And if promoters would stage more contests, rather than longer ones, there would be less likelihood of an evening's entertainment being spoiled by the failure of two principals to make good. It is not good business to put all of your eggs in one basket, and this applies to the boxing game as well as to other forms of business.

MICKEY MCINTIRE,
Snover, Michigan.

Dear Friend Fleischer:

A few lines to tell you that the fight game is booming in Australia once more and that its future never looked so bright. I have been reading much about the slump in America and other countries and it seems to me that the excuse offered is depression. I am of opinion that the word depression is very much misused in the fight game. There is no country in the world that was hit harder than Australia by the great depression, yet, in spite of this truth, whenever a real fight was put on, it drew a record crowd.

Here was a very clear proof that there was a something more than depression playing hell with the fight game. That Australia will come out of this so-called depression in the fight game quicker than any other country is certain. Now why should Australia be the first country to recover? Let me take you back some years . . . . to the Burns-Johnson fight.



You will remember that Hugh D. McIntosh outbid the world for this fight with a seven-thousand-pound purse. At that time a record, and one that made many people wonder whether McIntosh was right in the head. The success of this fight set promoters and press alight, in that they discovered that heavyweights were the guys to "draw" in the shekels at the box office. From the day of that great discovery, both press and promoter forgot everything in their insane haste to find "white hopes."

As time went on, purses grew and grew and the public paid to see some of the greatest impostors who had been foisted onto them by a press that was working overtime writing sensational tales about them for the one and only purpose of encouraging the "big gate" craze. Any foreign "ham," so long as he was big in the feet and body, was hailed as a terror, a man killer, etc., etc. Looking back over years we could, if we were game and honest enough, write pages and pages to show how the public have been diddled out of their money so that these great "hams" should become wealthy at the expense of the fight game.

Settling day has arrived simply because the public has at last awakened to the truth. From now on, promoters will have to be a little more considerate and honest in their catering for the public. They will have to forget all about "hot air" and all those things that run arm in arm with it. The press will have to become sane and stick a little nearer to real facts.

If the truth were written about most heavyweights, there would be little or no interest in them whatever, and this, if it were carried out, would do a hell of a lot of good for the fight game. With the great flop coming to the heavies—and it was long overdue—and the fact that the public has, for many years, been taught to believe that the smaller men are not worth while, it follows that a slump follows. In other words, past deeds have brought a recoil.

Speaking for myself, I wouldn't care if every heavyweight dropped out of boxing tomorrow. I think the boxing game would be that much better off without them.

I have said that Australia would be the first country to recover from the slump in boxing. It has already done so, for that matter, and the reason is that there have been fewer heavyweight contests in this country than in any other country. The fight game in Australia was built by the little fighters simply because these little fellows give attractive battles and are ninety per cent game. Heavyweights are five per cent game.

Let the American promoter get it dug well into his brain box that it is only a matter of time when the little boys will come into their own again and the public will come back to see those little fellows fight. When this happens—and it will surely happen—so will the fight game come back to its own high standing—not before. "Hot air" is a thing that must come to an end.

American boxing has been conducted and fed on "hot air" for many years past, so much so, that one found it impossible to get anywhere in American boxing unless he were an expert in handing out this queer mixture of sensation, lies, dreams and hopes. The manager who could not manufacture this mixture was a flop and generally had his fighter stolen from him for that one reason.

"Come back to earth" should be the password in America today. Forget those million-dollar gates . . . . Don't even allow yourself to dream of them. They are gone for all time, as far as those great big "hams" are concerned.

Guarantees must be cut out, as no fighter is worth anything like the amount his manager demands for his services. A fighter is worth just what he can "draw" at the box office. The promoter has never been born who could make a success of his business by giving guarantees to fighters and, what's more, never will be born. The fighter who demands a guarantee for his services can always be done without, as he is no more important than any of us.

We in Australia think highly of both you and THE RING. Keep up your good work on behalf of boxing. Your magazine is truly a world-wide organ for the betterment of boxing.

Yours in sport,
CHARLES LUCAS,
National Boxing Club of Australia,
Rushcutters Bay Stadium, Australia.

Dear Sir:

I have been a subscriber to your magazine, THE RING, for some considerable time, and have been particularly interested in the various advertisements relating to publications of which you are the author.

I think that you and I have a great deal in common, even though we are so widely separated, as my one ambition in the sporting life is to successfully train and produce good lads for competition in the boxing ring. Here in New Zealand, being a young country, we have not yet the variety of educational material which is necessary to a trainer who is anxious to impart to the younger generation, the best and latest methods in the art of self-defence.

I should like to offer my congratulations on the wonderfully instructive articles which have appeared from time to time in the magazine. I can assure you they have been of considerable benefit to me and, in turn, to my pupils.

My main object, however, in writing is to ask you to forward to me in New Zealand, a copy of your publications, "How to Second a Boxer" and "How to Train a Boxer," for which, enclosed, you will find the necessary cash remittance. To avoid undue expense, I have been fortunate in obtaining two dollars in your currency, which greatly curtails the amount payable to the postal officials in New Zealand, and I hope you will excuse my taking a sporting chance of balancing the budget, this having become our second nature, owing to the prevailing economic situation.

I hope that, in the interests of boxing, you will acknowledge this letter and that the books will be forwarded, with your usual prompt service, to the address below. Thanking you in anticipation of an early reply.

Yours faithfully,
BENJAMIN J. GRAHAM,
Norwich Quay, Lyttelton, New Zealand.

Dear Mr. Fleischer:

Just a line from Hawaiian Islands to let you know that we are on the map. We may be miles away, but we are interested in all kinds of sport, and when THE RING arrives, it brings *Good News.* Your magazine is always welcome here.

BILL GRAHAM, Elks' Club,
Honolulu, T.H.

In Sunny California

By SKIPPY JOYCE

NOW that the McLarnin-Young Corbett affair has been settled, California will probably find itself again waiting a long time before it gets another championship match, judging by the tactics pursued by Pop Foster, manager of McLarnin. Pop, after his boy had put the skids under Corbett with a one-round knock-out, immediately decided that fifty thousand dollars was the smallest sum for which Jimmy could defend his title and, as a result, Jack Doyle, who lost considerable giving McLarnin the chance to win the crown, finds himself holding the bag without an opportunity to regain some of his losses. Jack has announced that he will probably give Foster his club in return for McLarnin's services, that being close to the price set by the champion's mentor. As for me, I still think that Corbett is McLarnin's master and that, if they were to engage in a return bout, Jimmy would be shorn of his crown.

Meyer Grace, the veteran welterweight, who formerly hailed from Philadelphia, worked out in secret with McLarnin before the latter's bout with Corbett. Meyer seems to have difficulty getting anyone to tackle him. Either no one wants to fight him or the promoters think he is poison. Meyer should be given work, and plenty of it, as he has color and is a good fighter. He is a tough boy and would give the best of 'em a real battle.

Mushy the newsboy, and his brother, Clyde, are managing Meyer. Mushy is probably the noisiest individual on the Pacific Coast. Mushy makes the noise and Clyde does the business.

Georgie Hansford fought Eddie Trujillo, and Hansford won.

Your commuting correspondent missed the Arizmendi-Miller overweight bout in San Francisco's auditorium. Arizmendi won.

We see a future featherweight hope sprouting south of the slot. A kid, Lester Marston, has just turned nineteen and his ticket looks to be punched for a long ride. As an amateur, he won the Golden Gloves, Far Western and the Holy Name titles. He took two trips East and showed up well in big novice tourneys.

Although the kid looks to have all the makings, predictions for his success are based on the fact that Dan Drew is training him. You can be sure he won't be rushed. He'll be developed easily and naturally and, when he's on top, he'll forget how he got there. Let's hope he doesn't.

Victor Vienna is going to make a name for himself among the welters. His dad was quite a box fighter. He fought as Frankie Sullivan a couple of decades back. Len Lauder is grooming Vic.

Len—he fought Abe Attell, by the way—is the most painstaking coach I've ever seen work with a boxer.

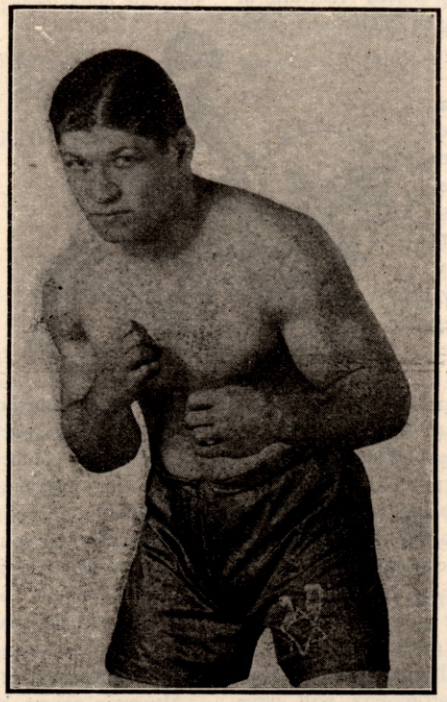
Jackie Fields took on Freddie Steele in Seattle, thus upsetting the plans of California matchmakers, who are promoting a welterweight elimination tournament.

Eddie Ran ran into Ceferino Garcia's right hand and bit the dust. Cef got excited and clouted Ran on the way down, losing the nod. Eddie's loss didn't hurt him in the estimation of local promoters, and they are trying to line him up again.

Maxie Baer's win over the ex-heavyweight champion brings our predicting average to .500—this page liked Corbett, and still does.

Maxie Rosenbloom will fight Tom Patrick in Los Angeles, or we have been misinformed.

California has gone in for the chain store system of matchmaking. Tom Gallery, one-time cinema juvenile, recently installed as matchmaker for San Francisco's Dreamland, has also taken over the Olympic in Los Angeles.



Meyer Grace, former Philadelphian, who finds it difficult to obtain bouts on the Coast.

Luigi Daro, whose early vaudeville training made him the Coast's leading wrestling impresario, is said to have a piece of the Olympic.

Eddie Murdock beat Swede Bergland in San Diego and in Hollywood. The Hollywood shot was Murdock's first time in Los Angeles. Murdock has been beating 'em all in the sticks, but has never broken into big time.

King Tut is still fighting Babe Marino.

Vincent Morris, Ray Oriente and Billie Cooke, successively mentioned, as the month's best bets, are living up to predictions. All three will be at the top of their division in another year—mark that.

Morris and Oriente are probably the hardest punchers in their respective divisions, and when I tell you that Vince and Ray can sock, I'm not giving you second-hand information.

Those in charge of the seating arrangements for the McLarnin-Corbett fight staged one of the cleverest ruses that it has been our pleasure to see. They scaled the top tier of the grandstand at top price and issued the pasteboards, so marked, to the free list.

Frankie Nour lasted three rounds with Jo Tieken in 'Frisco.

Clyde Hull is in earnest about his comeback. He has taken to studying fights in order to improve his defence. Clyde gets an occasional shot in the small clubs, but is deserving of a better break.

Eddie Roberts is dealing them off the arm in a San Francisco cool spot.

John Wesley Douglas, old-time fighter, was buried in San Francisco last month.

Les Kennedy has a new lease on *(Continued on page 30)*

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Sirock Darbinian

Q.—I am a constant reader of your magazine and the part that I like most is your most instructive "Question and Answer" page. I'm going to ask for some advice. I am 16 and have always liked athletics. The only thing that handicaps me is my height. I am 5 feet 4 and weigh 124 pounds. Now it is my opinion that you must be a man of great intelligence judging by the variety of stories you write and I would like to know from you how I can overcome my handicap. Is there any particular exercise? I'll gladly pay you for your trouble.

A.—Thanks for the compliment. I don't know just how much intelligence I have, but I think I can take care of you. You should get a copy of "How to Increase Your Height." Practice the few very simple exercises on stretching. At your age, while the body is still subject to growth, stretching exercises will aid. Stand against a door. Mark your height on the door and then as often as you can, stretch on the toes as high as you can. Do this fifteen times and repeat often during the day either at home, in school or at work when possible.

In the morning and at bed time, get on the floor, stripped, and do the same exercise extending your toes as far out as possible and your arms as far back as they will go; and at the same time, stretch. Draw a chalk line and try to touch that with your finger tips. Do this regularly as part of your daily dozen.

Tom Cummins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—When Strangler Lewis wrestled Ray Steele what were their weights? What is the neck measurement of each? Also their biceps and wrists?

A.—Lewis weighed 240 pounds and Steele, 214½. Lewis's neck is 19¾ inches and Steele's, 18½. Biceps:— Lewis, 18, Steele, 15¾; and wrists— Lewis, 10, Steele, 8½.

"Ring" Reader, New Zealand

Q.—I get The Ring monthly and find it most interesting and instructive. I have been boxing as an amateur for four years and have met with success. Kindly answer the following:

What books do you consider best for teaching the cross-counter and the right to the heart? What is the best way to develop the arms?

I am seventeen and weigh 145 and my height is 5 feet 10. My reach is 73. How am I built? I apologize if I've caused you any trouble.

A.—No trouble whatsoever, if I can be of any assistance to you. The greatest job a man can get out of life, is to help his fellow men, so here goes:

Get "My Methods" by Georges Carpentier. "The Text Book of Boxing" by Jem Driscoll and "How to Box." Develop the arms through arm exercises, using the one-pound dumbbell to start, then increase to the two and finally the five-pound dumbbell. Get "Dumbbell Drills" from The Ring Book Shop and study those exercises.

You are well built. Your reach is marvelous. At 21 you'll have a reach of about 78, you'll be six feet tall and weigh about 164.

Paul Martin, New York City

Q.—Would the punch of a trained hitter suffer if he became a wrestler?

I have read that the real power of a jolting knockout comes from the leg and back muscles, the shoulders being comparatively unimportant. Is that true?

A.—Not very much unless he went in for excessive heavy bar-bell work, in which case I think there would be a muscle-bound condition such as most wrestlers have. Mere wrestling wouldn't hurt.

No, I think the shoulders play a most important part. The great hitting power of Fitz, Jeffries, Johnson and Dempsey, came from putting the full weight of the shoulders behind the blow. Of course the back muscles and leg muscles aid in the trick. Unless your back is well developed and your legs can properly support the movement the punching effect will be lessened.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Joe Gensheimer, Erie, Pa.

Q.—Did Harry Greb have an artificial eye during the greater part of his fighting career and how did the accident happen?

A.—Yes. I don't know, but one of his intimate friends told me that it came from getting rosin in the eye.

Jack Wallace, Colorado Springs, Col.

Q.—I stand only 5 feet 9½ inches and weigh 157 pounds. I want to become a light-heavyweight or a heavyweight. How can it be accomplished?

A.—I don't know your age, but if you are still growing, that should be easy. Eat cereals, drink plenty of milk, eat juicy steaks, chops and vegetables, and of course, train properly, otherwise your trouble will go for naught and you will get flabby.

Q.—I am an amateur. I want to turn pro. How should I go about it?

A.—Go to a gymnasium where you'll find plenty of managers. If you show any merits, you'll find no difficulty in getting some one to sponsor you.

Q.—I was reading about a man in England who can increase your height. Is that possible?

A.—Certainly. Get his book which we carry, "How to Increase Your Height." Take stretching exercises.

"Ring" Reader, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—Where was Joe Malcewicz born and when?

A.—Born in Utica, 1898, Polish parents.

A constant reader, Bronx, N. Y.

Q.—I am 25 years old. Is it too late to take up boxing?

A.—Somewhat. A boxer should get started sometime between the ages of 16 and 20. That is the best time. Of course there are any number of men who have made good in later life, but it is a difficult struggle at best to reach perfection in boxing, and when you get started late, the obstacles are not so easy to hurdle. I would advise that you get "Training for Boxers," "How to Box" and study both carefully. If after you have digested these books you still feel like taking up the sport, then join a gymnasium or go to a private tutor for three months of training. I would advise either Philadelphia Jack O'Brien or Tom O'Rourke at the Pioneer Gym as men most capable for your instruction.

Q.—Has Elbows McFadden a gymnasium?

A.—No. He did have a gymnasium in New York, but gave it up some years ago. He is now employed at the Hippodrome Theatre as a stage carpenter.

"H. B.", Australia

Q.—Do you think that Jimmy Wilde was the greatest fighter pound for pound of all time? If not, who was?

A.—That is a difficult question to answer for it is simply a matter of opinion. However, no one will deny the fact that he was by far the greatest flyweight of all time and that he takes his place among the greatest, weight-for-weight.

Thomas Cesta, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 16 years old and have always had an ambition to become a fighter. I would like to start this summer. How should I go about training?

A.—Only one piece of advice I can give. Buy "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" and join a gymnasium where you can train with boys your age and weight. Then get into the amateurs and if successful, you can later turn pro.

Harvey Harland, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Would you say that tension exercisers, that is the elastic exercisers that are sold on the beaches and in many of the leading sport goods stores are better to use than dumbbells?

A.—No, by no means. Elastic exercisers develop only one part of the muscular system. You cannot get the same benefits out of that kind of exerciser that you can out of a one-, two- or five-pound dumbbell drill. In the use of dumbbells you exercise all the muscles uniformly. Not so with an elastic band or exerciser. Try it. You'll soon see the difference.

Robert Ten Eyck, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—Where were the following boxers born and when did they start their professional career:

Abe Attell, Johnny Dundee, Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Frank Mantell, Jem Driscoll and Freddy Welsh?

A.—Attell, San Francisco, Feb. 22, 1884; Dundee, Nov. 22, 1893 at Sharkai, Italy; Jeffries, Carroll, Ohio, April 15, 1875; Fitz, Helsten, Cornwall, Eng., June 4, 1862; Mantell, Brandenburg, Germany, June 25, 1886; Driscoll, Cardiff, Wales, Dec. 15, 1880; Welsh, March 5, 1886 at Pontypridd, the birthplace of the great Jimmy Wilde.

Hiram Gorham, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—I understand from an article I read in The Ring, that Jim Jeffries was not born in California. Then why is he always referred to as a Native Son?

A.—He was born at Carroll, Ohio, in 1875 and lived practically all his life in California. That is why he is called a Californian, but he is not called a native son.

Carl Shuman, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Are there books on referees and their duties? If so, please tell me where I can get one?

A.—No, there are none. I have written one combining the duties of a referee and a judge, but owing to the business depression have not published same as yet. When I do, the price will be $1.00. If I get 400 advance orders, I will publish it now as I have had many requests for such a book from all over the world.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of June will go down into fistic history as one in which there was a series of upsets such as have not taken place in the sport in many moons, upsets in which there were an upheaval in the heavyweight division and a change of championship in the lightweight class. In the heavyweight section, Primo Carnera, the Italian Giant, jumped into the leadership by knocking out the defending champion, Jack Sharkey, in the sixth round of a scheduled fifteen-round affair at the Garden Bowl of Long Island City. That victory, coming close on the heels of the knockout of Max Schmeling by Max Baer at the Yankee Stadium, brought about several changes in the heavyweight rank. It dropped Sharkey from the top position to second place, placed Carnera at the head of the list, sent Baer into third place and Schmeling down into fourth position. Where before there were only two good heavyweight matches, the upsets placed before promoters at least four and possibly five that would carry a big drawing power.

In the other gigantic change, Tony Canzoneri, lightweight king, tumbled from his high perch when, by a divided vote, Barney Ross relieved him of his crown in a ten-round battle in Chicago.

Next in importance in the month's fights was the ten-round knockout that Baer registered over Max Schmeling. Tommy Loughran impressed again with his victory over Steve Hamas. King Levinsky whipped Tuffy Griffiths. Otto Von Porat disposed of Dick Daniels in two rounds. Don McCorkindale won on a foul from Walter Neusel in eight rounds. Neusel scored over Maurice Griselle. Patsy Perroni stepped into the elite circle with a clean-cut victory over Johnny Risko. Les Kennedy scored a ten-round knockout over Stanley Poreda, but was beaten by Jimmy Braddock. Lee Ramage won from Babe Hunt.

Charley Massare whipped Abie Feldman and stopped Barney Baker in four rounds. Feldman kayoed Marty Kerr in one round and stopped Adolf Heuser in four sessions. Red Barry whipped Charley Belanger, but was kayoed in one round by Tony Galento. Belanger scored over Eddie Simms. Hans Birkie won from Jack Rose. Tiger Jack Fox disposed of Joe Doctor in three rounds. Jack Redmond defeated Marty Fox. Al Ettore whipped Jack Van Noy. Art Lasky won over Ed Prante. Sandy Garrison scored over Tony Poloni.

Maxey Rosenbloom continues his rampage among the light-heavies. During the month, he scored over Frankie Ryan and Popper Stopper. Stopper kayoed Wally Sears in two rounds. Tony Shucco won from Bob Olin and Al Borros. Joe Knight won from Lew Scozza. Bob Godwin whipped Joe King and stopped him in seven rounds. John Henry Lewis drew with Fred Lenhart. Joe Banovic defeated Jack Charvez and kayoed Cliff Kelly and Buck Duncan in one round apiece. Trader Horn defeated Norman Conrad and kayoed Eddie Delaney in three rounds. Conrad whipped Leo Larrivee. Len Harvey captured the light-heavyweight championship of England from Eddie Phillips.

In the middleweight class, Vince Dundee disposed of Neil Kilbane in five rounds, and Frank Goosby in eight. Ben Jeby whipped Al Rossi and Rossi scored over Solly Krieger. Teddy Yarosz celebrated his entry into the middleweight class by defeating Sammy Slaughter. Jimmy Smith won from Johnny Ketchell. Tommy Freeman whipped Alabama Kid. Jack Hood outpointed Adrien Anneet in England. Marty Sampson disposed of Tony De Marco in seven rounds. Billy Ketchell won over Vincent Forgione. Henry Firpo whipped Vincent Forgione. Forgione defeated Doc Conrad.

Tony Herrera takes a ranking place among the welterweights, whipping Wesley Ramey, one of the foremost lightweight contenders. Bep Van Klaveren won over Herman Perlick. Eddie Kid Wolfe defeated Tracey Cox and kayoed Gus Campbell in three rounds. Paulie Walker disposed of Benny Levine in nine sessions. Levine whipped Harry Kid Wallace. Andy Callahan won over Frankie Britt. Baby Joe Gans defeated Jack Portney but lost to Eddie Holmes. Cleto Locatelli drew with Francois Sybille. Jackie Kid Berg kayoed Louis Saerons in four rounds. Eddie Ran won on a foul from Cerefino Garcia in three rounds.

Billy Townsend kayoed Jerry Emard in one round. Freddy Steele kayoed Alvin Lewis in three rounds and defeated Joe Glick. Glick was also beaten by Swede Berglund. Jimmy Evans scored over Eddie Murdock. Sammy Mandell whipped Ray Collins, but was beaten by Ronnie Headley. Patsy Pasculli kayoed Howard Jones in six rounds. Six Second Powell kayoed Tony Lambert in four rounds. Freddy Polo stopped Bucky Lawless in ten rounds. Johnny Lucas was beaten by Pat Igo and Toots Bashara.

Barney Ross heads the group as the new lightweight leader through his victory over Canzoneri. Lew Massey stopped Tracey Cox in six rounds. Steve Haliako defeated Sammy Dorfman and Cocoa Kid. Petey Gulotta drew with Dorfman and whipped Louis Jallos. Joey Costa stopped Harry Carlton in seven rounds. Frankie Klick whipped Johnny Bonito and kayoed Manuel Carrialias in four rounds. Bonito defeated Paola Villa. Roger Bernard whipped Mike Dundee and Mike won from Johnny Early. Frankie Carlton defeated Eddie Conley.

Seaman Watson who takes first ranking in the featherweight class, during the month, whipped Bobby Lawrence. Jackie Wilson stopped Tommy Paul in eight rounds. Freddy Miller scored over Joe Guerrero but was beaten by Baby Arizmendi. Johnny Pena whipped Varias Milling and Nick Scalba. Nick defeated Frankie Covelli. Petey Sarron won over Johnny Farr and Johnny Datto. Eddie Shea kayoed Joe Rivers in three rounds. Frankie Wallace scored over Jimmy Vaughn. Petey Hayes triumphed over Al Roth and Jerry Mazza scored over Miki Gelb.

Al Brown ranks leader of the bantam division. He scored over Dave Crowley. Young Tommy defeated Little Pancho. Pete Sanstol whipped Clever Sison and drew with Speedy Dado. Joe Tieken won from Cris Pineda and kayoed Frankie Nour in three rounds. Johnny King, British bantam champion, scored over Bobby Leitham and kayoed Tucker Winch in ten rounds. Ernie Maurer scored over Marty Gold and Mose Butch whipped Dandy Allen.

Midget Wolgast, heading the flyweights, had a varied experience during June. He defeated Augie Ruggiere, drew with Ernie Maurer and was technically stopped by Britt Gorman when he stepped out of the ring in six rounds in Detroit. Ginger Foran kayoed Willie Metzner in three rounds. Jackie Brown outpointed Valentin Anglemann. Maurice Huguenin kayoed Magliozzi in one round, Negri in two rounds, and beat Willie Smith in one round on a foul. Praxille Gyde won from Emile Degand. Frankie Genaro defeated Tommy Lemieux.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Young Duffy, Philippine Islands.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Martin, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Featherweight—Bucky Taylor, Baltimore, Md.
Lightweight—Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, England.
Welterweight—Ray Napolitano, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Middleweight—Carmen Barth, Cleveland, Ohio.
Light-Heavyweight — Ace Martin, Lansing, Mich.
Heavyweight—Sunny Jim McVey, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

These are my ratings for the month ending June 28:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Jack Sharkey	Joe Knight	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett
2—Max Baer	Tony Shucco	Kid Tunero	Jackie Fields
3—Max Schmeling	Bob Godwin	Dave Shade	Billy Petrolle
4—Tommy Loughran	Lew Scozza	Ben Jeby	Tony Herrera
5—King Levinsky	Adolf Heuser	Gorilla Jones	Bep Van Klaveren
6—Patsy Perroni	John Henry Lewis	Young Terry	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Don McCorkindale	Al Gainer	Johnny Indrisano	Paulie Walker
8—Otto Von Porat	Harry Ebbets	Frank Battaglia	Andy Callahan
9—Steve Hamas	Billy Jones	Lou Brouillard	Eddie Holmes
10—Lee Ramage	Joe Banovic	Teddy Yarosz	Babe Joe Gans

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Seaman Watson	Young Tommy	Midget Wolgast
2—Wesley Ramey	Jackie Wilson	Young Casanova	Ginger Foran
3—Benny Bass	Baby Arizmendi	Speedy Dado	Jackie Brown
4—Young Peter Jackson	Abie Israel	Pete Sanstol	Mickey McGuire
5—Eddie Cool	Freddy Miller	Little Pancho	Valentin Anglemann
6—Lew Massey	Johnny Pena	Joe Tieken	Maurice Huguenin
7—Steve Haliako	Petey Sarron	Newsboy Brown	Frankie Genaro
8—Battling Shaw	Nel Tarleton	Baby Palmore	Lucien Popesco
9—Jack Portney	Varias Milling	Tommy Rogers	Mariano Arilla
10—Joe Ghnouly	Tommy Paul	Ernie Maurer	Praxille Gyde

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NOTE—These booklets are rare. They do not contain much, but in the six pages which constitute each booklet, there is considerable valuable historical data. If you are a collector of boxing books, you should get one of each. If you expect a real book with much reading matter, don't send your quarter, for you'll then be disappointed.

THE RING BOOK SHOP

Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

TONY CANZONERI or Barney Ross? This was the question which was decided at the Chicago Stadium when Tony put up his lightweight title for the fifth time. The interest was not confined to Chicago and visitors to A Century of Progress, however, for the bout here eclipsed happenings in New York, where Jack Sharkey risked his heavyweight crown against Primo Carnera a week later. It was the big item of interest, athletically speaking, here last month.

Although Tony and Ross haven't the color (an inexpressive word which is translated into box-office receipts) of some other fighters, the largest crowd of the boxing season attended.

The bout, which attracted about eleven thousand persons, far less than was anticipated, saw the crowning of a new champion in the Chicago lad. Ross won the title by a close margin, because of his aggressiveness in the final three rounds. Although the hooting and hissing that accompanied the announcement of the verdict, which was not unanimous, indicated that the dissension was wide and that many of the spectators thought Tony had won, or at least gained a draw. So far as Chicago was concerned, the decision was well received, as the winner is a Windy City lad, who first gained his experience as a Golden Glover.

It was Ross's twenty-third victory, a phenomenal rise when one considers that he was an amateur only a short time. Tommy Gilmore, the referee, called the bout a draw, and the judges, W. A. Batty and Ed Hintz, gave it to Ross.

What the boxing game lost, the business world gained when Jack Fagman selected his career. Mr. Fagman sells men's exclusive wear at 3451 Roosevelt Road, Chicago. His store features the famous Dobbs hats. You can also obtain the finest shirts and neckwear there.

SOME OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT —Nate Slott, former boxer, was in town serving as secretary to James Dunn, movie actor . . . . Ray Alvis, fight manager, approached us with the remark that he saw our big brother at the Sherman Hotel. When we asked who that would be, he said, "Walter Winchell." We told him to go home and swim a duck.

Charley Lavine dabbles in the retailing of wrestling and boxing equipment at 115 South Dearborn Street when he isn't promoting shows. Lavine sells equipment to most of the boxers and wrestlers from all over the country . . . . Lou Vine, South Westside lightweight, married three years, boasts of a boy seven months old and a girl two years.

Sidney Strotz, co-receiver with Fred Hummel of the Chicago Stadium, has ordered Miss Helen O'Connor, representative of Strotz at the Stadium, to report to his headquarters at the local offices of the National Broadcasting Company.

Jack Kilbourne, South Chicago middleweight, made his first appearance here in several months against Joe Mendoza at Shewbridge Field. In his last previous match in Chicago, Kilbourne whipped Jack Moran. Kilbourne won eight of nine contests in the East, early this year. Eddie Stiegal, Stock Yards welterweight, managed by Ted Bogan, earned a match with Jack Ripp at Shewbridge.

Shows are being presented at five outdoor clubs weekly or bi-monthly. Weekly cards are staged at Western Stadium, Shewbridge Field and Northwest Stadium. At Sparta Stadium and Mills Stadium programs are scheduled twice monthly.

Davey Miller, Chicago referee, has received a license to officiate at professional bouts in Illinois for the first time in a year. On June 16, 1932, Miller had refereed last previously. Davey was referee of the first fifteen-round contest in this state between Johnny Pena and Varias Milling.

The State Boxing Commission has announced that Illinois champions are not recognized. The commission contends that titles can be won only in tournaments and a plan is under way to stage a tournament in each of the eight classes at the Stadium this winter. Tuffy Griffiths laid claim to the state heavyweight title after he whipped Paul Pantaleo. Young Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., is a claimant of the Illinois middleweight championship, and Kid Irish, Benld, Ill., the featherweight crown.

Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion, is promoting shows Tuesday and Friday nights at his club at 1154 East 63d Street and at the Rainbo Fronton, Clark Street and Lawrence Avenue, respectively.

Jimmy McLarnin, welterweight champion, was born in Ireland, raised in Vancouver and started his career when he was fifteen years old at Oakland, Cal. He received $1 for his first contest. Today he is worth $250,000, owns a soap factory in Oakland, has extensive realty holdings and holds title to valuable fishing grounds in Alaska. He is twenty-five years old and single. He intends to marry when he quits fighting.

HERE AND THERE—Chairman Joe Triner of the Illinois Athletic Commission sells his famous wine at The Streets of Paris concession at "A Century of Progress Exposition" . . . . Harry McNamara, *Herald and Examiner* boxing editor, who paid over two thousand dollars for a nifty maroon-colored roadster, which was stolen, was to receive only five hundred dollars insurance . . . . Jackie Brady, Syracuse, N. Y., welterweight, is in town for an indefinite stay . . . . Joe Waterman, Portland, Ore., promoter, was here to attend the Barney Ross-Tony Canzoneri title match and see "A Century of Progress."

Georgie Turner, Oklahoma light-heavyweight, and Sonny Sofio, Omaha, Nebr., welterweight, have placed themselves under the management of Jack O'Keefe of the West Side . . . . Karl Ogren, former Golden Gloves champion, created a surprise when he stopped the rugged Eddie Gill in six rounds here . . . . Bob Stone, heavyweight, and Tony Muscarello, lightweight, are doing fine under the direction of the popular Nick Marx.

Izzy Lubansky, South Side junior welterweight, obtained his biggest opportunity against Davey Day, stablemate of Ross, at the Stadium last June 23. He is managed by Izzy Marks, old-time bantamweight fighter . . . . Willie Pellegrini, Chicago featherweight, back from California, is celebrating the birthday of his baby son . . . . Kid Irish, who is managed by Dave Mearns, won decisively from Johnny Fitzpatrick of New York in their second meeting at Sparta Stadium . . . .

Packey McFarland, Illinois athletic commissioner, has started training and in ten days reduced from 203 to 190 . . . . Sammy Wolff, veteran promoter, directed the first fifteen-round bout in Illinois since boxing became legal in 1926 . . . . Tuffy Griffiths is to resume drills after being idle for six weeks because of four broken bones in his right hand, sustained in a match against King Levinsky at Mills Stadium.

OPENING THE MAIL BAG:

From Speedy Schaffer, 2406 N. Maine Street, Little Rock, Ark.—You probably remember me in the amateurs as George Schaffer, but as a pro I am Speedy Schaffer. I wish to locate Don Davis.

Ans.—Don Davis has his quarters at Trafton's gymnasium, 180 Randolph Street, Chicago.

From Mike Collins, Minneapolis, Minn.—I am opening up The Ring Tavern at 1503 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis—Haven't heard from you in a long time, but have never missed keeping in touch with your stuff.

Ans.—Thanks. Wish you luck in your enterprise.

From Lou Diamond, for years boxing editor of *The Daily Times*, formerly *The Journal*, Chicago—Your interview with Joe Triner, Illinois Athletic Commission chairman, over WEDC, was very good.

Ans.—Thanks.

From Solly Schuman, co-proprietor with Ben Reitman of the restaurant at Ogden and Hamlin Avenues, Chicago—How old is Jack Sharkey and Jack Dempsey?

Ans.—Sharkey will be thirty-two on October 2, and Dempsey was thirty-eight on June 24.

From William Bostelmann, Chicago—How many attended the bout between Dempsey and Tunney at Soldiers' Field in 1927?

Ans.—The attendance at the second Tunney-Dempsey match was 104,793.

From Pat Pindy, Forest Park, Ill.—How old was Jim Corbett when he died?

Ans.—Corbett was sixty-seven when he died.

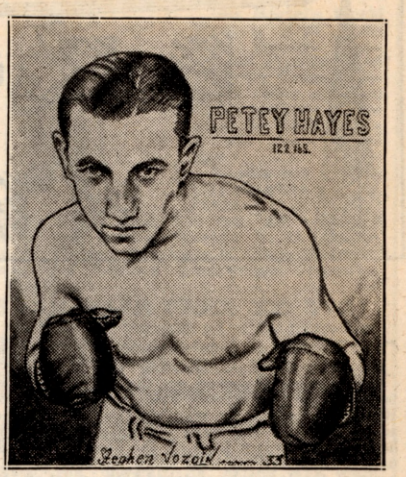
PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

EDDIE KID WOLFE managed to evade not a few murderous punches to outpoint Tracey Cox in the opening show of the season at the North Braddock Bowl . . . . Vince Dundee, performing at the Arena on the night of the Baer-Schmeling fight, stopped Frankie Goosby in the eighth chapter . . . . Tommy Paul was a technical knockout victim of Jackie Wilson when he was forced to quit in round eight because of a cut eye . . . . At Hickey Park, in the semi-final of ten rounds, Tony Marino, Reed Brown's bantam, returned to the warpath and defeated Johnny Perrini of Buffalo.

Baby Joe Gans was given the verdict over Jack Portney at Hickey Park Bowl. Lew Raymond scored over Billy Holt. Mose Butch defeated Dandy Allen . . . . On the Max Baer exhibition card at the North Braddock arena, Lloyd Clements provided a surprise by knocking out Jack Pallat; George Simpson, middleweight of the Baer stable, finished Jack Wilson in a round. In the main event, Sunny Jim McVey, 180-pound Negro, gained credit for a technical knockout when Referee Jack Dempsey stopped his bout with Buddy McArthur. The latter went down without being struck.

Other battlers seen in action in this vicinity the past month are: Petey Gulotto, Harry Jacobi, Charley Baxter, Tiger Joe Randall, Eddie Koppy, Lou Jallos, etc.

Fistic news intended for use in this column should be sent to the correspondent, at Donora, Penna., not later than the fifteenth of each month.



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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of June was one of hectic upsets in this country, especially around the East. Starting with the Baer-Schmeling fight in which the Californian knocked out the German in the tenth round, came the unexpected victory of Barney Ross over Tony Canzoneri, a triumph that enabled Barney to relieve the popular Tony of the world's lightweight championship and then came the third big upset, when Primo Carnera took the world's heavyweight crown from off the head of Jack Sharkey. Of the three, the last named furnished the least shock, because in the case of Sharkey and Carnera, most of the fans who watched both in action, felt that the Italian would win. I thought so and openly declared myself. As for the Ross victory, that was on a divided decision and brought sufficient adverse comment to indicate that Canzoneri should not have been deprived of his title.

As for Carnera, he should prove a good champion because he seems ever willing to fight and because, owing to his size and strength, he will probably hold the crown for some time. The fight between him and Baer, if staged, should revive the half million dollar gates.

Maxie proved a revelation in his conflict with Schmeling. His workouts were far from impressive and he succeeded in fooling every expert who attended the early training period. His strength and hitting powers bordered on the supernatural and his fighting ability exceeded the expectations of the eastern critics, who had seen him in action against the late Ernie Schaaf, Tommy Loughran and King Levinsky.

There was something new about his work. A new-born viciousness and a total disregard for the rules of boxing. He backhanded, heeled, cuffed, struck low punches, but was always quick to apologize for his misdemeanors. It is possible that Baer carried out the instructions of his tutor, Jack Dempsey, who told him to walk out and fight, regardless of the consequences. Baer obeyed orders to the letter and, by that procedure, carried himself into the front ranks of the heavyweight division and earned for himself wide exploitation that should have a far-reaching, favorable influence in his career from now on.

In passing, in all fairness to Schmeling, it must be admitted that the German did not fight his regular fight. He appeared to be a little cautious and uncertain. He seemed intimidated by the fearless, careless and haphazard style of Baer, who was in command from the start. When it comes to comparing heavyweights, it is necessary that Baer be measured into the picture.

The show went over in big league fashion and Dempsey established himself as a promoter of first-class order. Everything was conducted systematically, from the handling of tickets to the seating of customers. In addition, Jack provided a bangup preliminary program that had the early customers well satisfied. In the eight-round semi-final, Charley Massare scored a victory over Abie Feldman in a well-fought battle. Massare and Feldman are considered the two outstanding heavyweight prospects of the East and they fought as if the title depended on the outcome. For six rounds it was anyone's fight, but Charley forged ahead in the seventh and eighth to clinch the verdict. Tony Galento ended the aspirations of Red Barry by finishing him with one of his vicious left hooks in the first session. It was a surprise for everyone, including Barry. Jack Van Noy outpointed Phil Cohen in a hard four-round battle, George Simpson drew with Joe Mach, while Jack Redmond whipped Marty Fox in a six-round fray.

The future of Schmeling is hard to picture. His statement was that he would return to Germany and wed a German movie star and then come back for more action. It is difficult to conceive Schmeling working his way back to the top after holding the heavyweight crown, and it would not surprise us to see Max announce his retirement.

Schmeling went to the front in meteoric fashion and there is none to begrudge his success. He was a satisfactory performer and aided the restoration of boxing interest in Germany and various parts of Europe. He is a true sportsman and accepted his defeat in gallant fashion. No excuses for his defeat were offered and he took the defeat like a gentleman.

Joe Jacobs and Schmeling are attached to each other and it will be hard to see the combination expire. We hope, for Joe's sake, and also for Schmeling's, that he will try to spread the feeling of good sportsmanship through Germany, which is sadly deficient in that requisite at the moment.

Coney Island Stadium started its open-air season with Ben Jeby winning from Al Rossi in the feature twelve-round event—Abie Feldman kayoed Marty Kerr in one round, and Charley Massare disposed of Barney Baker in four—Pal Silvers scored over Jimmy Varrell, and Roy Frisco whipped Jimmy Cappola in the other bouts—Considering the coolness of the night, the house went very good—Al Ramo, trainer of Petey Gulotta, Johnny Bonito, Nick Scalba and Roy Frisco, is anxious to impart his knowledge to those who are anxious to learn the rudiments of the boxing game—He can be reached at the Pioneer Gym—Jerry Sachs is back in action again with his training camp at Geneva, Ohio—He caters to boxers and business men and also has room for managers who would like to dispense with excess flesh—Tony Martello is now making matches for the Coney Island Stadium and anyone familiar with his hustling proclivities is certain that he will succeed.

A new talent show staged at the Island, which featured the brightest of New York's crop of sterling youngsters, went over in big league style—Petey Hayes and Al Roth featured the program, which was won by Hayes—This makes Hayes' second straight win over Roth—Petey Gulotta and Sammy Dorfman went six sizzling rounds to draw—This was a test of youngster against veteran, and the verdict satisfied the crowd—Nick Scalba emerged the winner over Frankie Covelli in a slashing sixer—Johnny Bonito outpunched Paola Villa—Jerry Mazza scored over Miki Gelb, while Lew Fox triumphed over Tony Albano, and Jimmy Martin whipped Harry Bauman—Scalba injured his right hand in the Covelli scrap, but went to Chicago to take on Johnny Pena and lost the verdict after eight tough rounds in the semi-windup to Ross and Canzoneri—Nickie did exceedingly well for a boy of limited experience and there was no disgrace attached to his defeat, considering the handicap he went under—Pena only a week previous whipped Varias Milling in the first fifteen-round contest staged in Chicago for a good many years.

The name of Barney Ross has been added to the list of lightweight champions. His victory over Canzoneri was disputed in many quarters, but an official decision is what counts and Barney will make the best of that opportunity—Ross is only a youngster, but has had plenty of experience and is a pleasing performer—A snappy puncher with a left hook, he carries plenty of dynamite in his right mitt—It is likely that Ross will meet Canzoneri in a return match within the near future—The best way to decide questionable decisions is to go over the fifteen-round route, and their next meeting should definitely decide whether Ross really belongs at the helm of the lightweight class—Al Weill, who controls the Yankee Stadium, is the most logical candidate to snare the return scrap—Time will disclose just what type of champion Ross will make—Jimmy McLarnin, through his manager, has already announced a safety-first campaign and it is to be regretted that such a fighting type as McLarnin is limited to fight possibly once or twice per season—Corbett lost his title two months after winning it from Jackie Fields, and we hope that Jimmy takes the handcuffs off and decides to show some activity, for the good of the boxing game—There are very few assets appearing before the public today, and Jimmy holds an endearing position in the heart of the public—We hope he makes better use of his talents than merely posing as the champion.

Eddie Kid Wolfe regained lost prestige in Pittsburgh when he banged out a clean-cut victory over Tracey Cox at the opening show of Myers Bowl—Wolfe followed up with a three-round knockout over Gus Campbell in New Orleans, the first time the latter was ever kayoed—Les Kennedy rode on the crest of popularity when he kayoed Stanley Poreda in the tenth round and almost immediately lost caste when he blew a decision to Jimmy Braddock—Harold Scadron releases a legitimate claim when he asserts that Bob Olin was robbed of the verdict with Tony Shucco in Albany recently—Olin dropped Shucco in the fifth round for the count of seven and the local papers declared that Olin should have been awarded the decision—Patsy Perroni, coming young heavyweight from Canton, stepped into the limelight by banging out a victory over Johnny Risko in Cleveland—Here is a heavyweight who has class, color and everything that is required of a first-class man—We will hear plenty of Perroni in the near future—Boxing suffered a severe loss when Charles F. Mathison, boxing writer of THE RING, and the most capable judge presiding under the jurisdiction of the New York State Athletic Commission, expired—Mathison was seventy-seven years of age and was suffering from a prolonged illness, but persisted in working at his pastime—He judged the Loughran-Hamas encounter only a few days before he passed away.

Tommy Loughran once again gave a remarkable display of the boxing art at the Yankee Stadium against Steve Hamas—For eight rounds it was a close tussle, but Tommy forged ahead in the two finishing rounds to clinch the verdict and convince the fans that he is still to be reckoned in the heavyweight running—Abie Feldman stopped Adolf Heuser at the end of the fourth round in the scheduled ten-round semi-final—Heuser suffered a badly cut eye in the third and failure to stop the injured wound forced the referee to call a halt—The scrap was about evenly contested before the finish—Eddie Houghton whipped Sam Portney—Izzy Singer scored over Frank Watanski—Jumbo Moran drew with Billy Di Bellis—Vic Bernard kayoed Phil Cohen in three rounds and Lew Poster won from Eddie Mader in the remaining bouts—Charley Lucas, English boxing manager, writes from Australia that conditions are booming there and that any class will be welcome with the exception of heavies—Too many poor bouts have been staged by the large fellows, and lightweights and featherweights are given the preference.

Dave's Blue Room, a night resort catering to the boxing and theatrical profession, is the scene of mad disorder immediately following a night when an important bout is scheduled—The Three Ritz brothers are generally in the middle of the confusion that attends and Harry Ritz, in particular, gives an artistic display of what should have happened in the ring, instead of what did occur—Those who have seen the Ritzes cavorting on the stage and the spectators who witness their private exhibitions, will affirm that they are much funnier off the stage—This rendezvous is becoming the hangout for fight managers and nightly there are Joe Jacobs, Sol Gold, Jack Dempsey, Eddie Walker, Sidney Roth, Sammy Goldman, Billy McCarney and other celebrated figures in the fight realm—A few more exciting upsets and boxing will return to its former prosperity—The latest rumor going the rounds is that Joe Jacobs is slated to take the place of Jimmy Johnston—This merely confirms the idea that Schmeling is due to retire—Jacobs is a shrewd, cunning manipulator and he is certain to go over big if he were selected—A position of that calibre requires concentration and faithfulness to the post—No one has been discovered who can cover those requirements, and anyone who can fill the bill will be a much-needed asset to the post—The first condition of the job, if the possessor is really sincere, is to sever his affiliation with any string of fighters and use them all impartially—This is very easy to say but difficult to follow.

The appointment of Bill Brown to take the place of William Muldoon as the third member of the New York State Athletic Commission has been greeted with approval from many quarters. Mr. Brown is an old, experienced hand in the boxing game and knows the sport from A to Z. He is strict but fair in his dealings, and his principles are beyond reproach. If the time arrives for Mr. Brown to make a decision, whether it be right or wrong, it is certain to be honest. There are no politics attached to his person—He officiated as referee in the old Madison Square Garden at the time Tex Rickard came into power, and resigned when a question of ethics arose—In the next issue there will be more space to deal with Mr. Brown—Lew Stillman has moved his gym headquarters to 515 Seventh Avenue, New York City. His place on West 57th Street was the last thing in fighters' gymnasiums, but it was too far away from transient trade, and Lew feels that he has picked the ideal spot around the business section of New York.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

STANLEY POREDA'S stock dropped considerably by the nine-round T.K.O. he suffered at the hands of Les Kennedy at the opening of the Veledrome in Newark. Kennedy, who hails from California, replaced Poreda against J. J. Braddock at the Jersey City A. A.

Local matchmakers have had a tough time during the past month against the weather man. Four shows have been washed up by the rain in the past few weeks around these parts.

Paulie Walker stopped Benny Levine in the ninth round of the ten-round star bout at the Dreamland Park in Newark. Abe Bain finished Bill Callahan in the second round of the semi-final. Al Rossi shaded Solly Krieger in another ten, while Tony Fisher beat Hans Muller in another.

Frankie Carlton got the surprise of his life up in Holyoke, Mass., when Cocoa Kid stopped him in the second.

Joey Costa scored a T.K.O. over Charley Von Reeden in the sixth round at the St. Nicks S. C. in New York.

Jay Mecadon scored a great win over Jimmy Phillips at Englewood, scoring two knockdowns and having the latter on the verge of a kayo on several occasions. In other bouts on the same bill, Bucky Keyes beat George Levy, six. George Knitter lost to Nick Carter, six. Al Tarantino drew with Jerry Hart, One-Round Sulky beat Turk Martin, while Mickey Snell shaded Herbie Steele in three fours.

At Plainfield, "Six-Round" Powell drew with Tony Lock in eight rounds, Melin Decker lost to Pat McGowan in six, Joe Lynch won from Battling Belmont, Nick Sacco kayoed Jesse Tucker in four, Willie Wright lost to Johnny Riccadulli in four, and Joe Ardito drew with Spider Moran in the opener.

Harry Carlton and Joey Costa put on a whale of a battle in the opening show staged by Jackie Farrell at the Jersey City A. A., with Costa scoring a T.K.O. in the seventh round when Carlton suffered a cut over the eye.

Frankie Carlton won an eight-round decision over Eddie Conley at West Springfield, Mass.

Here are some matches that would go over big with Hudson County fandom: Young Zazzarino with either Frankie or Harry Carlton; J. J. Braddock and Stanley Poreda; Lou Lombardi against Young Zazzarino; Joey Ferrando and Young Zazzarino, and Lou Lombardi with either of the Carlton brothers.

Tony Grabowski, who was a sensation in the Diamond Belt tourney, is coming along at a fast pace.

At Garfield, Johnny O'Keefe defeated Jay Mecadon, eight; Carl Duva beat Mickey Saloma, eight; Puggy Snyder stopped Manuel Corrilis in three, and Tony Mack did likewise to Steve Kravice.

Joe Jennette is tutoring a very good prospect in Tommy Mullhern, a fighting fool from Union City.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

STEVE HALIAKO returned to the ring and easily defeated Sammy Dorfman in a ten-round bout, which ended the indoor season of the Q.A.C., which Charlie Murray of Buffalo is promoting.

Billy Donner of Niagara Falls, one of the most promising young middleweights to perform in Rochester, made a hit with the local fans when he boxed a draw with Joe Lyons of Buffalo in the semi-final bout.

Lefty Thomas, veteran local lightweight, proved to the local fans that he still can hold his own among the coming up young lightweights when he belted Joe Severino of Buffalo around the ring for three rounds, finally stopping him.

Jimmy Downs, the fighting newspaper man, came out another K.O. winner when he stopped Georgie Polito in three rounds.

Vincent Giambrone, one of the cleverest little bantamweights ever turned out of Rochester, boxed Meyer Lathron a draw on a minute's notice in a six-round bout.

Phil Verde, local featherweight, who has met Tommy Paul, Bushy Graham, Batt Battalino and all the best featherweights in the boxing game today, has resumed training. He has placed himself under the writer's management and will be ready to meet the best in the featherweight division in the near future.

Boxers in every division who are not tied up with managers would do well to get in touch with the writer, Rocky Conti, 5 Wait St., Rochester, N. Y.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton contender for middleweight honors, was to have fought Ben Jeby in a fifteen-round bout for the title at the Dreamland Park in Newark, but the bout was postponed when Jeby fractured his finger while in training.

Because of illness, Johnny Oakey had to cancel his bout with Doc Conrad of Newark. This bout was scheduled for Asbury Park.

Paulie Walker stopped Bennie Levine of Newark in the ninth round. Walker dropped Levine for the count on four different occasions up until the ninth round. This bout was held at the Dreamland Park in Newark.

Georgie Levy, Trenton lightweight, lost his first bout in about ten starts when he lost the decision to Bucky Keyes of Jersey City in the eight-round semi to the Mecadon-Phillips bout at Englewood.

Sailor Fisher, former Trenton heavyweight, who gave up a promising career to become one of Trenton's finest, is now a member of the police baseball nine. Incidentally, Fisher is one of the main factors that is keeping the police team on top in the Capitol City league.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By JAMES VACCOLLA

STATE SENATOR JOSEPH P. LAWLOR of Waterbury has been chosen by Governor Wilbur A. Cross as the new boxing commissioner. He succeeds Thomas E. Donahue, who has held the post for the past five years. Commissioner Lawlor took the helm on July 1.

At the New Haven Arena, the boxing fans were treated to one of the most sensational fights ever witnessed in the Nutmeg State, a contest between Steve Carr of Meriden and Eddie Moore, the Bridgeport Bomber. Moore had Carr on the floor four times in ten rounds of furious fighting. Moore was deprived of a well-earned victory when Referee McAuliffe called the bout a draw, much to the disgust of the fight fans.

Al Gainor, the "Black Panther" of New Haven, and one of the best-looking light-heavyweights developed since Jack Delaney, gave Georgie Nichols, former N.B.A. light-heavyweight champion, a severe drubbing at the New Haven Arena. Gainor had Nichols on the floor twice in the ninth round.

Georgie Nichols, the following week, won a ten-round decision over Frankie O'Brien of Hartford at the opening outdoor boxing show at Bulkley Stadium. Eddie Unknown Winston won on a T.K.O. over Joe Doctor in the third round. Doctor is a stablemate of Nichols.

At New Haven Arena, Tony Shucco of Boston gave Al Borros of Bridgeport a boxing lesson in their ten-round bout. Shucco was too clever for the slow-moving Boross. In the other ten-round bout, the Cocoa Kid, New Haven's sensational lightweight, stopped Eddie Conley of Danbury in four rounds. Cocoa is in demand.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA

THE initial open-air show of the season in Philadelphia took place at the Arena, with Lee Ramage of California defeating the elongated Babe Hunt of Oklahoma. Outweighed fourteen pounds, the Californian won the decision by his aggressiveness. On the same card, Al Sobulis beat Yonder McLaughlin after taking a count of nine. Lew Poster knocked out Jack McCoy, and Jimmy Dunn won over Larry Wagner.

"Lefty" Lew Tendler, who promoted the outdoor matches at the Phillies' ball park last year, looms like the only major open-air promoter this summer here.

Two lightweights from Norfolk, Va., are now making their home in Philly. Tootsie and Tommy Bashara. Tootsie, since his stay in the Quaker City, easily defeated Bobby Dechter and surprised by his two victories over Johnny Lucas. His brother, Tommy, easily won over Jimmy Dunn. These boys should make good here this summer.

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Dowell May Publish Book

Ralph E. Dowell, whose course on health building and muscle building is advertised in this book and is recognized as one of the best in the country, contemplates getting a book out next fall on "Physical Culture." Dowell's course is not a boxing course nor a wrestling course, but one that gives splendid exercises for body building without the use of apparatus, and sells for only $2.00.

Matt Adgie, the fighting iceman, one of the best past drawing cards in this city, will assist Lew Tendler at the Phillies' ball park this summer.

Joe Foglietta ran into his first defeat of the season in the hands of Stanley Winneryk. Frankie Caris, former amateur champ, has yet to be defeated as a pro. Jimmy Mack will be out for a month due to an injury to his head. Harry Serody is now training after a layoff due to a bad hand. Billy Ketchell, the farmer boy, has yet to lose a fight. Vince Forgione, the veteran, is still going strong. Johnny Hayes, veteran of many a sensational battle, has hung up the gloves for good.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JACK PETERSEN surprised even his most ardent supporters when he knocked out Hein Muller, German heavyweight champion, in one round, in the first of his three big open-air fights in Cardiff. Readers of these notes are aware of Petersen's true ability, for I have been boosting him for the past six months. The punch that knocked the German cold was a terrific right to the solar plexus. The fight was over so quickly that even Muller's chief second did not see the final punch. Petersen has plenty of color and is a fair boxer. He has a good wallop in either hand.

Jack Doyle, one of the most popular heavyweights since the days of Bombardier Billy Wells, came back from three months' tuition in France under Francois Descamps, to show a big crowd at the Olympia, London, how much he had really improved. His opponent was the tough Belgian heavy, Jack Humbeck, who has been boxing some time. The latter afforded little opposition to Doyle, who punched his rival around the ring until he finally knocked him out in the second round. On the same card as Doyle, Larry Gains, the Negro holder of the British Empire heavyweight championship, defended that title against George Cook. Gains won a poor fight comfortably, although Cook nearly had him out in the ninth round.

Victor McLaglen, the Fox film star, who is making a film here, was introduced "as a better film star than a fighter."

The minor contests to the big fights at the Olympia saw a convincing return to his best form by Charlie Smith, Deptford heavyweight, who so severely punished the tough Seaman Rowles that the latter was forced to retire in the sixth round.

A stable companion of Rowles, Seaman Storrie, made a favorable professional debut by knocking out the South African, Ginger White, in six rounds after a glorious scrap.

Don McCorkindale, the South African heavyweight champion, is showing improved form at the moment. Following his K.O. over Larry Gains, and a points win over the promising German, Hower, he defeated Walter Neusel, the best heavyweight prospect in Europe, on a foul in eight rounds. Up to that point, McCorkindale had had the better of the fight and Neusel was in a bad way, both his eyes being cut and his cheekbone streaming with blood.

On the same program, the promising South African heavyweight, Ben Foord, made his debut against Vincent Parrille of the Argentine. Parrille put up a very plucky performance, but Foord, who is but a novice, hit the cleaner and was a narrow winner. In another preliminary bout on the McCorkindale-Neusel card at the Royal Albert Hall, Len Johnson, Negro Manchester light-heavyweight, caused Kid Scott of Sheffield (who is being sponsored by Johnny Cuthbert, the lightweight champ of Britain) to retire in the third round of an eight-round contest, after receiving a hard, right-hand punch to the temple. It took some time for Scott to know what had happened. A week previously, Scott outpointed Len Johnson over twelve rounds at Sheffield after a very hard contest.

Manchester's three champions made appearances at the Ring of London on three successive Sundays and, with the exception of Jackie Brown, put up poor performances. Brown was the first to show. He stopped Billy Bryon in the fourteenth round.

Jock McAvoy, the middleweight champion, was opposed to Jack Hyams, the London Hebrew, who surprised even his ardent admirers with the way he shaped against the champion. Although McAvoy received the referee's decision, many thought it should have been a draw.

Johnny King, the bantam champion, although stopping Tucker Winch of Dagenham in the tenth round, failed to show his usual form.

Phineas John of Wales scored a good victory when he defeated Benny Sharkey in the final of the *Sporting Chronicle* Belt Competition over fifteen rounds at Belle Vue, Manchester. It was a neck-and-neck affair till the last round, when John went on with full speed and received the decision.

Dave Finn, the young Jewish featherweight from Stepney, is sure to become a champion if he continues improving. It is some time since this youngster has suffered defeat and, in his last two battles, he defeated Jack Middleton of Scotland and George Bissett of Stratford.

Tommy Hyams, the popular Camden Town featherweight, since his defeat by Al Brown, has found his form and gave Francois Machtens, the Belgian champion, a severe beating at the Liverpool Stadium over twelve rounds.

Johnny Waples, the former amateur champ at 135 pounds, has turned pro. In his first three starts, he defeated Young Stanley in one round, Billy Chilton in six rounds, and Tommy Lees in five rounds.

Jackie Kid Berg, the Stepney Whirlwind, proved that he was far from a finished force, and that his display against Locatelli at the Royal Albert Hall was not his best form.

At the Lee Bridge Speedway, before fifteen thousand people, he came back against Louis Saerens of Belgium, and stopped him in four rounds.

In the supporting card, Moe Moss was forced to retire with a very badly cut eye in the tenth round against Charlie Baxter of Birmingham.

Kid Farlo, the Stepney lightweight, met Peter Nolan of Walsall in the other bout, and won in the fourth round when Nolan was ruled out for striking low.

Jackie Bishop of Hoxton, although beaten by Len Beynon, gave a very good performance. Beynon is rated as one of the best bantams in Great Britain.

At the Liverpool Stadium, Johnny McMillan of Glasgow won a bout of hard punching over Harry Sankey. The referee stopped the contest in the twelfth to save the Liverpool lad from unnecessary punishment.

Tommy Rogers, a bantamweight, who hails from Willenhall, a small town just outside Birmingham, is responsible for the season's sensation. Rogers not only got a verdict in Paris over Eugene Huat, but returned and held Kid Francis to a draw.

Harry Crossley, who announced his retirement soon after he lost his light-heavyweight title to Jack Petersen, has decided to come back. In his two starts since his comeback, he has defeated Gipsy Daniels and the French Meurant.

Johnny Cuthbert was surprisingly defeated by the Belgian featherweight champion, Francois Machtens, before twenty thousand of his fellow Sheffielders. Machtens is another popular continental who has yet to put up a bad show in this country.

Danny Evans, the Welsh welterweight champion, is one of the best men the principality has turned out for some time. Evans scored a very convincing win over Jackie Phillips, the Canadian, at the Crystal Palace. A week later he journeyed to Liverpool and easily defeated Tommy Taylor.

Tommy Taylor has been scoring some good wins at Liverpool, defeating Fred Webster, the ex-lightweight champion, and Huizenaar, the Dutch champion, in successive weeks.

The best amateur England has had in years is Harry Mizler. In his first pro contest, Mizler defeated Bob Lamb in exactly 2 min. 13 sec. of the first round. As an amateur, Mizler was bantam, feather and lightweight champion of England, besides winning an Empire Games championship and representing England in the Olympic Games.

Louis Botes, the South African featherweight champion, is justifying all I said about him in this column in the past. His recent wins were over Dick Corbett and Phineas John.

After taking hidings from Al Brown and Maurice Holtzer at the Ring, London, Tommy Hyams came back to form against Jack Garland, winning comfortably in four rounds at Crystal Palace. Hyams followed this with a win over Francois Machtens.

Tommy Watson's great display against Kid Chocolate was received with much enthusiasm here.

Harry Mason looks like he is making a successful comeback. In his last start, he outpointed Stoker Reynolds of Portsmouth over ten rounds at Brighton.

Nel Tarleton, Ernie Roderick and Johnny Peters will be in Australia by the time that these lines are printed.

George "Panther" Purchase, South African lightweight, scored a good win at the expense of Evan Lane of Wales over fifteen rounds at the Ring, London.

Dick Burke, Liverpool feather, put up a very good bout with Al Brown at Grimsby until the twelfth and last round when his eye was severely cut, and the referee stopped the bout when there was one minute to go.

Jack Hood, British welterweight champ, added the European championship to his list, when he received the verdict over Anneet of Belgium in the third round on a foul after having all the best of the bout, at the Embassy Rink, Birmingham.

Mr. Ted Salmon, the promoter of the Jack Hood-Anneet bout, cabled to America for the welterweight champion, Jimmy McLarnin, to box Hood in Birmingham this summer in the open air.

Archie Sexton, the Bethnal Green middleweight, who is regarded as the uncrowned champion in the middleweight division, had a workout when he took on Phil Green of Bath over twelve rounds at the open-air show that was promoted by Tom Nappi and Pat O'Connor at Assumption Hall Grounds, Bethnal Green. The bout was stopped by the referee, Pat J. Fox, after eleven rounds, to save Green unnecessary punishment.

George Rose gained an easy victory over Fred Chandler in twelve rounds at the final show of the season at the Chalton Street Ring, Euston.

A surprise was in store for the big crowd at Trelaw, Wales, when Evan Morris of Pontyaymmer defeated Ivor Drew of Trelaw in the twelfth round of a fifteen-round contest.

At the Assumption Hall open-air show, Tommy Lye was disqualified in the second round of his contest with Johnny Longman. On the same card, George Lowe of East Ham kayoed Eddie Richards of Wales in seven rounds.

Reg Perkins, Bedford middleweight, scored a winning treble in one week. The first bout was against Eddie Manning, whom he defeated in twelve rounds, then he scored over Leo Wax in eight rounds, and finished up by scoring over Tony Arpino in twelve rounds.

Billy Nash of Clerkenwell, who is undefeated in thirty bouts, improves every time out.

At the Spencer, Badminton Hall, Northampton, Alec Law of Birmingham defeated Norman Snow of Northampton in fifteen rounds.

Johnny Cuthbert, the 135-pound British champion, had to fight very hard to beat Tommy Spiers of Scotland over fifteen rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

Jackie Brown defended his European flyweight crown successfully against the onslaught of Valentin Anglemann, French contender.

FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By A. ABRAHAMS

LAST month saw the return of professional boxing to its own in Johannesburg. The first bout of any importance was the affair between "Ginger" Jones, the Welsh champion, and the Olympic lightweight champ, Laurie Stevens, with Stevens winning. Stevens is worth watching. He will get nearer to a world's championship than any other South African.

In the chief supporting bout, Gerry Stone beat Archie Rose.

Eddie Peirce and his Olympic teammate, Dave Carstens, had a royal mix on May 20. Although he was fifteen pounds lighter, Peirce got the decision.

Gerry Stone lost the decision to Ginger Jones over eight rounds. This was not a good verdict. Jones is a clever fellow with admirable footwork.

Alex Knight beat Harry Moore in a good, fast featherweight contest.

Les van Rooyen stopped Jack Coetsee in the third round of a welterweight match.

Ben Foord and Ginger White have joined McCorkindale, Purchase, Kilswetter, MacGuire, Botes and Anderson overseas. These South Africans seem to be doing very well in England.

FROM MAINE

By CHARLEY MILLER

BANGOR is one of the few cities in New England where boxing and wrestling have proved profitable. The Bangor Auditorium keeps packing 'em in for both. The writer drew a huge throng when he presented Schmeling and Dempsey here and expects this summer to have another big surprise for the fans. Watch for it!

Dick Madden is a popular heavyweight in this sector. A Madden-Charley Massare match would draw well.

HERE AND THERE — Frankie Beard will attempt to bring boxing back with a bang in Waterville . . . . Boxing is flat in Lewiston . . . . Wrestling still holds the upper hand in that same city . . . . There is a slump in Portland, but things are beginning to pick up . . . . Boxing shows a profit in Augusta . . . . Tom Travers, at Biddeford, is making money with his shows, for which he charges tops of fifty cents and general admission of twenty-five cents . . . . The future looks bright for boxing and wrestling in Maine . . . . The writer is conducting his health and training camps at Moosehead Lake, where he has been for many years. "Tex" Austin, of THE RING, has a place here, too, and will be up as usual. Come up and look us over. You'll enjoy the fishing and the scenery. Ask Jack Sharkey, Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

JIMMY KELSO of Sydneytown is the fistic sensation of the day. From a precarious foothold away down, and almost out of sight, James has skyrocketed to the top of the Aussie boxing world. Three hops did the trick, all within a few short weeks. A great fifteen-round win over Al Foreman made the fans sit up. An equally great victory over Bobby Delaney left them thunderstruck. (It left Jimmy with the Australian lightweight title!) And, to complete the good work, Kelso again met and defeated Al Foreman in a bout for the lightweight championship of the British Empire. If he can keep on dancing to this tune, there's no telling where Jimmy might land himself. So in case he does—keep your eye on him.

Bobby Blay had far too many guns for Johnny Burke when they clashed at Rushcutters Bay. It was Burke's first real test as a potential champion. In the past year or so, he has been nosed along in the small-time brigade, and brilliant boxing at last put him into the ring against an established headliner. The result was almost tragic. Blay simply belted the hide off the youngster, and scored a four-round knockout . . . . A Carroll-Blay match for the welterweight leadership is fairly screeching for promotion.

The order of the day, in so far as our fistic leaders are concerned, appears to be anything but boxing. Ambrose Palmer is playing football; Jack Carroll's main pastime is resting in peace; Llew Edwards is waiting for something to happen; Fred Henneberry is working in the country, and Ron Richards chews the cud while exchanging letters, telegrams, etc., with the Sydney Stadium management. Let's hope the deadly calm will be followed by a glovestorm.

After a lapse of eight years, Billy McAlister and Les Ferris met in a return match recently. An eight-round draw was the result. Their previous clash went to McAlister by a slight margin in twenty rounds.

Charlie Lucas has quite a big lineup of English importations for his National Boxing Club. Among those supposed to be heading this way are: Johnny Peters, Nel Tarleton and Ernie Roderick; as well as Baby Joe Gans and Chick Devlin from the United States. The N.B.C. received two good breaks with the Delaney-Kelso and the second Foreman-Kelso affairs. Nowadays, of course, really big gates are "such stuff as dreams are made of." But if Lucas keeps going as at present, he should at least succeed in making good "houses" the usual thing once more at old Rushcutters Bay.

In a main ten-round contest not so long ago, one Lon Tealey, twenty-one years old and weighing 13.4, knocked out Pietro Spagnola (12.8) in the sixth frame. And in so doing, Tealey showed form enough to make the critics prophesy a moderately successful career in pugilism. He's no world beater; but he has a great chance of developing into an Australian titleholder. If he cannot improve on the last half-dozen or so heavyweight champs (prior to Ambrose Palmer), he certainly won't be much to write home about. Classy heavyweights seem to be taboo down in these parts.

Wally Walker and Norman Bible emerged from a recent tournament as the outstanding flyweights in the country. They were matched for the vacant title in that division, and Walker gained the referee's decision, loudly disputed, after fifteen dull, unworthy rounds.

Former amateur champion of Australia, Reg O'Haire, was outboxed by Cyril Pluto in a fifteen-rounder . . . . Between his contests with Kelso, Al Foreman had a cakewalk and a seven-round K.O. at the expense of Bobby Watson (nearly two-stone heavier) . . . . Watson drew with Billy Negus, who took the nod from Jack Rainsford in twelve rounds . . . . Melbourne Stadium is again closed, Fitzroy now being the only regularly operating arena in a city of over a million souls!

Johnny Freeman scored another win (of a sort) when Pat Appleton fouled him in the third stanza . . . . While on the subject of poultry, it may be as well to mention that Alf Wells fouled Kid Rooney in the last few seconds of a good fifteen-round mill, and Dealer Wells, on the comeback trail, lost on a foul to Jim Richardson in the fifth . . . . Billy Pluto outpointed Jack Garcia, but found Ken McDermott too good for him . . . . Clem Fundess won from Doug Brown on points . . . . Darcy and Griffo were omitted from Charles F. Mathison's list of world's champions ("Nations in Boxing," April RING). It's too bad that American and Australian records differ . . . . Darkie Blandon dropped a points decision to Billy Carr . . . . And it's time I dropped this column in the post . . . . Address me: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

Jackie O'Brien, welterweight, twenty years old, and loaded with promise, has leaped into the pugilistic headlines with startling suddenness. Some months ago he copped the Western Australian welter crown, packed his grip and headed east. His early activities in Sydney were keenly watched and noted for future reference. Yes, he looked quite O.K. Progress was slow, but sure, from the start. But in the past few weeks he has clapped on speed and is now definitely in line for matches with such stars as Carroll and Blay . . . . Following an easy four-round K.O. of Max Raynor, O'Brien was rather lucky to gain a T.K.O. over Rus Critcher, whose eye injuries forced him to retire. But Jackie left no doubt about his ability when he completely outclassed Alby Roberts and had a cakewalk at the expense of Johnny Burke—all in Brisbane.

Jimmy Kelso's head didn't have much time to get uneasy wearing the British Empire lightweight crown. The Sydney youngster was in possession exactly twenty-eight days. Then Al Foreman took it back on a foul.

After winning the Australian flyweight title on an unpopular decision, Wally Walker was outpointed in ten rounds by Mickey Miller. But when his crown was at stake—with Midget Brodie as challenger—Walker was a different proposition. He belted Brodie all over the deck before the referee stopped the slaughter in the ninth round. He also K.O.'d Miller in a return.

After leading throughout his contest with Billy McAlister in Sydney, Les Ferris was unlucky enough to lose on a foul in the last round.

The Victorian middleweight championship was decided when Johnny Condon and Tiger Andrews clashed at Fitzroy, under Pat McHugh's promotion. A packed house saw Condon collect the laurels.

SMALL FRY—Johnny Peters, Ern Roderick and Nel Tarleton, the N.B.C.'s English importations, will be in Australia in a couple of weeks . . . . A couple of Filipinos, for Leichhardt Stadium, have just arrived . . . . Young Exmundi and Jose Bantesto . . . . Al Foreman says the Kelso foul was the very first in which he's been concerned in 365 fights . . . . Johnny Burke won from Harry Vaughan, points, twelve heats . . . . Teddy Moroney defeated Lou Anderson and cut even with Tommy Barber . . . . Billy Godfrey was too good for Stew Brady, and Manuel Cuzzilini defeated Alf Wells on same card . . . . Midget Brodie outpointed Jack Baker . . . . Wally Hancock won from Billy Negus, Harold Costello knocked out Reg Hickey in the fifth, and Roy Burns handed the same dope to Jack Geddes in four . . . . And that's the lot till next boat. My address is: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

CONRAD CONDE scored a five-round kayo over Mario Kid Sanchez, Cuban bantamweight champion, who conceded a six-pound handicap. Sanchez boxed well enough but Conde hit too hard and the bout was halted.

Alejandro Cordo, Cuba's coming featherweight, outboxed and outfought Humbert Calvo in a special six-rounder. Cordo can box nifty and can take a punch. Eddy Gonzalez, the "Pais" middleweight, won from Daniel Delcaso in four rounds, and Rufino Alvarez, the Asturian heavyweight, lost an eight-round decision to Frank Ortiz.

Divino Rueda lost a close ten-round decision to Guillermo Gonzalez, and a return match is in the making. Divino just returned from Panama. Marino Diaz won in six rounds over Bill Dempsey, and Pepe el Herrero knocked out Young Vila—both light-heavyweights.

Joe Coego won in ten rounds over Marzo Fernandez, and Marzo Fernandez lost to Sixto Morales. With this last fight, Marzo has retired from the ring.

Goyito Rico, the heavyweight king of the Isle, in poor condition, lost his crown in the ninth round to John Herrera.

Robert Monos, was selected as a trial horse for Kid Carpentier, who made his debut in Havana, but Monos earned the decision. Carpentier then outpointed Amado Mario.

Rene Bassarrate, local sportsman of considerable wealth, is now in Spain with his stable of boxers. Joaquin Torreggorsa, who holds the Cuban lightweight title, seems to be going great. Panchon Martinez also has won his bouts there, but Rafael Valdes, who looked like the "goods" when he left Cuba, has had hard luck there. Bassarrate will probably return soon to Cuba.

The "Cerveza Cristal" Stadium is doing well. Aramis del Pino and Luis Parga have had considerable success there.

Antonio Santana, Cuba's sterling southpaw bantamweight, is hard training for some bouts. Kid Calixto lost a ten-round decision to Baby La Paz.

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

JEFF DICKSON has been kept very busy in London for the past two months, getting his new arena under way. It will be the biggest indoor sports amusement house in the world and it will fill a long-felt want in the big English town. Up to the present time, the Olympia has been the biggest sports arena in London. It resembles the old Madison Square Garden of New York, but it has outlived its usefulness as a sports center.

The Olympia is a long ride from the center of London, whereby Dickson's new sport palace will be only a short walk from the Victoria Station. As in his Palais des Sports arena of Paris, he will have an up-to-date ice plant, swimming pool, gymnasium, restaurant and, of course, a few bars. One form of sport which has never been catered to in London since the days of the high-wheeled bicycles, will be six-day bicycle races, and, as on Sunday afternoons in the Paris Palais des Sports, during the winter months, bicycle competitions, individual and paced, will be given. The name of the structure will be "Jeff Dickson's Westminster Stadium."

The lightweight championship of Europe, between Francois Sybille, holder, of Belgium, and Victor Deckmyn, French challenger, was held at Jeff Dickson's Paris Palais des Sports. The distance was fifteen rounds, and the verdict went to Sybille. It was a sound decision.

In one of the prelims, Maurice Huguenin, the French flyweight, who is a good one, knocked out Negri, the tough Italian, in the second round. Huguenin is anxious to get a match on for the title against Jackie Brown.

Carlo Orlandi, the welterweight of Italy, met the French veteran, Gene Drouhin, in a ten-round bout. The Italian had the better of the milling in eight out of the ten sessions. The officials, however, called the bout a draw (no decision).

Preciso Merlo, light-heavyweight of Italy, received a decision over the Swedish champion, John Anderson. It was a hard fight to judge.

In a contest for the German light-heavyweight title, Trollmann defeated Witt on points, and in the lightweight class, Seisler defeated Heinisch on points. The bouts were held in Berlin.

Tarante, the American Negro, defeated the Italian, Rossi, by a knockout in the second round in Algiers.

Young Perez, former flyweight champion of France, defeated Charley Sauvage of France on points in Constantine.

Cloquel defeated Naudin on points in a match for the welterweight championship of Algiers.

Rene "Evergreen" Devos, who, a few years ago, was one of the best of the world middleweights, fought Flanta Nekolny, the Czech champion, to a draw in ten rounds. The bout was held in Prague, the home town of the blond Czech fighting machine. According to some reports from Prague, Devos appeared to have had an edge on Nekolny.

Jackie Brown of England received a decision over the crack French flyweight, Valentin Angelmann, in a fifteen-round contest in the London Olympia, under the auspices of the National Sporting Club. The fight was a very close one.

Boxing has been going along very well in Spain during the past three months. One of the latest matches was a light-heavyweight championship of Europe between John Anderson of Sweden, the holder, and Ignacio Ara of Spain. The decision was given to the Spaniard on points.

The same night, the featherweight championship of Europe was held in the same bull ring in Barcelona between the European champion, Jose Girones of Spain, and the French champion, Georges Leperson. The decision went to Girones, a verdict which did not even please the Spanish crowd.

Although the referees are appointed by the International Boxing Union from neutral countries to officiate in championship bouts, there are few officials who seek the job of refereeing a bout in Spain, when a native is defending. No matter how much a Spanish battler may be beaten, if he is there at the last bell, he must either receive the decision or get a draw for an official to get away without being insulted.

In Spain, dining is late and boxing competitions and other indoor amusements usually start at about midnight. I have attended many boxing competitions in old Spain, and I have enjoyed them, notwithstanding some decisions which appeared to be crude.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

SUMMER boxing in Montreal promises to be raised to its previous high level, with Alex Moore, enterprising matchmaker for the Forum, providing the proceedings. The diminutive ring and mat matchmaker is determined to make the Forum the mecca for the best glove and grappling bouts in the Canadian metropolis—and has apparently started off on the right foot, despite slow cooperation from the customers. He is not only the Forum boxing matchmaker, but is the ring master for the mat brawls at the Forum, too, in the capacity of matchmaker for the Canadien Hockey Club in collaboration with the Curley and Londos groups.

Popular prices have been his main appeal to the fans and he has gone even better by introducing "hot weather depression prices" for the summer shows, starting off with the Jim Londos-Gino Garibaldi tussle for which the prices ranged from fifty cents to one dollar tops. So far, the boxing cards have been priced up to $1.50, but there is a possibility that that will be lowered if the fans are still hoarding their dough—and if that doesn't work, Montreal will have to do without their fights, as there are no other promoters in the field. Such efforts deserve better support.

The last card staged by Moore—the only fight show of the month of June in Montreal—was a good one, featured by surprisingly decisive results. Billy Townsend, Vancouver's blond welterweight tornado, blasted Jerry Emard, Holyoke, Mass., out of the picture in the first round of the scheduled ten-round main bout to convince all present that he has regained his best form. Townsend ripped into Emard from the start, floored him twice and then finished him off with a few more savage clouts. He will meet Stanislaus Loayza, Chilean star, in the main bout of the next card, according to present plans.

Harold Stewart, local Irish lightweight scientist, served further notice of his top-flight ability by outsmarting Roland Lecuyer, rugged New Englander, in the semi-final fracas that was adjudged the best of the night. He is the uncrowned Canadian champion. Johnny Keller, tigerish local featherweight, who should be the Canuck champ before the winter sets in again, battled to a draw with Art Primrose, classy and hard-hitting local lightweight. Opinion was divided on their merits but this writer would pick Keller to win a return bout and believes that his aggressiveness entitled him to the nod.

Harry Gerson, brilliant local Hebrew bantam, shocked Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley and everyone else present by cutting loose with some dynamic wallops to kayo his noted Negro opponent in the initial heat. Watch this lad, Gerson, he's a sensation in his own right, flattening a veteran like Bradley, who has fought Genaro and the best of them, in one round, though having only three starts under his belt.

Gerson, Stewart and Keller are Montreal's three aces, so far as those active in local rings are concerned. Gerson figures to battle Bobby Leitham for the latter's Canadian bantam crown some time this year, and Leitham would have worthy opposition in this rangy, sharpshooting youngster. Stewart figures to beat Tommy Bland, lightweight titlist, whenever they fight, as he drew with Roger Bernard, who knocked out Bland. Keller, down to his best fighting weight, one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, is straining at the leash to get Bobby Lawrence, recent winner of the vacant featherweight crown, into a title battle.

The other two prelims on the card showed a pair of good Ontario battlers to Montreal fandom, Ronnie Headley, Ottawa welterweight, and Lefty Gwynne, Toronto's Olympic bantam champ. Headley beat Bill Carruthers in a six-rounder, despite questionable tactics on the latter's part that spoiled the battle, while Gwynne outbattled Armand Martin in a spectacular slugging joust. Both Headley and Gwynne would make good cards here and will likely be brought back, Gwynne for a bout with Gerson in a clash that should prove a "natural" as well as a contender for Leitham's title.

Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight king, who regained his laurels from Jimmy Kelso, Aussie star, in three rounds, may be heading for home by the time this is printed. Foreman was expected to leave at any moment upon going to press and will stop off at Johannesburg, South Africa, to display the dynamite packed in his mitts en route. Foreman has been doing well financially in Kangaroo Land.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king and pride of Verdun, lost out in his bid for the British Empire title held by Johnny King. King outpointed Bobby in a fifteen-rounder at the Olympia, London, but the verdict must have been close as Sam Gibbs, his vitriolic pilot, chanted the collegiate "Raw, raw, raw," for several days after. A return bout is in the making, as well as a battle with Dick Corbett at Manchester.

Terry "Tiger" Harrington, Liverpool, N. S., is the latest heavyweight sensation from the Maritimes, the district that produced such Negro stars as Sam Langford, George Dixon and others. Harrington walloped Leo "Twin" Asselin, amongst other fairly good heavies, and may prove to be well worth watching.

STRAY SHOTS—Steve Trojack, Western heavyweight kingpin, and Harrington, best of eastern Canada's big boys, would be a logical pair for a Canadian heavyweight title bout as the so-called champ, Larry Gains, has been away for some time, having yet to defend his title . . . . Battling Sig Tracy proved how tough his Norwegian hide is by taking all Frank Battaglia could give him in a ten-rounder at Winnipeg . . . . Battaglia won the fight, but suffered a broken thumb on his right hand in the process . . . . Local amateurs getting ready for a busy outdoor season this summer. See you all next month.

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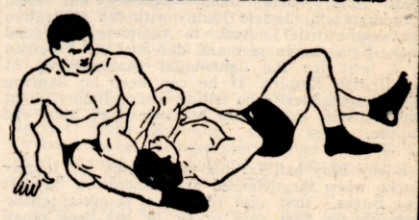

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

WRITING boxing notes from this neck in the woods is easy these days, also, paradoxically, difficult. It is easy because there is very little boxing to write about—and tough because of the fact. For instance, we haven't had a "pro" fight in Beantown for a month—not a thing doing either in Boston or near vicinity. The only fighting gloves we have seen are in the windows of sporting goods stores where, unless there is a change for the better, they are likely to remain.

The main happening in Boston boxing since the last issue of THE RING concerns the closing down of the Argonne A. A. and the retirement from the sport, in which he had been a factor for twenty-seven years, of Eddie Mack, the promoter. Eddie says he is merely out of the game until fall, but the fact remains, he has folded up his boxing establishment and taken himself to Rockingham Park, Salem, N. H., where he is handling racing publicity. Thus far, Mack is certain that the ponies are more interesting than the boxers.

During the several years of the depression, Promoter Mack battled manfully to keep boxing going. He staged fights on an average of every two weeks—gave the public many fine tourneys—"took it on the chin" time after time without a squawk. To meet conditions, he shifted prices—brought here innovations—gave everything the once-over—tried about every expedient that he could devise. With every show, however, his grand total "in the red" grew alarmingly. Mack figured that the Dempsey-Schmeling visitation of two months ago would go over big—but it didn't. Then he staged Lou Brouillard *vs.* Sammy Slaughter, ordinarily a great attraction. The boys put up a great fight, Brouillard winning the decision. The cash customers, however, failed to turn out in paying numbers and Mack dropped about eighteen hundred dollars. That settled the fistic business for him. So he closed up shop and got out and, for the first time in twenty-seven years, his picturesque figure in connection with the sport is no more.

The Boston Garden staged Johnny Indrisano and Jimmy Smith, the latter of Philadelphia, the former winning in ten rounds. It was a pretty good fight. It was not a financial success, however, and the Garden slammed the door on boxing and has kept it shut for two months. However, at an early date, it will try the promotion business once more. It will offer the public a bout between Mickey Walker *vs.* Lou Brouillard. It is slated to go ten rounds. As this contest rates in the Hub as a super-attraction, there is talk of a $25,000 to $30,000 gate. It may total about $15,000. Whether the show goes over the top or not, it will be the last indoor affair at the Garden for some time. This wonderful palace of sport, hardly second to any indoor arena in the country, will be revamped into an artificial garden—a spot for pop concerts, cabaret and dancing, also drinking of beer. However, it was stated the other day that an outdoor show in August or September might be staged under the direction of the North Station management. So much for the glove game in Boston.

With General Apathy in the saddle, too much taxation and fees—too great an overhead—all working together, boxing in Boston and the entire state is in the doldrums. To a veteran like the writer, who has seen the greats and near-greats showing their wares before at least six clubs here in Boston alone, to say nothing of smaller organizations scattered all over the state, the present situation is hard to realize. In these various clubs of former days, the boys from the amateurs had the chance to really develop—to eventually become cards—go out into the world of sport and win name and fame. But, with the fading of the clubs, talent has also faded and, with the talent, public interest.

After two months of idleness, Andy Callahan of Lawrence, holder of three New England titles, returned to the ring and successfully defended his welter title against Frankie Britt of New Bedford in a Fall River, Mass., ring. The distance was twelve rounds. In the semi-final, Jack Gagnon, the Boston heavy, stopped Vic Bernard, also of Boston, in five heats.

Boxing got going up at Manchester, N. H., the Arena A. A. of that city staging an outdoor bout of ten rounds between Norman Conrad, New England light-heavy champion, and Leo Larrivee, the Waterbury, Conn., veteran. It was a good scrap, with Conrad receiving the award. The sensation of the show came in the semi-final when Battling Hershey of Waterbury stopped Johnny Harko of Manchester in two rounds. It marked the first time Harko has been stopped in twelve years, during which he has fought one hundred and sixty-five bouts.

While boxing in Massachusetts is practically confined to West Springfield, with occasional tourneys in Fall River, the mat game continues to rage—not so hot as formerly, but still going. Wrestling being entirely free of commissional interference and taxation, there is a chance for about anybody who can secure a hall to make some money out of it—so plenty are going to it while the going continues good. The ultimate result, however, will be that the public will become fed up, also that the state solons, looking for something to tax, will place the sport in the same category as boxing. At present, the majority of the mat promoters are staging from six to twelve bouts at prices as low as twenty-five and fifty cents, a competition that the fistic promoters cannot meet. Therefore, as pointed out, the grunt and groan brigade has the field pretty much to itself.

Here in Boston, Paul Bowser continues the big league promoter. He is giving the public a real run for its money. Two other competitors in Boston have hurt him, particularly with their cut-price shows at which everything goes, but Paul, though he has refused to chop his customary $1, $2 and $3 prices, keeps right on sawing wood. His latest big show of any moment was staged at the Boston Garden, when Henri DeGlane of France, former world's champion, made his return to the game following his injury and upset by Ed Don George, also loss of his title, three months ago. DeGlane, who is a real wrestler and not an actor, is very popular here, and received an ovation. He was pitted against the Red Masked Marvel and defeated his man in straight falls in 21 min. 15 sec., and 55 sec. In the semi-final, Charley Strack defeated Roland Kerschmeyer, his former college chum from Oklahoma A. and M., in 24 min. 40 sec., a return contest.

The general idea of Masked Marvels, Hooded Matmen, Black Secrets, Phantoms and such goes back many years—just how many the writer does not know. One of the first to be shown in Boston, fully twenty years ago, was Mort Henderson, George V. Tuohey promoting. Henderson went over very big in his day. Now about every promoter has one of these masked chaps on his card with such men at Pat Fraley, Harry Lundin, Jack Young, Pat McGill, Bill Currie, Hanson, et al, filling the role, and doing so very acceptably. The wrestling public seems to enjoy the mystery stuff—and is getting it.

An attempt to bring about a return contest here between Jim Londos and Joe Savoldi, from which affair a percentage was to be given to the Boston Emergency Relief Fund, has fallen flat. Such a contest would have gone over very big, but Promoter Bowser, who was selected to handle the affair, decided that he did not care to mix in. There is a vague possibility that Londos and Savoldi may clash here in the fall.

Joe Savoldi, in his Boston debut, met Nick Lutze of southern California, a Bowser offering. It went over very big at the Boston Garden, with Savoldi winning. Joe fed Lutze his double hitch-kick to the chest and literally booted his man out of the picture. Nick's head hit the canvas with a thud and he was unable to continue the fray. In the semi-final, Bowser's other marvel—Blue Masked Marvel—settled John Friberg of Worcester in 17 min. 24 sec.

While a hitch-kick, even though it be delivered by Savoldi, hardly appeals to the writer as a scientific wrestling hold, the public is fast getting used to modern mat tactics. It will stand for about anything, all depending on who the wrestler happens to be. Thus in Boston and Bay State rings we have ear holds, hair holds, mouth holds, eye-gouging, nose holds, kicks, slaps, punches, butts, throws-over-ropes and other forms of wrestling, in addition to the more orthodox list of approved locks and counters. To add to the general variety of the general fun, excitement or brawling—whatever one may choose to call it, on occasions the matmen include the referee in their melees. Recently, in Boston, not less than four referees in one show were either kicked, punched or tossed out of the ring by contestants. To meet this situation, the promoters are employing either wrestlers or ringsters to act as third men.

The veteran, Stan Zbyszko, with Jack Sherry, his new protege, in tow, made the port of Boston, both showing their mat wares in a tourney promoted by Charles F. Gordon in the Mechanics Building. Sherry disposed of Art Flynn, the former Lawrence boxer, now a student at Boston and earning his passage by wrestling, in two straight falls, the times being 17 min. 4 sec., and 12 min. 20 sec. Flynn made a very good showing, considering the really formidable matman he was up against. Stan Zbyszko was pitted against one Cowboy Russell of Arizona, who was disqualified after 10 min. 20 sec. for roughing the veteran.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

ROY GILMAN, matchmaker for the Elks' Club at Fort Dodge, Iowa, has staged some very good shows. Jimmy Salvatore, a tough bantam, is making a big hit on his monthly shows.

Frank R. Whitney, well-known boxer and boxing promoter in Iowa, died at his home in Cedar Rapids, Ia. At the peak of his fighting career, Whitney knocked out Ad Wolgast in five rounds, and fought Freddie Welsh, lightweight champion, three times.

Young Everett Rightmeier, a featherweight, who looks like he is going to be a bad boy to mix with, caused the big upset when he defeated Frankie Wolfram, Canada's bantamweight menace. Buss Griffiths knocked out Kid Carr in five; Johnny Martin beat George Kenard; Ernie North beat Speedy Clayton; Keith Weaver knocked out Larry Houck; Al Pahl beat Wayne Berg.

Stuart, Ia.—Tony Fuente, Mexican heavyweight, kayoed Red Palmer in two; Bobby Roberts put Milo Fischer away in two; Jackie Pearson beat Bobby Davis; Benny Floyd and Bob McLaughlin drew; Buck Slauson and Gabb Frederick fought a draw.

Close to four thousand fans turned out to watch Young Rightmeier and Joe Dragon of Cleveland do battle in six rounds. Dragon received a neat boxing lesson and was lucky to finish the distance. Irish McKenna and Buss Griffiths fought six to a draw; Johnny Long of Chicago was too smart for Keith Weaver in their sixer; Slim Ryan beat Kid Miller in four; Johnny Raven knocked out Kid Wakeman in four; Wayne Berg and Vince McMahon drew in four.

Omaha, Nebr.—Jimmie Caffery beat Chuck Patterson in ten.

Arnold's Park, Ia.—In the first outdoor boxing card of the season staged here, Reddy Adair and Artie Stokes fought six fast rounds to a draw; Dan De Raad was knocked out in two rounds by Jack Phillips; Little Bobby Rogers and Mickey Slater fought four rounds to a draw; Kid Swezey knocked out Eddie Burke in three; Tommy Walsh beat Wayne Ogle; Kid Newman beat Jimmy Smith. Sailor Burke of Sioux City was referee for all the bouts.

Ted Zanfes, third man for Harry Jones at Riverview Park Arena, heads the lists as one of Iowa's leading referees.

RING READERS, ATTENTION—I have compiled a list of the active promoters in this section and will mail same, free of charge, to anyone who wants same. All I ask is you pay the postage, which is a three-cent stamp. The list includes both boxing and wrestling promoters.

Riverview Arena—In a six-round re-match, Ray Mann, Sioux City welterweight, lost a close bout with Battling Nelson of Belgrade, Nebr. Jimmy Caffery cantered home an easy winner over Duane Maddox in six; Keith Weaver knocked out Art Thomas in two; Slim Ryan beat Jack Phillips in four; Vince McMahon knocked out Joe Spiegel in one; Dutch Henderson knocked out Lloyd Rawson in one.

Stuart, Ia.—Noble Jennings and Joey Slater boxed a draw; Buck Slauson and Young Gates drew; Bobbie Roberts knocked out John Edison in three; Kid Roberts and Willard Glass drew; Rocky Davis kayoed John Smith in two; Packy Liefley and Young Buckles drew.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, defeated Kid Rooney in four; Bat Sherlock lost to Swede Ahren in four; Jimmy Salvatore knocked out Eddie Burke in the second round of a billed sixer, and in another bout on the same card, he (Salvatore) lost a fast sixer to Harold Rogers, tough Sioux City bantam.

Stuart, Ia.—Vic Williams knocked out John Smith in two; Jackie Saunders kayoed Kid Henderson; Slugger Slauson knocked out Young Shelley; Don Moore beat Packy Liefley; Don Jones drew with Fracis Reighard.

Nate Cohen, well-known Sioux City boxing member, is staging weekly shows at Arnold's Park, Iowa. Johnny Mahr is the assistant matchmaker.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Harry Jones is after the best talent he can get for his shows at Riverview Park Arena . . . . Mail will reach him there . . . . Slim Ryan, a light-heavyweight from Seattle, is making Sioux City his headquarters . . . . Harry Gibbons is training local boxers and is also a referee . . . . Frankie Wolfram is training in Chicago . . . . Frankie is a tough boy and, at the bantamweight limit, he is a hard boy to beat . . . . Murray McLean has a good-looking boy in Young Kenard of St. Paul . . . . Jimmy Thompson returned to Sioux City and is making plans for a trip East . . . . Louie Tattleman is doing the howling from the ring at Riverview . . . . Mickey Slater, Bobby Rogers and Vince McMahon are youngsters who show promise . . . . Buss Griffiths, brother of Tuffy, is making a comeback . . . . Reddy Adair is doing well on his comeback . . . . Johnny Burds is back from the Coast . . . . Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia. . . . . News and pictures for THE RING are wanted . . . Sailor Burke is in demand here as a referee. He has signed up for the summer at Arnold's Park, Iowa.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

TOMMY O'DONNELL'S show at Canton, at the Knights of Columbus Hall, featuring Pucci and Bobby Clary, was cancelled, owing to a poor house. The boxers were ready and on the job, but Tommy said no when he faced a losing proposition.

Bobby Clary is anxious to box Ross Fields—or any of the other good featherweights. Clary looks like a pretty good little fighter.

Ebony Bill Clements knocked Jack Pallat out at Pittsburgh in the second round with a right hook to the chin. So big Jawn is now going to take a rest for a few months.

Mickey Dugan worked out with Tommy Freeman, at Erie, for Tommy's fight with the Alabama Kid at Pittsburgh, which Freeman won after a very hot ten-round bout.

Mickey Dugan is anxious to box any middleweight or light-heavyweight in the world. He has won seventeen straight fights and is willing to give any of the light-heavies fifteen pounds advantage. He has defeated every good middle and light-heavyweight around the State of Ohio. His address is 406 United Bank Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

Bud Taylor has put on about twenty-five pounds since he quit fighting.

Max Baer was in Cleveland with Jack Dempsey a few weeks ago. Max is well liked here. Many of the local fans cashed in nicely on his fight with Schmeling.

Had a letter from Mysterious Billy Smith out in Portland. He tells me they have a good lightweight Chinaman fighter who is cleaning up around there. He is going to send me a good colored middleweight, "a regular Joe Wolcott," says Billy. Smith is living at 263 Cherry Street, Portland, Oregon.

Paul Pirrone is still on the hospital list. He is taking a long rest.

Rosy Rosales is still looking for a shot with some of the light-heavyweights. He has opened a hot dog and beer stand on Harvard Avenue.

Jimmy Dunn is still hustling around with Ross Fields. He had him down at Canton, boxing a young Italian named Pucci, and Fields was lucky to get a draw, according to the sports editor of the *Repository*.

Tom McMahon is still in town, working at the Bainbridge race track. Tom runs a mile every morning around the track to keep fit.

Buck Everett won his fight at Winnipeg, Manitoba, giving Steve Trojack quite a pasting. He won seven out of the ten rounds over the Canadian heavyweight champion. The Winnipeg *Evening Tribune* gave Everett a great send-off. Jess, Buck's brother, just got back home when he was called down to Ashville, N. C., to fight Dewey Kimrey, and he knocked him out in the ninth round.

Marty McHale and Ray VanHook went down to Zanesville and won their fights over Cincinnati boys for Jimmy Cox, the new promoter at Zanesville.

The Firestone A. C. went through with its benefit show at a loss.

Suey Welch is back in Cleveland from the Coast.

Babe Triscaro went with Suey Welch to the Coast.

Boxing has been very quiet around Cleveland for the last few months. Al Zill plans on running at Youngstown. Several other little towns around the state are anxious to get started.

Tommy Bunch, old Cleveland fighter, is refereeing fights at Ft. Wayne and working quite regularly up there.

Sammy Mandell boxed at Ashtabula recently and won over Freddy Collins of Erie. They drew only one hundred dollars. Must be very tough on the great champ to be boxing for that kind of money!

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

JOE ANDERSON'S Blue Grass Arena, over the river in Covington, Ky., headlines the month's activity in the fight game in this locality. Joe is staging rattling good cards every Tuesday night and is being rewarded with capacity houses.

The outstanding cards of the over-the-river arena are Young Helms, Thomasson, Ga., lightweight; Art Schult, Covington junior lightweight; Joe Muchrowski, Newport, Ky., light-heavyweight, and Paul Thobe, West Covington welterweight.

Muchrowski topped the Decoration Day night bill, meeting Charlie Light of Indianapolis in a tenner, which Muchrowski copped after a toe-to-toe battle. Light had previously held Smokey Maggard, a seasoned vet, to a draw, and fans believed that Muchrowski was being rushed, this being only his fifth or sixth professional start, but Joey fooled them all.

Paul Thobe, after knocking out Joie Ray, Chicago, in four heats, was rematched with the Windy City boy and lost on a foul in the fourth round.

Gene Black evened the score with Young Baldomero when he copped a six-round verdict over the Mexican on the Muchrowski-Light card. Harry Nuxol, Jr., slapped Kid Harris to sleep in the first session, while Battling Dietz drew with Eddie Mason.

Muchrowski seems well fitted to take the place of Freddie Miller in greater Cincinnati fans' hearts. "Punching Joe" scored his biggest win in Cincinnati a few weeks ago when he stopped Coleman Johns of Dayton in nine rounds. Pee Wee Jarrell, "clown prince" of scrap from Indiana, halted the climb of Si Nebloski, Cincinnati's Jewish welter, in a tenner.

Dayton, long a leading figure in southern Ohio's fisticuffs, is due for a revival this summer when Jack Porter stages outdoor shows at his spacious West Side arena. Porter is sweet on Tony Usas, a clouting middleweight, and Young Bundy, hard-punching lightweight. Nebloski with Usas and Helms with Bundy would make two great attractions for the Gem City.

Billy Newsom, former middleweight from Chillicothe, O., is handling the American Legion shows at the Hillsboro Armory and is bringing in good crowds. Newsom is loud in his acclaim of Kid Smith, Hillsboro's colored welterweight, who has been bowling them over in that vicinity.

A YEAR OR MORE AGO . . . . Jack Stanley battering them over, twenty-one in a row, at Milford, which spot was the "big little shot" of Ohio's boxing circles . . . . Maxie Koshover beating Henry Perlick in his upward climb . . . . Millard Rauh handling the big shot wrestling matches at the Music Hall . . . . Coleman Johns and Tiger Roy Williams scrapping to a draw at Dayton . . . . that feud at the Dayton Eagles between Tony Saunders and Shifty Dando, the latter now a wrestler in Indianapolis . . . . Freddy Miller licking Eddie Shea at Redland in Cinci in a "heated and much-talked-about" tenner . . . . Stumpy Boyer's battle with Abe Menachoff at Mount Orab . . . . Miller stopping Willie Michel at the Music Hall . . . . Frankie Bowinkle, the hardest-punching Cincinnatian the fight ranks have produced.

The Joe Anderson-Billy Ryan bout and the battling Bezenah boys, now all gone, but not forgotten . . . . George Siler, erstwhile railroad "bum," hopping off a freight to sub in a match at the People's Arena and being showered with silver coins after the hardest-fought match ever held in the Queen City . . . . from then on, it was "Silver Shower" Siler . . . . he stuck to it to the finish and many an opponent thought he got the name from the shower of gloves he landed . . . . that much humdrummed Miller-Graham fight in a draw, which saw Freddie hit the deck in the ninth . . . . and so long till next time.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Smokey Maggard gave Corporal Leo Reed a sound thrashing at Hillsboro, and a few days previously licked Charlie Light in Covington . . . . plenty of work for good fighters in this section . . . . do well to get in touch with the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati . . . . if you are up to snuff and have no strings on you . . . . Eddie Gerhardt mentioning a few shows at some spot in Cincinnati, as is Bill Powers and Johnny Brown, Herman Katz and Jimmy Shevlin . . . . Mrs. Joe Anderson has a corking good prospect in Paul Thobe, a welterweight . . . . Jack Johnson, a Georgia lightweight, to make his bow here this summer . . . . Pat Wright has this one . . . . Freddie Miller on the Coast, making hay while the sun shines . . . . while Vince Hambright is upholding the Queen City around New York . . . . Dewey Fragetta looking for talent . . . . here's to you, Dewey.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

TONY HERRERA, loquacious Mexican lad now fighting out of Chicago, reversed a decision previously registered against him by Wesley Ramey when he won Referee Elmer (Slim) McClelland's verdict over Wesley in a Grand Rapids ring. Herrera landed repeatedly with straight rights to the head, and also scored heavily with body punches.

Reuben Edmans, Muskegan welter, returned to the wars to shade Stanley Krannenberg of Grand Rapids in the six-round semi-final. Edmans weighed 149, Krannenberg, 140.

Sammy Goldman of Grand Rapids and Bobby Gignac, Lansing, waged a furious six-rounder, which ended in a draw. These boys are the most promising flyweights in Michigan. Georgie Quackenbush, Grand Rapids feather, outpointed Goldie Edenburn of Traverse City and Eddie Gortat, Muskegan, defeated Al Engle, Twin Lakes middle, in other six-rounders.

One of the worst decisions ever given in Detroit was registered at the Arena Gardens when Referee Eddie (Doc) Casey called the Midget Wolgast-Ernie Maurer fight a draw. Ernie was the aggressor throughout, keeping after Wolgast all the time, but while Wolgast broke ground repeatedly, he was sending a steady stream of lefts and rights against Maurer's face.

Red Casson took Port Huron Johnny Thomas into camp, Ken Offet shaded Saginaw Bobby Thomas, Don McLeod beat Mickey Morris of Flint, and Georgie Quackenbush flattened Six Toes Joe Joslyn in the first of a scheduled six.

Joe Stalnes, fast-rising welterweight youngster, spanked Tuffy Simmons of Detroit in the four-round curtain-raiser. Stalnes is a vicious puncher and a match between him and Jackie Sherman would be the berries.

In a show at the Arena Gardens featuring three ten-rounders, with two of them involving state championships, Marty Simmons, weaving, bobbing middleweight champion from Saginaw, outpunched Lefty Louie Mays in a gruelling scrap.

Johnny Mitchell, rugged Polish lad from Detroit, was not so fortunate. He lost his state featherweight title to bow-legged Joe Palazolla. Mitchell won the title last summer by knocking out Billy Cooper. Tony Tassi outscored white-haired Orval Drouilard in the other ten.

Fritz Heinz showed he could take lots of punishment in his bout with Henry Firpo of Louisville, Ky., at Arena Gardens, but blew the duke. Heinz kept the well-known Southerner humping, but lost by a clear margin.

T. W. Leeper, manager of Henry Hook, the Indianapolis boy who twice boxed Ernie Maurer, writes saying that he and Hook want another fight with Jimmy Brady's boy. The first time they fought was in Fort Wayne, and the bout was called a draw. They fought again in Indianapolis, and Maurer received the decision. Promoters couldn't go wrong on a Hook-Maurer go.

In the semi-final to Heinz and Firpo, Young Grosscheck, Chicago middleweight, beat Frankie Misko of Saginaw in ten. In another ten-rounder Ken Offet turned the tables on Orval Drouilard. Alex Borshuck put the slug on Ossie Brown of Detroit in one, and Alex Stewart, former amateur star, made his pro debut, winning a four-rounder from Mike Kolnick.

Two state champions were beaten in overweight matches at Flint. Harold Anderson defeated Ace Martin in a hard-fought ten-rounder, and Max O'Conner beat Marty Simmons in another ten.

Freddy Bernard, welter southpaw from Flint, shaded Johnny Nardoni, and Freddy Stevens of Flint beat Jack Moore of Lansing in six-rounders, and in the four-rounders, George Miller, Flint, beat Foster Young, Lansing, and Mel Shrikey, Saginaw, shaded Andy Dolak of Flint.

Mickey Slater, bantamweight boxer from Sioux City, Iowa, who is undefeated in thirty-three bouts, is planning on coming to Detroit. Slater is known as Sioux City's Toy Bulldog.

Danny Delmont, well-known lightweight from Chicago, was given a technical knockout over Eddie Koppy when Koppy went down without being hit. A right smash floored Koppy, but Eddie got up and then fell to the floor. The end came in the third round.

Leon Jasinski of Grand Rapids drew with Al Grayson of Detroit in an eight-round light-heavyweight bout. Teddy Maranda, veteran Bay City battler, kayoed Flo Glance, Kalamazoo, in the third of a scheduled six-rounder.

Jack December, Mt. Clemens welter, rallied in the closing rounds to shade Eddie Wells, classy colored boy, at the Naval Armory.

Chuck Woods, promising Detroit lightweight, stopped Young Kid McCoy of Toledo in the fifth. McCoy suffered a badly cut eye.

In other bouts, Steve Shea, Toledo, beat Billy Gerbie, Detroit, in six; Jimmy Rankin, Trenton, beat Sammy Slender in six, and Eddie Trongo, Detroit, beat Eddie Kuhns, Toledo, in four.

Jack Hilley is running professional boxing shows at Battle Creek. His first show featured Wyat Millious and Billy Locks and in his second offering Pee Wee Jarrell of Mishawauka, Indiana, flattened Jackie McLain of South Bend. Hilley may be reached at 213 W. Michigan Ave., Battle Creek.

Joe Palazolla was beaten by Bobby Thomas at Lansing, but his Michigan featherweight title was not at stake.

In Hap Palmer's second show at Port Huron, Billy Cooper, Detroit boxer, beat Jimmy Rankin of Trenton in ten. Johnny Merritt of Pontiac beat Walter McTaglen, Wyandotte, in six.

Anyone wishing Michigan promoters' lists, ratings of national fighters, or records of Michigan fighters, can get each for a quarter from me.

Since returning from France, Joe Ruggizonni has not had much success. He was beaten by Frankie Goosby, Louie Mays, Alabama Kid, and Marty Sampson. He fought Sampson in the semi-final to Milling and Pena in Chicago.

Remember, managers, promoters and fighters, get your news in to me before the fifteenth and it will be used in THE RING. Good, clear photos of Michigan fighters will also be used if they are sent to me at Route 3, Snover, Mich.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

SHOWING lightning speed, and striking a vicious left hand, Ah Wing Lee, Chinese lullaby of Portland, spelled "finish" to the recent string of victories of Doc Snell, time-worn ring vet of the Northwest, with a stinging piston punch to the mid-section in the second round, which paralyzed the Tacoma druggist for the ten-count.

The second main event staged at the Stadium before the seven thousand crowd was taken by K. O. Christner, Akron rubberman, over Frank Van Hee, heavyweight, of Bremerton, Wash. Van Hee had previously chilled Leo Lomski.

Ross Gillis, Manila lightweight, gained a verdict over Whitey Neal, Portland Scot. Harry Wills, Longview, Wash., battled a draw with Mickey Barker, Wiley Spivey's up-and-coming lightweight. Al Spina turned pro by defeating Frankie Slamey, San Diego jockey. Dick Johnson, Portland middleweight, took every round from Eddie Santry, Wenatchee, Wash.

In the newly inaugurated Len Salkeld slug programs for prelim boys, Ray Morgan and Wild Man Pat O'Hannigan have been recognized as sincere crowd pleasers. Morgan, popular Portland battler, however, met defeat by Charlie Michaels, another local 158-pounder, on the last card in a four-round feature.

Frankie Monroe, Klamath Falls lightweight, punched four rounds to a draw with Louie Nelson, Mount Scott.

Wild Man O'Hannigan, local light-heavy, put Bucky Harris, also of the Rose City, away in round two.

These Friday cards will continue weekly during the summer.

JUMBLED GEMS—Portlanders had a new sensation in witnessing a few scraps in the rain when Lee battered down the veteran, Snell. Lee wore a pair of tennis shoes to keep from slipping . . . . Eddie Krank, on the same night, tried it barefooted . . . . All the boys appeared tired in the first rounds, and a couple bouts were cut to three rounds.

Joe Waterman, Northwest's premier promoter, hopped off for Chicago in an attempt to secure contracts with Tony Canzoneri, Ray Miller, Max Baer, Jack Dempsey and King Levinsky for Portland appearances . . . . When, and if, Canzoneri meets Ah Wing Lee here, the "Chinese flash" will probably be installed favorite by many ardent fans, including the scribe . . . .

Baer and J. D. will probably appear in exhibitions as Dempsey drew his greatest comeback purse here two years ago . . . The Kingfish will be signed to meet K. O. Christner at the Stadium.

Hal Moe, Oregon State grid star, has been signed for a preliminary here with a handsome guarantee . . . . Dave "Dynamite" Perkins, amateur flash and college lightweight "champeen," may be in Hal's corner as manager.

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FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

OUT of the two boxing clubs at Savannah, the Chatham Athletic Club seems to be the better and putting on the best bouts of the season.

Ray Kiser of Tulsa, Okla., won over Frankie Bojarski at Savannah. Spike Webb T.K.Oed Snooks Kiser in the fourth, and Joe Boler decisioned Jackie Brown.

At St. Petersburg, Tommy Jones scored over "Pop" Hardy in the third round.

The invincible Chino Alvarez has at last been checked. Jose Estrada of Mexico did the trick.

A youngster of Savannah who is making headway in the boxing game is Chick Gill.

Joe King of Cairo was too much for Tiger Lemon of California, and the bout was stopped in the ninth.

Lope Tenorio of the Philippines won over Ernie Kirshner of Macon at that city.

At Miami, Buckey Burton copped the featherweight championship from Jimmy Powel of Macon. In the semi-final, Earl Johnson outpointed Ruby Goldstein.

Carl Knowles of Savannah and Battling Bozo fought a ten-round draw at Atlanta before a capacity house that was staged by B. J. Gilbert, a prominent matchmaker, who is trying to bring the boxing game back to the Georgia capital. Good luck to you, Mr. Gilbert.

Sailor Born, lightweight, who has knocked out some thirty opponents in thirty-eight battles, sent Jack Johnson to the cleaners in the seventh round at Atlanta.

Wilbur Stokes of Lakeland knocked out Sammy Crosby at Orlando, and Jose Estrada put the lights out on Joe Diaz in the semi-final.

Carl Knowles hung a kayo on Jack Taylor at Charleston, while Wataman Spike Webb knocked out Pat McGinnis.

Lou Terry and Jose Estrada boxed a ten-round draw at Savannah, and the popular Chick Gill copped the decision over Leo Griffin of Tampa, Fla.

Bob Godwin T.K.Oed Joe King at Charleston, and Abe Luckey of Augusta won from George Harmon.

Frankie Bojorski whipped Ray Kiser in a return bout. Joe Boler and Jimmy Lundy drew, and Spike Webb T.K.Oed Red Goss.

Pat Flaherty is going good under the direction of the writer and any promoter who would like his services should write to the scribe.

Nat Fleischer's revised eighth edition of "Training for Boxers" is heartily recommended by the scribe. It's the berries. Every boxer, trainer and manager should have a copy. Likewise his new "How to Box."

Harry Allen, the hardest-hitting punching 175-pounder in the South today, drew twice with Cyclone Smith and won a questionable knockout over Eric Lawson at Savannah.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

TOPEKA, KANS.—Joe Banovic beat Jackie Charvez in ten rounds. George Smith beat Fred Reese in six. Joe Dragon knocked out Baby Joe Mendez in one round.

Belleville, Kans.—George Smith defeated Tommy Collins in ten rounds. Brooks Robinson knocked out Jimmie Moore in five. Leo Tarzan Burdett and Freddy Meehan drew in six rounds.

Wellington, Kans.—Milton Navarette is promoting boxing shows in this city. He reports Benny Gonzales, former district amateur welter champion, has turned pro and is winning almost every start.

Joplin, Mo.—Jackie Charvez beat Harold Murphy in ten hot-fought rounds. Dave Barry beat Jackie Fell in ten. Luke Dorsey and Claude Renfro drew in six. Johnny Miles beat Bulldog Wilson in six. Buford Cash and Dan Foley drew in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Cowboy Eddie Anderson knocked out Frank Kelly in six of a scheduled ten-round main event. Chief Paris knocked out Freddy Sampson in two. Jerry Jenkins beat Joey Dragon in five. Jack Barry knocked out Floyd in one round.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Bus Ward knocked out Ray Rich in three. Sonny Walters knocked out Nick Karpen in one. Jasper Mossberg knocked out Morris Kennedy in three. Fred Ramsey beat Gene Mitchell. Leo Warfield beat Don Mossberg. Bob Haggard beat Pat Doherty.

St. Louis, Mo.—Al Stillman outpointed James J. Braddock in ten rounds. Joe Forchione and Tony Viviano, four rounds to a draw. Frankie Hughes and Joey Huff, four-round draw. Howard Scott and Jackie Sharkey, four-round draw. Allen Matthews knocked out Tommy Jones in three rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Joe Banovic knocked out Cliff Kelly in the first. Frankie Kelly knocked out Joe Middleton in one. Jackie Fell knocked out Baby Joe Mendez in one. Roy Jacks knocked out Jack Ryan in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Tommy Davenport shaded Pat Hayward in ten slashing rounds. Howard Scott beat Jimmy Watts in ten. Leo Selby knocked out Claude Renfro in three. Tony Lemon knocked out Roy Keel in one. Harold Neiswinder knocked out Hit Tarpelechee in two rounds.

Newkirk, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: Wayne Williams knocked out Noel Jones in three. John Bohn beat Ward Bachilders. Ralph Kechum beat Leon Stath. Howard McPherson beat Harry Bohn. Leo Bohn beat Dick Belgard. Walter Hall beat Seet Miller. John Lanford beat Urban Anderson.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Tommy Davenport knocked out Jesse James in the fifth of a ten-round main event. Allen Whitlow beat Leo Selby in one of the fiercest ten-round contests ever seen in this section. Mickey Mack beat Billy Hoon in six.

Bristow, Okla.—Howard Scott knocked out Jack Donahoe in three rounds. Leo Selby knocked out Danny O'Brien in four. Jimmy Craig knocked out Soggy Hammonds in five. Buddy Hawkins and Moss Glory drew in four rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Tulsa amateur boxers win five out of six bouts from Bristow. Carl Banta knocked out Cecil Fleming in two. Charles Bush knocked out Ray Alexander in one. Benny McIntosh beat Wesley Boyd. Harry Potter beat Charles Davenport. John Howey beat Pud Lentz. Gerald Brothers lost to George Martin of Drumright.

Jack Fell, pro boxer, reports he will start promoting one-night amateur boxing shows in July at Pittsburgh and stage them in Shrine Mosque.

FORT BENNING, GEORGIA, NEWS

By TANKS GRANTHAM

FORT BENNING continues to lead the way in the South in attendance. For the past year, this army post (which, incidentally, is the largest arms school in the world) has averaged over a thousand dollars a show. This post is situated nine miles out from Columbus, Ga., a town of forty-five thousand. Columbus and the surrounding towns furnish a great many fans for the Benning shows. There are about five thousand enlisted soldiers here, six hundred officers, and the balance of the population is made up of army families and civilian employees.

To Captain Phillip T. Fry, athletic officer, Lieutenant Howard Johnson, assistant athletic officer, and their assistants, are due the credit for the fine manner in which the army shows are conducted.

John "Corn" Griffin, the army challenger for the light-heavyweight championship, is one of the biggest reasons that Fort Benning continues to draw. This big soldier has only one defeat marked against him within the past two years.

Asheville, N. C., is drawing well, with Harvey Hester matchmaking for the Park Square Garden Association. Savannah draws well with light boys. Charleston, S. C., continues to go good, with Manley Sullivan doing the matching for his club. Miami is drawing with an unusually strong card. Captain Peeples is doing good work there. Jacksonville is showing signs of recovery and Atlanta will have to be given up to the wrestlers.

Another Benning boxer that bears watching is Cotton Batton, a Negro middleweight. Batton has put the bee on everything in Dixie and also took Jack McVey into camp with little effort.

Walker Smith, in his last bout, won a hard-fought ten-round decision over Wild Bill Cox in Atlanta. Smith also held Harry Allen to two draws within the past month. Rip Teherton is our best welter. He boxed Billy Hood a ten-rounder here on June 29. Corn Griffin and Charlie Belanger set an attendance record here when something over five thousand fans turned out.

Here are the best-looking youngsters in these parts: Dynamite Dunn, West Point, Ga.; Dummy Nix, Columbus, Ga.; Sol Gulley, Fort Benning, and Roy Whatley, Fort Benning.